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the Flower de-Luce in Little-Britain.

The Female Orators :
K. Scudery
O R, T H E
Courage and Constancy
Of divers Famous
QUEENS,
A N D
Illustrious **WOMEN,**
Set forth in their
Undaunted Defences
A N D
Noble Resolutions :
Worthy the Perusal and Imitation
of the Female Sex.

English'd from the French Edition of
Monsieur D E S C U D E R Y.

The THIRD EDITION adorn'd with Cuts
Engraven by *J. Sturt.*

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THE
AUTHOR
TO THE
Fair Sex.



LOQUENCE being
esteem'd a bright
Ornament to All,
the following *Cha-*
acters of divers Illustrious
Orators, (the most remarka-
ble in HISTORY, ancient or

A 3 mo-

The PREFACE.

modern) 'tis presum'd, will be no Unacceptable Present to *Generous Spirits*, such as I may reasonably take the Courteous Readers to be. Neither do I believe 'twill be any Diminution of the Virtue, Innocence, Justice, and Magnanimity of these HEROINES, that they are made to speak so undauntedly, eloquently, and without Trepidity, by the Exquisite Pen of one of the most ingenious *French Academicks*, the Groundwork of these Panegyrical Orations being founded upon the best and most
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The PREFACE.

authentick Histories of the Times wherein they liv'd. Not that I would perswade the fair Readers to imitate the Homicide of the Chaste *Lucretia*, or that Mirrour of a Wife, *Porcia* ; or, like *Artemisa*, build stately Monuments for their dear *Mausoleus's*, on purpose to entomb themselves therein ; but rather to copy after the Example of the couragious and beautiful *Marianne*, in her defence of herself against her bloody Husband *Herod*, of whom the Historian says, *'Twas better be Herod's Slave than*

The PREFACE.

than his Son, or his *Wife* either. I may add, That the Noble Advice *Zenobia* gave her *Daughters* may merit imitation ; and 'twould be well if Ladies would instil such *Generous Principles* into their hopeful, tender Offspring : This wou'd make 'em wear with Honour and Reputation the *Nobility of their Birth*, make 'em for ever shine like Stars of the first magnitude in their Generation, and provoke others, of *inferior Birth*, to an Emulation of their *Vir-
tues*.

But

The PREFACE.

But why do I detain my Readers by adducing *Instances*, and not rather refer 'em to the following *pathetick Oration*s, *couragious Vindications*, and *noble Resolutions*, deliver'd in such a Stile as will, no doubt, gratifie the nicest *Pa-*late? And to give this small Treatise the pleasanter Relish, to each Oration is prefix'd a *PRELUDE*; and at the end, the *CONSEQUENCE* of those *noble Resolutions*.

I could with abundance of *Satisfaction* run this *Pre-*face to a great length, so ex-
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The PREFACE.

travagantly am I enamour'd
with *these* Orators, were it
not for debarring you better
Entertainment; therefore I
shall desist, and leave You to
imitate what is imitable, and
admire what (as Christians)
you cannot practise.

20 JY 63



THE

T H E
C O N T E N T S.

A <i>Rtemisa to Socrates,</i>	Pag. 1
<i>Mariamne to Herod</i>	8
<i>Cleopatra to Mark-Anthony</i>	21
<i>Sisigambes to Alexander</i>	31
<i>Sophonisba to Massinissa</i>	39
<i>Zenobia to her Daughters</i>	48
<i>Porcia to Volumnius</i>	61
<i>Berenice to Titus</i>	68
<i>Panthea to Cyrus</i>	77
<i>Amalasontha to Theodates</i>	85
<i>Lucretia to Collatinus</i>	93
<i>Volumnia to Virgilia</i>	102

Athe-

The CONTENTS.

<i>Athenais to Theodosius</i>	113
<i>Pulcheria to the Patriarch of Constantinople</i>	123
<i>Calphurnia to Lepidus</i>	132
<i>Livia to Mecenas</i>	152
<i>Clælia to Porcenna</i>	165
<i>Octavia to Augustus</i>	175
<i>Agrippina to the Roman People,</i>	184
<i>Sappho to Erynna</i>	196

20 JY 63

Artemisa

13

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23

32

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J. Stuart Sculp.



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Artemisa to Socrates.

The PRELUDE.

After Artemisa had employ'd the most knowing Architect of her time to build a glorious Monument, which was since one of the seven Wonders of the World, the Love she had for her dear Mausoleus was not fully satisfied: She caus'd Socrates and Theopompus, two of the most famous Orators of the Age, come from Greece, and by truly-royal Liberality she oblig'd these great Men to set their Eloquence at work in favour of the King her Husband, that they might eternize his Memory. 'Twas in asking this Favour that this fair Comfortless spoke to them in this manner, when the excess of her Love made her forget she was speaking before the famous Socrates.



T is from you, most excellent Orator, I expect the perpetuating the Memory of Mausoleus; 'tis you must give Life to all the Statues I set up; 'tis you must make him a Tomb that the revolutions of Ages cannot destroy, and which will eternize Mausoleus, Socrates, and Artemisa together. Do not think I believe Time or Fortune will regard the Gold, Marble, Jasper, Porphyry, or Oriental Alabaster which I employ to build him a sumptuous Monument? No; I know these 300 Pillars, in which all Order is

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carefully observ'd, whose Foundations are so firmly fix'd, whose Chapters are so magnificent, and where Art surpasses Nature, shall one day be but pitiful Ruins, and, after a little time, nothing at all : Those humble Sculptures, at the four Faces of the Sepulchre, shall successively be defac'd by the Injuries of War ; but, not without difficulty, there will some imperfect Figures be perceiv'd, of all those things which we admire to Day : Those Obelisks which seem to defy Tempets, may be one Day beat down with Thunder, and turn'd into Dust, those smoaking Vessels, those extinguish'd Torches, those Trophies of Arms, and all the Ornaments that *Architecture* is capable of, shall not hinder the destruction of this Work : In fine, *Socrates*, when I have wasted all my Treasures for this Tomb, and that by the skilful hands of *Scopas*, of *Briaxas*, of *Timothy*, and of *Leochares*, I have put it in condition to pass for one of the Wonders of the World ; if after all this none take care to preserve his Memory by Writings, the Statues which I have set up, the Gold, the Marble, the Jaspire, the Porphyry, the Alabaster, the Pillars, the humble Sculptures, the Obelisks, the smoaking Vessels, the extinguish'd Torches, and all the Ornaments of Building that appear in the Work, shall not (I say) hinder *Mausoleus's* Tomb, his *Architectures*, his Sculptures, and *Artemisa* her self, from being bury'd in *Oblivion*, and from being as unknown to the Ages which come after us, as if they had never been : It belongs then to you *Socrates*, and to you *Theopompus*, to give more solid Foundations to this Structure : It is you must enliven these Marbles by magnificent Inscriptions ; it is you must revive *Mausoleus*, it is you must make him live eternally, altho' I feel my Death very near approaching : I desire not, *Socrates*, that you make Elogies of *Busiris*, or that you give Praises to *Helen*, as you have done at other times, I give you a more easy and more illustrious Subject ; the Virtues of *Mausoleus*, and the lawful Love of *Artemisa*, are a more noble Subject : your Eloquence here will have no occasion to glaze over the Inhumanity of *Busiris*, or the jilting of a *Helen*.

All the Cunning *Rhetorick* teaches for imposing Fables, and rendering them seemingly true, will but serve you to perswade to Truth, without Printing any thing Sophistical; it shall suffice that you write as an Orator, as a Philosopher, and as an Historian together. Eloquence that rare Privilege, which the Gods have bestow'd on Men as a Ray of their Divinity, should never be employ'd but for protecting Innocency, or eternizing Virtue. They who have made a Goddess of Persuasion, have not design'd to render it a Slave to the Capricious of Men: And doubtless they know, as well as I, that Eloquence is a Gift of Heaven, which none ought to prophane; the Power it has of exciting or appeasing the most violent Passions, of softening the hardest Hearts, of perswading the most incredulous, of forcing the most obstinate, of constraining even against our Will, and of putting us in Opposition to our selves, by quitting our own Opinions to follow those of others; all these Advantages, I say, have not been given him to impower him to do wrong; on the contrary, it is that which the Gods have chosen to make the World see Virtue lovely as it is, and to cause it every Day to make new Conquests. Hereby Men acquire Immortality to themselves, by making others Immortal: It is Eloquence which, in spite of Time and change of Things, preserves the Memory of brave Actions; it is Eloquence which maugre the destruction of Kingdoms and Empires, does perpetuate the remembrance of Kings and Emperors, and when their very Ashes are no more in their Tombs, when their Palaces are destroy'd, their most famous Towns laid waste, and their very Kingdoms have chang'd their Names, *That* makes the whole Earth see an Image of their Virtue; yea, many Ages after their Death they have liv'd among Men, they have still Friends and Subjects, they are consulted for the Government of their Lives, their good Qualities are imitated, they have new Elogies made them, Envy cannot obscure their Glory, they reap all the Praises and Merit; there is so great a Veneration had for them, that People go not to the Places where they dwelt, without

a kind of Adoration; and if there yet remain any old Ruins of their Buildings, some respect that in them which time had near obliterated; they look upon them with Pleasure, and prefer them to all the Magnificence of the *Moderns*; and the *Limners* also adorn their Drawings with their illustrious Ruins, and so eternize their Memories. After all this, wonder not, *Socrates*, that I so passionately desire your Eloquence to make a *Panegyrick* for my dear Lord: I know in what Esteem it was thro' all *Greece*, and I certainly foresee that Ages to come will render it Justice. All the Writings that bear the Name of *Socrates*, or of *Theopompus*, shall be reverenc'd by Time, by Fortune, and by all Men: They shall pass among all Nations, and in all Ages, without Injury, having the Reputation of those they write of added to their own: There may likewise be famous Persons found, who by the Esteem they have of your Work, will make you spoken of in Languages as yet unknown, who by the brightness of your Glory, will believe they add something to their own, by publishing them. Speak then, *Theopompus*; speak, *Socrates*, to the end that all Men may speak after you. But do not think there are any Thoughts of Vanity mingled with this my Petition; No, *Socrates*, I would not have you enquire into my Life, Character, or noble Birth, thereof to make some fine Elogium; I would not have you say I was born with the Crown of *Halicarnassus*; I would not have you say that (tho' a Woman) I did know the Art of reigning Sovereign; I would not you should acquaint Posterity with the extraordinary Esteem the great *Xerxes* had of me; I would not have you report I made a Voyage into *Greece* with him; I would not have you make it known that I had the first Place in his Counsel, and that mine was ever follow'd; I would not that you speak of the Exploits I did in that War, nor of the exceeding Price which the *Athenians* promis'd to any that would deliver me into their Hands: Only I would have you say, that *Artemisa* was Queen of *Caria*, because she marry'd *Mausoleus*, who was King of it: That *Artemisa*, above all Virtues, did ever love that

which

Artemisa to Socrates.

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which is most necessary to her Sex : That *Artemisa* never had any other Passion, but that of perfectly loving her Husband ; that *Artemisa*, after losing him, lost all desire of Life ; and, in fine, that *Artemisa* after that Misfortune, had no other Care but the celebrating of his Memory. But after you have said all these things, and prais'd *Mausoleus* as much as he merited ; after, I say, you have painted out my Grief, or to speak more properly, my Despair to the life, forget not to declare to Posterity, that after I had built the most sumptuous Monument that ever was seen, I could not find an Urn that I believ'd worthy to enclose his Ashes. *Crysal*, *Alabaster*, and all the precious Stones which Nature produces, cannot methinks sufficiently testify my Affection : It must needs be noble and generous to give him an Urn of Gold cover'd with Diamonds, but to give him an Heart for his Urn, must be that of *Artemisa*. There it is, *Socrates*, I shut up the Ashes of my dear Lord ; there it is, *Theopompus*, I lay to rest his dear Reliques, waiting impatiently till his Tomb be in condition to receive the living Urn I have appropriated to him. 'Tis my Heart only can serve as an Urn for the Ashes of my dear *Mausoleus* ; methinks I give them a new Life by putting them there, and on the other hand, methinks they communicate that mortal Coldness to me which I feel in them. Moreover, it is very just, that since *Mausoleus* was always in my Heart while he liv'd, he should also be there after his Death : May be if I had put his Ashes in this Urn of Gold all cover'd with Jewels, may be, I say, some unjust Conqueror might open his Tomb, and with a prophane and sacrilegious Hand take away the same, mingle his sacred Dust with Wind, and separate mine from that of *Mausoleus* ; but as I use them, we shall be inseparable. There is no Tyrant can trouble my rest, because none can divide me from my dear Lord. Behold, *Socrates*, what I would have you say of me ; but for my dear Lord, forget nothing that may be glorious, nor any thing of his true Merit. Say, he was fear'd of his Enemies, belov'd of his Subjects.

and in Veneration among the Princes his Neighbours. Speak of the great Qualities of his Soul, as well as the Favours he receiv'd from Nature; praise his Valour in War, his Sweetness in Peace, and his Equity and Meekness to all the World. In fine, form the Idea of an accomplish'd Prince, and you will make the true Picture of *Mausoleus*; yet after you have said all things of this my noble Husband, speak zealously of the Love he had for me, and of that which I had always for him. Paint this Passion as strong, as pure, and as faithful as it is; undeceive those who believe Wealth is the nourisher of Love, and who think that lawful Passion can be neither fervent, long, or agreeable; let them see that *Mausoleus* and I give an Example which destroys their Experience and all their Reasons; because as our Love had always much Innocence, it also had great Zeal, lasting even till Death, being infinitely agreeable to us. Speak then with an Elogy of that holy Tie which forces two virtuous Persons to love each other eternally; and, if possible, make haste to satisfy me. Imploy also your Eloquence to persuade those who work at the Tomb of *Mausoleus* to make as great dispatch as they possibly can in advancing their Work, for mine begins to be finish'd. The few Ashes that remain of my dear *Mausoleus* will be quickly consum'd, and that once done, I have no more to do in the World, all that is on Earth can no more affect me: I am insensible of all things but Griet, and the only desires of my Soul are, to be re-united to my dear *Mausoleus*, and to know certainly that you take care of his Glory: Your own should oblige you to this, Compassion should carry you forward in it, and if it be permitted to propose other recompences to Philosophers than the sole desire of well-doing, consider what the Expences are that I am at in building this magnificent Tomb, and judge from thence, that she who spends so much of her Treasures upon dumb Marbles, will not be ungrateful when you speak to the Glory of her dear *Mausoleus*; but whatever diligence you make to satisfy me, neither the Architect nor you shall make an end of
your

your Work so soon as I shall finish mine, to permit you to illustrate the *Panegyrick* of *Mausoleus*, with the Death of his *Artemisa*.

THE CONSEQUENCE.

This virtuous Queen obtain'd her Wish, Socrates and Theopompus did speak of her dear Mausoleus in so advantageous Terms, that some have accus'd them of Flattery for the sake of her Money: As for Artemisa, it was not without Reason that she hasten'd the Builders, for this sumptuous Monument was scarce finish'd before she had her Place in it. They who did begin this marvellous Work, left it not unfinish'd. It was a long time one of the Wonders of the World, and her Glory, which had more solid Foundations than it, continues to this Day in the Memory of all Men, together with that of Mausoleus and the fam'd Artemisa.

Mari-



Mariamne to Herod.

THE PRELUDE.

Few People are ignorant of Herod's putting his Wife to death, but all don't know what she said in her defence. Of the two Historians that wrote of her, one was not in her time, and t'other was but a Flatterer of her Husband; so that it shall be my business to extract the Truth from the Ignorance of the one, and Malice of the other. As for my part, I acknowledge I am of Mariamne's Party; and whether it be by Pity or Reason, whether (I say) her Beauty hath blinded, or her Innocence made me clear-sighted, I cannot believe that a Princess descended from the Macabees illustrious Blood would put a blemish on her Reputation, but will rather believe that Herod was still Herod, an unjust and bloody Man. See then the Apology of this unfortunate Beauty, who hath more Excellence in her Mouth than I can pretend to: Hear her speak, I conjure you, and observe in her noble Pride the true Character of Mariamne's Humor.

IT is neither Fear of Death, nor Desire of Life, makes me speak this day: Were I but assur'd Posterity would do me Justice when I shall be no more, I myself wou'd help my Accusers and Enemies; I wou'd look upon the last of my Days as the first of my Happiness, and wou'd wait the Hour of my Death with so great Constancy, that it should render those who persecute





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secute me confus'd. But since they aim as much at my Virtue as my Life, 'twere great Cowardice to endure a Calumny without repelling it; Innocence and Glory are two such precious Jewels, that all things shou'd be done to preserve 'em. Suffer me then, my Lord, (if it be suitable for the Grand-daughter of *Hircanus* to call you so) to let you see the Purity of my Soul. I recall to your Memory what You are, and what I am, to the end that by comparing my past Actions with the Accusations now laid against me, you may some way prepare your self to believe those Truths which I ought to tell you. Doubtless you have not forgot that I came of that famous Race which for many Ages past hath given Kings to *Judea*; that all my Predecessors did justly hold that Sceptre which you have; that by their Birth-right they carried the Crown which Fortune hath put upon your Head; and, that if things had been according to Order, you had been so far from being my Judge, that I might have reckon'd you in the number of my Subjects, and lawfully taken that Power which you usurp over me. However, as this high Birth oblig'd me to an uncommon Virtue, *Hircanus* did no sooner command me to be your Wife, knowing the Obedience I ow'd him, without considering the Inequality that was betwixt us, than I receiv'd you for my Husband; and tho' my Inclinations (thanks to Heaven) were quite contrary to yours, you know in what manner I have liv'd with you; you could not expect more Complacency, nor more testimony of Affection from me, seeing your very Alliance was as honourable to me as mine was glorious to you. Since that time, my Lord, even to the death of *Hircanus*, what have I done? What have I said or thought against you? Nothing, but that I could not rejoice in your Victories, because they were fatal to my Relations; and again, because I had a Heart as great as the Nobleness of my Birth, I could not step upon the Throne of my Predecessors without shedding Tears; because I could not do it in Justice, at least in the Quality of *Herod's* Wife. But you know, that (being unable to hinder a just Resentment which

Reason

Reason and Nature have given me) I took all possible care to conceal my Grief from you. I endeavour'd at that time to justify you in my Mind, and finding you had Ambition without Cruelty, I have rather pitied than accus'd you. I call'd that Passion the Errour of great Spirits, and the infallible sign of a Person born for great things. How many times have I said to my self, if Fortune would give you lawful Enemies, you would be the greatest Prince on Earth? How many times have I wish'd that great and marvelous Spirit of yours, that invincible Heart, which makes you undertake all things, might carry you against a People over whom you might be a Conqueror, and not a Usurper? Alas! did you know all the Vows I have made for your Glory, you would not believe me capable of having Desires to obscure its Splendor by forgetting my own; and perhaps 'tis for that fault Heaven punishes me, yet I cannot wish I had done it: And altho' I see my self to day in danger of losing my Life, I cannot repent of having preserv'd you by my Counsel, when contrary to all Reason you would trust the Traytor *Salsaphan*. I do not reproach you of that good Office, I only remind you of it, thereby to let you see I have still done all I cou'd: But since I averr that I have not liv'd so, I've no more conceal'd my Sorrows, I've no more stopt my Voice: I have wept and groan'd excessively, but what less cou'd the Grand-daughter of *Hircanus* do, being wasted by your Cruelties? What less, I say, cou'd the Sister of young *Aristobulus* do, who perish'd by your Inhumanity, for securing the Sceptre in your hands? Ah! No, no, Patience wou'd have been criminal at that time. I was, without doubt, born for the Throne, but I would not mount it, because I could not do't without treading on the Bodies of my Grandfather and Brother; that Throne was wet with their Blood, I ought at least to wash it with my Tears, since 'tis not permitted me to shed that of their Enemies. Alas! what an Object worthy of Compassion was that, to see the Successor of so many Kings, that reverend old Man, receive his Death from him whom he had made his Ally! I trem-
ble

ble with horror only to think of it; nor cou'd I withdraw my Thoughts, if the Image of young *Aristobulus* did not present itself to my Eyes. What had that unfortunate Youth done to merit such Unhappiness? He was young, he was virtuous, he was brave in all things, and his greatest fault was (doubtless) that he resembled me; but, alas! that fault shou'd ha' been advantageous to him at such a time: For if 'twas true, that you had such passionate Love for me, as you wou'd have constantly perswaded me was in your Heart, tho' *Aristobulus* had not been my Brother, tho' he had not been innocent, you shou'd have respected my Image in him. The resemblance of a Person belov'd hath made Arms fall from most cruel hands, and caus'd them to change their Designs. But, insensible that I am, what do I, to speak in this manner to him who wou'd do so to my Life, and who, not content with overturning the Thrones of my Fathers, causing my Grandfather to be kill'd, my Brother to be drown'd, and extirpating all my Race, would also this day deprive me of Honour, by unjustly accusing me of three Faults I cou'd never be capable of? I have been so little accus'd to commit them, and am so innocent of those impos'd upon me, that I doubt if I can well remember the Accusations made against me. Nevertheless, I think my Enemies say I have sent my Picture to *Anthony*; that I have had too particular Correspondence with *Joseph*; and likewise, that I would have attempted your Life: Oh, Heavens! is it possible, that *Mariamne* is oblig'd to answer such things! And, may it not be sufficient to say, (as 'tis *Mariamne* whom they accuse) that she is Innocent? No, I do see that (without remembering my Birth or Virtues) I must put my self in expectation of being unjustly condemn'd: And altho' my Birth is such, that I ought not to give Account of my Actions, but to GOD alone, yet I must vindicate my Accusers, my Enemies and my Judges together. You say then, that I have sent my Picture to *Anthony*, whom I know not, and who did never see me, and without giving any Circumstance whether he was then in *Egypt*, yet

yet you would have this Accusation pass for a certain Truth. But, hold a little, what Limner drew it? who carry'd it? who are they to whom *Anthony* has shew'd it? where are the Letters he writ to thank me for so great a Favour? for it is not to believ'd that he has receiv'd so extraordinary a Testimony of my Affection without giving me Thanks. The Heart of *Mariamne* is not so inglorious a Conquest, for many Kings in the World would have esteem'd it a Glory to have won it, and have stuck at nothing to merit it. Nevertheless, there appear no signs of the care *Anthony* has taken either to conquer or preserve me; and surely on that occasion I must not only have forgot my proper Glory, but altogether lost my Reason, so to dream of the Crime I am accus'd of. Had it been when you did all things for him, even so far as to send all your Jewels to him, and oppose the Roman Empire for his sake, I had been somewhat judicious in my choice; and I ought not to believe that *Anthony*, who pushes himself forward by Generosity, should betray a Man from whom he has had so many Obligations, for a Person he knows nothing of. But if it be since that time, and that you have had Misunderstandings together, thro' the artifice of *Cleopatra*, there's still the less appearance. I should have been very inconsiderate, to have given Arms my self to my Enemy, (for at that time your Interest was also mine.) And besides, what seeming Truth can there be (if I were as infamous as I'm innocent) that at the time when all the World was fill'd with the love of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, I should send him my Picture? Had Rome found that Expedient to cure her of the Charms of that *Ægyptian*? Had the Empire need of that Remedy, or had I any desire to sacrifice my self to the Vanity of that unfortunate Princess, whose Jealousy would not have fail'd to have been most remarkably conspicuous? No, *Herod*, nothing of this is come to pass: And the Innocency of *Mariamne* is so great, that her very Enemies cannot accuse her with any semblance of Truth. Moreover, you know that that which is call'd Beauty in me, never gave me Vanity: And that I have always

take.

taken more Pains to be virtuous than fair. Yet I do not deny that there hath been a Picture of *Mariamne*, which has pass'd among all the Princes of the Earth, and which, perhaps, will be a long time preserv'd there. Yes, *Herod*, there is an invisible Image of *Mariamne*, which wanders thro' the World; which makes her innocent Conquests; and which, without her Consent, makes secret Enemies to you. Her High-Birth, her Virtue, her Patience, and your Cruelty, are the only Colours that are made use of in this Picture: And my Blood, which is going to be shed, shall doubtless render it adorable to Posterity. But to answer the second Accusation that is made against me, which, tho' false, hinders not my changing of Colour, by the Confusion I am in to be constrain'd to speak of such a thing, I shall say with Joy, and Thanks to Heaven, I have no other witness against me but you, who, during the time of this suppos'd Crime, were at *Laodicea*: And by consequence were incapable of answering for my Actions; so well am I assur'd, that neither your Eyes nor your Ears could declare any thing against my Innocence. And altho' your Court be all compos'd of your Slaves, or of my Enemies; that your very Sister, who hates me, and thro' Envy, and by Interest of State, hath observ'd with extraordinary Care, even the least things that I have done or spoken, I say, I am very certain, that she dares not maintain before me, that she ever heard one Word, or remark'd one single Look, which could make the modesty of *Mariamne* suspected. It is not but that I know very well she can tell a Lye, but that which makes me speak with so much boldness, is because I know my self to have more Virtue than she has Malice, and that having Heaven for my Protector, I cannot believe, but if I do perish, I shall (at least) obtain Grace to die in such manner, as that your Injustice and my Innocence shall be equally manifested. And truly at this time we need but open our Eyes to see that these Accusations which are made against me, are but Pretexts to destroy me. For what likelihood is there, if I were guilty of such a Crime, that I would have chosen

the Husband of *Salome*, my cruelest Enemy, and *Herod's* Confidant, a Confidant to that degree, that all things were trusted to him; and there was no wicked Design which was not communicated to him; he was Partner in all your Crimes, he was the Goaler, and not Lover of *Mariamne*; and, to say all, 'twas he that was to plunge the Poignard in my Heart to obey your Will. Oh, Heavens! who did ever see such Testimonies of Love! Why, *Herod*, you might at parting bid me adieu with Tears; you might look upon me, as you have done, with Eyes wherein I saw but signs of Affection; and at the same time meditate my Death. Ah! if you could (which I doubt not) you might very well also to day pretend that you believe me culpable, to make me die innocent. And tell me not as a Favour, that this Command was the Effect of the strong Passion you had for me: The Death of the Person believ'd can never be a Testimony of Affection. Hatred and Love have not the same Operations; they may sometimes reign successively in the Heart, but never together. Every Man who loves well, lives not without the Person belov'd, yet he can always die without her; and her Death can never be an agreeable Thought to him. He should lament his being separated from her; not that she dy'd not with him. But your way of loving is only peculiar to your self, and your Inclinations are so naturally Cruel, that Poysons and Daggers are the best Gifts that can be receiv'd from you, when you would testify your Friendship. Pray tell me how you can accommodate all these things. You say that I have sent my Picture to *Anthony*, and consequently held a correspondence with him: And at the same time, you again accuse me of having one with *Joseph*; because you say, you have trusted to him the thing in the World which was of greatest Importance to you, and he having discover'd it to me, it is impossible but I should have given my self absolutely to him for that Advertisement. Consider, *Herod*, what you say: *Anthony* and *Joseph*, could they be both together in my Heart? were these two Rivals of the same Quality and Merit? And this *Mariamne*, whose Birth

Birth is so Great and Illustrious, whose Soul is so High and so Glorious, that her noble Pride is by some rather taken for a Fault than a Virtue; could she be capable of so much Weakness, as to admit to her Embraces two Men so opposite in their Interests, who had they attempted it, could never have found Admission to her Heart. This Conquest is not so easy as you think, and I wonder that you, who could never do it, should think it cost others so little. I do acknowledge that *Joseph* did discover to me the wicked Design that you had against me, but I also declare, I believ'd him not. I did immediately think that 'twas a Treachery of *Salome*, to make me carry my self the more haughtily towards you, thereby to procure my Death, imagining with her self, that my Death wou'd trouble me more than that of *Hircanus*, or my Brother, And that which made me the more believe 'twas so, was that I saw him undertake to perswade me, that I ought to be infinitely oblig'd to you for that excess of Love which you testify'd to me at that time: Adding also, that he told me not the Design, till you were ready to return; and so far from making it a mysterious Secret, that he told it in the presence of my Mother, and before all my Women. It is certain, that as I ought also to know all from you, I doubted the Truth of what *Joseph* told me. I thought (being the Mother of your Children) you were incapable of such barbarous Thoughts, and, in effect, without determining the Matter in my Mind, I waited your return. I receiv'd you then with the same Melancholy that I have always had since the Death of *Hircanus* and *Aristobulus*, without testifying any more; and observing all your Actions, I acknowledge that I ever doubted the Truth of *Joseph's* Discourse. The Malice of his Wife made me also more suspicious; and when I was speaking to you, 'tis true, I rather design'd to inform my self of the thing, than to reproach you. For if it had been true that I had a particular Affection for *Joseph*, and that I had taken what he said as the pure Effect of his Compassion for me, I had sooner dy'd than spoken of it, and that unfortunate Man should

have also liv'd. Nevertheless, where are all the Testimonies of Goodwill he has had from me? Nobody says that we have had too private Correspondence together; no-body says he has come often to my Apartments: And in fine, I have done nothing for him, but what his most cruel Enemy might have done, if they had known the same thing: surely I shou'd have rewarded him ill to treat him thus. You say also, that Hatred and Vengeance caus'd me to favour *Joseph*, after having known your Design; but know that great Spirits never fail by Example; the Crimes of others give them so much Horror, that they are never more strongly confirm'd in Good, than when they see Evil committed: And as for me, I think I should have been less Innocent, if you had been less Unjust. In fine, if *Mariamne* (descended from so many illustrious Kings) had desir'd to give her Affection to any, it shou'd not have been to the Husband of *Salome*, nor to the Favourite of *Herod*: And if for the punishing of others Crimes, she had had it in her Power, she had not caus'd him to be put to Death whom she believ'd to have had a Design to preserve her Life. You know too well what was my Wonder, when after the Discourse which I made to you, I knew by your Answer all was true; I was so surpriz'd, that I almost lost my Speech. Nevertheless, I did not foresee the Accusation which is this day made against me: And the only Knowledge of your Crime, and of *Joseph's* Innocence, whom I expos'd to your Cruelties, caus'd all my Grief. Since that, *Salome* improving that Misfortune for my Ruin as she design'd long ago, hath doubtless perswaded you, that I would attempt your Life, and behold the only Crime wherein there can be a witness found against me; but if I be not deceiv'd, she does more justly than convict me: For what likelihood is there, that in a Design of this importance I should have trusted a Man of so low Condition? And what seeming Truth is there, if it were true that I had Correspondence with *Joseph*, but that it was rather he made this Proposition, than I? Used I to converse with such Persons? Hath this Man come to my Apartment?

I have

Have I set him before you? Is he come of my Family? Is he a Relation to any of my Officers? In what Place have I spoken to him? In what manner have I suborned him: Let him shew the Jewels that I have given him? Make him let the Money be seen that he has gotten for so great a Design: For it is not rational to think that upon simple Hope he wou'd undertake the hazard of his Life. It may be he will answer, that since he had no design to do the deed, but on the contrary to advertise you, he did not think of a Reward. But I can say to that Impostor, that, not to give me Reason of suspecting him, he always accepted what I offer'd him: And that also not having spoken, and not being able to shew, is a strong and convincing Perswasion of his Lye: For, in fine, Gold is the free Complice of all Crimes, and Hope is the only Portion of great Spirits: But for the base and mercenary, they must be mov'd by the sight of a certain Reward; otherways that sort of People will not serve you: And too many Examples of your Reign should have taught you what I say. Yet tho' it be true, that it cannot be made appear, that either I or mine have had any dealings with that Man, it is not so of *Salome*, your Heart and my Enemy. It is a long time since my Women foretold me of it, that contrary to the Custom and Decorum of the Quality she keeps to Day, he often went to entertain her, even in her Closet: However, because I could never stoop to take notice of such things, and by excess of Virtue, did not easily suspect others, I heard that Discourse without making any Reflection upon it. But if you would oblige them to give an account of so many Conversations as they had together, I assur'd that you would not find a punctual Reply. And moreover, Where did I buy the Poyson? Who prepar'd it? From whence did I cause it to be brought? and wherefore, if I had such Intentions, was it necessary to have employ'd that Man: Was it not easy for me, when we have eat so many times together, to have poyson'd you with my own Hand, without trusting any-body? why should not I have attempted it at your Return from *Laodicea*,

as well as they pretend I have done after your Return from *Rhodes*, since the unhappy *Joseph* discover'd to me then your cruel Intentions, as well as when the unfortunate Son hath told me since : In fine, *Herod*, all those things are without likelihood, and there is no Spirit so ignorant, who sees not clearly, that if I were not descended from the Kings of *Judea*, if I were not Virtuous, I should have had no Enemies, and Death should not be resolv'd upon ; I should not have sent my Picture to *Anthony*, I should not ha' had correspondence with *Joseph*, I should not have attempted your Life, and consequently mine have been secure.

But because I am of too illustrious Blood, and my Soul too great to suffer the baseness and unworthiness of my Enemies, *Mariamne* must die, she must perish, she must be sacrific'd to the Hatred of her Persecutors ; they desire it so, and she is resolv'd on't. Think not, unjust and cruel *Herod*, that I speak with intention to incline you to Pity ; I think of preserving my Reputation, and not of moving your Heart. For, as I said in the beginning of my Discourse, it is neither fear of Death, nor desire of Life, that makes me speak to day ; the one prepares Crowns for me, and the other can give me nothing but Trouble. It is not then hope of escaping from the Danger I am in that makes me take Care to justify my self ; I know my Sentence is sign'd, my Executioners are ready to strike off my Head, and my Tomb is already open'd to receive me : But that which mov'd me to it, was to the end that all who hear me may let Posterity know, that my very Enemies could not, with all their Malice, stain the Virtue of *Mariamne*, nor find a plausible Pretext for condemning her. If I obtain this Favour from them who hear me, I die almost without Grief, and I shall absolutely say, without Regret, the Children I leave you will be banish'd their Paternal House : For I doubt not, because they are Virtuous, but they will acquire your Hatred as well as I. The Complaints that they shall make for my Death, will be Crimes against you : You'll believe they design against your Life, by lamenting the loss of mine.

mine. Woe is me! I see them already ill treated by that Slave who was your first Wife: I see them submit to the violent Humour of your Son *Antipater*, to the Calumnies of *Salome*, to the Outrages of *Pherorus*, and to your own Cruelty.

And perhaps these same Executioners who put me to Death, will shed their Blood; or, to speak better, will make an end of shedding mine. I already see you unjust and cruel, finishing so many Murders: But do not hope to enjoy peaceably the Fruits of such fatal Victories. You seek a Repose which you shall not find; you shall be your own Accuser, your Judge, and your Hangman: The Ghosts of so many Kings as I am come of, whom you have abus'd in my Person, shall environ you on all sides: Those of old *Hircanus*, and of young *Aristobolus*, shall disturb all your Life: You shall always see your self cover'd with the Blood of your Children: And the Image of *Mariamne*, pursu'd by those Executioners who wait on her, shall ever follow you foot by foot. You shall always see that, whether awake or asleep, which shall reproach you for her Death; you shall have Repentance in your Heart, Shame, Confusion, and Despair: You shall wish for the Death you give to others; my Virtue shall appear then as pure as it is, your Crimes shall seem as great as they are; and perhaps you shall have the misfortune to repent without amending: And I doubt not, but after you have violated all Rights, Divine and Human, some will do the same to your self. Yes, I already see the eldest of your Children (for mine will never be capable of it) desirous to give you that Poyson which you accuse me unjustly of. I see, I say, all the Administrators of your Fury become your most cruel Enemies: *Salome*, *Pherorus*, and *Antipater* shall be most violently obnoxious to you: I see you hated of all People, detested of all Princes, execrated to Posterity; and perhaps you shall become so odious to your self, that after you have shed all the Blood of your Race, Despair shall put a Dagger in your Hand, to deliver the World from so dangerous an Enemy; but it may also be that you cannot make an end when you would,

would, and you shall have the misfortune to endure in this Life the Punishments that are prepar'd for you in another. Behold, unjust and cruel *Herod*, the Prophecy which the unhappy *Mariamne*, dying unjustly, makes of you; who, in this her last Day, looks upon you rather as a Subject revolted, or as her Tyrant, than either her King or Husband.

CONSEQUENCE.

This afflicted and generous Beauty obtain'd what she desir'd from her Husband, as well as from Posterity; for, the one gave her Death, t'other preserv'd her Glory. I shou'd think mine great if, after so many Ages, I cou'd also contribute something to hers, especially if my Meditations were not judg'd unworthy of her. I wou'd say more, if the Author of The Holy Court had not said all; but as he was too careful to leave any thing in so noble a Field, I am too vain to appear unprofitable after him; it suffices that I behold his Triumph without being ty'd to his Chariot, and I had rather quit my Arms, than see him amidst his Trophies.

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Cleopatra to Mark-Anthony.

P R E L U D E.

After the loss of the Battle at Actium, occasion'd by Cleopatra's flight, which was follow'd by that of Anthony, he had some jealousy that she would betray him, and testified his Resentment to her; but that lovely and just Egyptian, who desir'd to take away from him any Impression that cou'd be disadvantageous to her, spoke thus to him in behalf of her Innocence. I have carefully ground'd upon the best History the Words I put in the Mouth of that Queen, and according to my Apprehension, offer'd what she cou'd say at that time to that irritated Lover.

IS it true then, that *Anthony* could suspect *Cleopatra* to have favour'd his Enemy? that he could think she wou'd with her own Hand pluck the Crown from him which Victory was placing on his Head? and, to say all in one word, that he believ'd she had betray'd him? Ah! if it be so, and if by my Discourse I can't convince you, by giving you other Thoughts of my Fidelity, I desire no more Life; and Death is the end of my Wishes. No, *Anthony*, if I be dead in your Heart, I will live no longer in the World; and perhaps my Death may let you see that I have not desir'd yours. But I pray you tell me (most illustrious Emperor!) what way, by what Liberalities, or by what Hopes, cou'd *Octavius* corrupt my Fidelity: This surely can't be a new Passion, that hath surpriz'd my Heart in conquering

quering his, since we are equally unknown to one another: This cou'd not be so by Presents; for, What cou'd I receive from him that I have not receiv'd from you, who have given me whole Kingdoms, and made me reign over most part of *Asia*? But if 'twere true, that I cou'd have resolv'd to leave you and follow his Party, what Security could I have taken from his Words? Where are the Pledges he has sent me in assurance of our Treaty? What Places hath he render'd to me? Why, *Anthony*, cou'd I have trusted my self to *Cesar's* Word, he who is *Octavia's* Brother, he who publickly declar'd War against me in *Rome*, and who knew me much better under the Name of the *Egyptian* (more famous, said he, by her Enchantments than her Beauty) than that of *Cleopatra*? Why *Anthony*, cou'd I have been assur'd of him? By that *Cleopatra* would have loaded her self with Chains; she wou'd with her own Hands have ty'd her Arms to the triumphant Chariot of her Enemy, and (which is also worse) *Anthony's* Enemy; and by an Imprudence and Ingratitude which never had Example, she would have betray'd one who betray'd his own Glory for love of her, who hath made himself an Enemy to his Country for her sake, and hath abandon'd *Cesar's* Sister rather than forsake her; who hath divided his Power with her, who hath preferr'd her Interests to those of the *Roman* Empire, and who, to say all, hath absolutely given her his Heart?

Ah, my *Anthony*! all these things are unlikely, and it almost suffices to say, that I have not forgot my Obligations to you, to make me appear innocent. But if it be permitted me to add one other Reason, I shall say, that as the Generous never forget the good Deeds of each other, so none care to destroy their own Propriety; and we should rarely by Injuries deface the good Offices we do to any.

Consider then, if it be possible, (pardon me for speaking so) that after I had done all for you I cou'd, my self wou'd exstinguish the memory of it in your Soul, and of my own inclination infuse Hatred in that Heart, whose Empire hath cost me so many Vows, and so much

Pains.

Pains: For if you remember, my dear *Anthony*, you were rather my Conquest, than I yours. Fame had given me a Picture of you, which possessing me with admiration, made me design to overcome in your Person the Conqueror of all others: And tho' my Eyes had sometimes gain'd famous Victories, and could have reckon'd among their Captives *Cæsars* and Demigods, yet I trusted not to their Charms; I suspected my Beauty at that time, and thought it wanted force to conquer you; and, as you were the most magnificent of all Men, I did not wish that Love should take possession of your Heart, but by Magnificence; and that the Day of its surprize should seem rather a Day of Triumph than of Battel.

I desir'd to dazzle your Eyes then by the beauty of my Arms; for, if you remember, my dear *Anthony*, the first Day I saw you I shined in a Ship whose Poup was all Gold, the Sails Purple, and the Oars Silver, which by their equal Cadence imitated the sound of divers Instruments in perfect harmony. I was under a Pavilion of wrought Gold, and knowing your Birth was noble, because descended from *Hercules*, I conceal'd not my Vesture, equalling that which was given to *Venus*. All my Women were splendidly cloath'd, as Nymphs; an hundred little *Cupids* round about me, were also an Effect of the Desire I had to overcome you; for indeed, my dear *Anthony*, that little Armour was made only against you.

'Twas not then without design I overcame you, employing all things to that end; and nothing that Beauty, Skill, or Magnificence could do was forgot at that time. I know very well 'tis Imprudence to speak to you of all those things, in a time so differing from the felicity of that, but that Day was so glorious to me, I can never forget it. And moreover, to speak rationally, that Remembrance is not unprofitable for my Vindication; for to think that I my self wou'd relinquish my Conquests, such Thoughts never enter'd into the mind of any Conqueror: Certainly *Alexander* wou'd have rather chosen to lose *Macedonia* than *Persia*; that

24 *Cleopatra to Mark-Anthony.*

that Kingdom was his Father's Estate, but this was his own. And by the same Reason I wou'd rather have left my self than you. You know also, if I be not mistaken, that I was no severe Conquerers; the Chains I gave you were of no weight; my Laws had nothing of Rudeness in them; and in the manner I us'd you, it had been hard to know who was Victorious.

Since that, what have I done, *Anthony*, to make me be suspected? It is true, I forgot my own Glory, but it was for love of you. Yes, I have suffer'd my self to be opprobriously spoken of in *Rome*: And altho' the Pride of your Country (that treats all Strangers like *Barbarians*, and all Queens like Slaves) hinder'd me from being your Wife, the Affection which I have for your Person is so strong, that I have not left off to be yours. Yes, *Anthony*, I lov'd you more than my Honour, and more than my Life: I thought it could not be unjust to love a Man worthy of being rank'd among the Gods; and that the Passion which I had in my Soul, had so noble a Cause, that it would render me excusable: So that without considering what misfortunes were prepar'd for me, I have most constantly lov'd you, ever since the first Day that I gave you my Promise. Judge from that, if I had Power to betray you, or, to speak better, if I would betray my self. It is true, I fled, but, generous *Anthony*, if I took Flight, it was for love of you; I slighted the Victory to preserve your Life, and your Person was dearer to me than your Glory or mine.

I well see that this Discourse astonishes and surprizes you; but for your Information, permit me to tell what Condition my Soul was in, when in the midst of the Fight I saw you all cover'd with Darts and Flames. The Death which I saw in so many Places made me apprehensive of yours; and all the Enemy's Javelins seem'd to me to address themselves against you: And, in the manner that my Imagination represented the Affair to me, I thought all *Cæsar's* Army desir'd to fight none but *Anthony*. I many times fancy'd that I saw you dragg'd by force to be the Enemy's Vassal, or fall dead at their Feet.

And

And altho' those who were round about me, assur'd me that I was deceiv'd by my Eyes, and that the Victory was still uncertain; what did I not say in those fatal Moments! and what Grief did I not feel! Ah, my dear *Anthony*! did you but know the Sorrows of a Soul that sees the Person belov'd every minute in hazard of dying, you would find it the most terrible Torment that can be endur'd. My Heart receiv'd all the blows which were aim'd at you; I was Captive every time I thought you so, and Death it self hath nothing so rude as what I suffer'd at that time. In that deplorable Condition, I found no remedy for my Grief: And my Imagination was ingenious in adding thereto; after having perswaded me, that all the Enemies desir'd your Death, immediately it perswaded me, that they resolv'd to preserve your Life, thereby to make themselves Masters of your Liberty. The first Thought did certainly give me a little Ease, but the Image of *Cesar's* Triumph presenting it self all at once to me, I relaps'd into my former Despair. It was not, my dear *Anthony*, that I believ'd you capable of following a Conqueror's Chariot, but I thought, to shun that supreme Misfortune, you would have recourse to Death: So that whatever Way it was, I always found my self equally unhappy. I bethought me of what Poyson I should chuse, that I might follow you: And there is no fatal Resolution which pass not in my Mind. I thought more than twenty times to cast my self into the Sea, to free me from the Agony I was in; yet because I could not die without forsaking you, I could not pursue that design.

But coming of a sudden to consider the strong Passion which you always testify'd to me, I thought if you should see me abandon the Army, you would also forsake it, and by that I found the means of preserving your Life and Liberty together. For (said I to my self, after framing that Resolution) *Cesar* doth not seek Victory so much as the Life or Liberty of *Anthony*: And upon Condition that he have neither the one nor the other, I shall be glad to lose the Battel. In fine, my dear *Anthony*, I did what my Affection and Despair

26 *Cleopatra to Mark-Anthony.*

counsel'd me to do, and you did what I expected from your Love. I had no sooner seen you quit your Ship, and take a Galley to follow me, but my Heart was seiz'd with a surprizal of Joy; methought I gain'd the Battel, because I preserv'd you; and beginning to think that *Cesar* would be content to exchange his Fortune for mine, I was partly comforted under all my disgraces. But that which yielded me most Satisfaction in that fatal day, was to see *Anthony* capable of preferring *Cleopatra* to the desire of conquering his Enemies; that he lov'd better to follow her, tho' unfortunate, than to pursue the Victory; and in fine, that the Empire of the World was not so dear to him as *Cleopatra*. This thought is so pleasant, that tho' my Flight rank'd us among the conquer'd, I can't repent me; and as the case is, the Battel of *Actium* shall not be so glorious to *Cesar* as to *Cleopatra*: He overcame Soldiers who wanted their Commander, but *Cleopatra* saw the most Valiant of all the *Heroes* throw away his Arms, and follow her. But to perfect my Vindication, remember my dear *Anthony*, that as soon as you were disengag'd from your Ship, I caus'd a Banner to be set upon the Poup of mine, to advertise you where you should find me. Judge then if that could be the Action of a Criminal; for if I had design'd to be separated from you, 'twas easy for me not to have receiv'd you, because I had sixty Sail, and you had but one single Galley. If I had betray'd you, I might have easily deliver'd you into *Cesar's* Hands, and by that given him truly the Victory.

If I had essay'd to rank my self on the Enemy's side, the Flight which I took might have been suspicious to you; I would say your suspicions are just: But on the contrary, my Flight having been the Effect of my Despair and Love, you should complain of Fortune, and not accuse *Cleopatra*.

Further, do not imagine that that Victory shall either be very glorious to *Cesar*, or your retreat shameful to you; you fled not from your Enemies, you only follow'd *Cleopatra*. Your Soldiers were conquer'd by *Cesar*,

Cesar, but you only by Love. If this Battel had been the first occasion of War, wherein you had been engag'd, your Valour might have been question'd, but it is so universally known, that none are ignorant of it. There are scarce any People, among whom you have not given Proof of your Courage in the beginning of your Youth, and certainly you must have given many, because the great *Julius Cesar* chose you to command the left Wing of his Army, in the famous Battel of *Pharsalia*, and in a day whereon the conquest of the Empire of all the World depended.

And further, *Octavius* knows sufficiently that you are skilful in the Art of fighting or conquering: That Battel which you gain'd against *Cassius* will not permit him to doubt, much less the Victory you gain'd over *Brutus*; and ever at this time it may be said, that you have overcome *Octavius's* Conquerors, because, you know, that he lost the Battel some days before, and basely fled in presence of those whom you soon after did overcome: But with this difference, that Love caus'd your flight, and perhaps Fear made his. You see then, my dear *Anthony*, that you are conquer'd without disgrace, and that your Enemies have overcome without Honour. Moreover, our Affairs are not yet desperate, you have a strong Army against *Antium*, which is not yet under *Cesar's* Colours: My Kingdoms have also Men, Money, and fortify'd Places; and I wish that all my Subjects may lose the last drop of their Blood to preserve yours, and your Liberty. But, in fine, when Fortune shall unjustly take from you these Crowns, which your Merit and Valour have gain'd by Force, know that *Cleopatra's* Love shall not diminish. No, my dear *Anthony*, when that Enemy of illustrious Persons shall reduce us to live under a Cottage of Straw, in some Place remote from the Society of the World, I shall have for you the same Passion that I had in that bless'd hour wherein you gave Kingdoms, and wherein 22 Kings were to be seen in your Train. Think not then that Misfortune can fright me, there is but one which I can never suffer with you, and (doubtless)

28 *Cleopatra to Mark-Antony.*

which you also will not endure. Yes, *Cleopatra* can be exil'd with *Anthony* and not complain; she can renounce all the Splendor of Royalty, and yet preserve her desires of Life; but Bondage is that which she can never endure, and which she knows you will not suffer no more than she. Be then assur'd, that I'm so far from having Intelligence with *Cesar*, I give you my Promise to die, rather than trust to him, or put my self in hazard of serving his Triumph.

No, *Anthony*, I will never carry Chains, and if Fortune be so perverse to me, that I can have no way to chuse, but that of *Rome* or Death, the surrendering of my Life shall justify your Love to me, and my Innocence. But, before we come to that extream Remedy, let us do all things to resist our Enemies, let us preserve our Life so long as we can without shame; for, in fine, it should not be indifferent to us, while we love each other perfectly. My dear *Anthony*, I perceive me thinks by your Eyes, that my Discourse hath not been unprofitable: They tell me that your Heart repents of having unjustly suspected me; that it sees my Innocence as pure as it is; and that the love it has for me is so great, that it forbears not yet to love the Person who rob'd your Hands of the Victory. For me, my dear *Anthony*, you shall always be my strongest and last Passion; I do acknowledge, that in the time I did not know you, *Julius Cesar's* Glory did touch my Heart; and that I could not hinder my self from loving a Man, who over all the World pass'd for the first of Mortals: A Man, I say, whom you formerly judg'd worthy the Empire of the World, because you gave him his first Honour, by putting a Diadem upon his Head in the middle of *Rome*; and who, after his Death, by a brave and heroick Oration which you made to the *Roman* People, caus'd him to be set amongst the Gods, who chas'd *Brutus* and *Cassius*, burn'd their Places, and signaliz'd your Courage and Friendship.

But since the time I have seen you, I can assure you that you have Sovereignly reign'd in my Soul, and shall reign there continually. 'Tis an Empire which

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Fortune hath not given you, and which being without its domination, shall ever be yours in spite of its Injustice. It may overturn Kingdoms and Empires, but it shall never change my Heart; and whatever doth usually destroy the strongest Affections, shall but fortifie mine: And to testify to you, that I can love better than you, I will not suspect your Friendship of any weakness. Yes, *Anthony*, I do believe that although *Cleopatra* hath caus'd all your Misfortunes, she shall ever make all your Happiness; and that without repenting you of having ever lov'd her, she shall always reign in your Heart, as you do in hers. Let us go then, my dear *Anthony*, let us go to *Alexandria*, to do our last Endeavours to conquer those who have overcome us, 'tis there, there (perhaps) we shall yet find wherewithal to subdue the insolence of our Enemies. But if it come to pass that Heaven hath resolv'd our Ruin, that Fortune become resolute to persecute us, that Hope be absolutely deny'd us, that all your Friends abandon you, that all my Subjects betray me, and join with the stronger Party; if, I say, it come to pass that all these things befall us, we shall still find our Tomb in *Alexandria*; and to merit from our Enemies the Favour of letting our Ashes remain there together, we must signalize our Death by shunning Bondage; and in that manner we shall rob them of the noblest Fruits of their Victory, and conquer *Cesar* himself by Death.

CONSEQUENCE.

Lovers let themselves be easily perswaded by such things as please 'em, and the Voice of this fair Monster of Nilus fail'd not to attract Anthony's Mind to what she desir'd. He did not follow Cleopatra to forsake her afterward; and his Choler being the Effect of his Love, as well as his Flight had been, 'twas as easie to appease it as to fly. He then believ'd all she said to him, and repented his suspecting her Fidelity, but not the loss of the Empire of the World for preserving her. He follow'd her to Alexandria, where, tho' she was more generous that second than the first time, they were not always happy. And of all the things that she promis'd him, Cleopatra could give Anthony but the half of her Tomb.

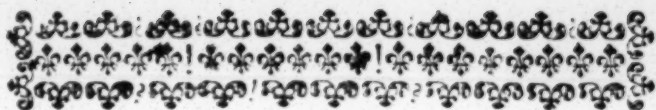
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Sisigambes to Alexander.

PRELUDE.

After conquering the Indians, Alexander the Great married Statira, one of Darius's Daughters : Then 'twas that Sisigambes, Mother of that Princess, abandon'd her Soul to the Love and Inclination she had to that invincible Conqueror. She at that time remember'd all he had done for her ; and as her Soul was Noble, she immediately testified her Gratitude to him in the following manner.

THIS Day, invincible *Alexander*, obliges me to believe you to be the Son of *Jupiter* ; an ordinary Man can't be capable of so much Virtue. There have been several times Victories and Conquerors known, but never was a Person found like you, who have made the Conquered equal with the Conqueror ; nor any that have divided the Empires they have conquer'd with the Children of their Enemies. In fine, *Alexander*, tho' you were of human Blood, and not of that of the gods, 'tis most certain you deserve Incense and Altars : I appeal to the noble Instances of your Valour, the Publication of those marvelous Exploits you have done, in mastering the World ; for I purpose to entertain you only with your Clemency and Goodness. You know, generous *Alexander*, if I should erect a Trophy of your Enemies Spoils to your honour, I shou'd
there

there find reason for sorrowful Tears flowing in abundance, in a day wherein I ought to express my Joy. This does not proceed from my being ignorant that I shall not there see the Body of my Son; for I remember you were so generously good, as to cover it with your Royal Cloak, and bedew it with your Tears, when you approach'd the Place where that great Prince expir'd by the Cruelties of treacherous *Bessus*, and saw him in so deplorable a condition. No, *Alexander*, in this juncture of affairs I should not look upon you as the old Enemy of *Darius*, but as the Revenger of his Death, as the Protector of his Mother and Wife, as the Husband of his Daughter, and as the lawful Heir of the great *Cyrus's* Throne. In short, you know what were my Son's last Words: He testified his Gratitude for the Obligations I was indebted to you for; he made Vows for your Glory; he assur'd you he died your Friend and Servant, and, without imploying the few Minutes he had to live in bewailing his Misfortune, wish'd you Conqueror of the Universe: He hoped you'd revenge his Death; that you'd take care to perpetuate his Memory; and he also left to you the rewarding *Polystratus* for the little Water he gave him, that he might the more distinctly pronounce those things which he had to say to your Glory.

O my dear *Darius*! you were truly my Son in speaking so of *Alexander*; I give Thanks to the gods, that at last you had Power to acknowledge what we owe to his Clemency and Goodness. 'Tis for those two Virtues, O invincible *Hero*! That I admire you this day; the whole World is fill'd with the noise of your Victories; You are the Master and Conqueror of all Men; the meanest of your Exploits are known to all; the very diversions of your Infancy shall be Patterns to all Kings that come after you: What your Conquests have been is every where known, none are ignorant what a glorious War you made in *Greece*; the splendid Ruins of *Thebes*, which you razed, are eternal Signs that you were its Conqueror. The Battel you gain'd at the Passage of the *Garnick*, equally manifests your Conduct
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and Courage: None can be ignorant of what you did in the day of *Ijus*, nor of what pass'd at the famous Siege of *Tyre*; The Battel of *Arabella* had too remarkable Circumstances not to be known thro' the whole World.

The Conquest of the *Indians*, and the defeat of *Porrus* on the Bank of *Hydaspes*, are Eternal Monuments of your Glory. For 'tis not only known that you excell'd that great King, but 'tis also fresh in memory, that after you had conquer'd his Kingdom, you restor'd it to him greater than 'twas before: And in this manner, if it be allow'd so to speak, you may not only be call'd the vanquisher of this Prince, but the Conqueror of *Porrus*; because it seems you did not fight but to make him greater.

The City of *Oxidrares*, where you so resolutely expos'd your self, is known all the World over: 'Tis look'd upon as the Field of Battel, where your great Heart seem'd equally to defy Death and Fortune, and where you surmounted both. In fine, *Alexander*, there may be every where Testimonies found of your Valour and Conquests; wherefore, without speaking to you, I content my self with praising your Clemency and Goodness. But, what do I say? those two Virtues are as generally known as your Courage: For if (as I have already said) you are the Master and Conqueror of all Men, it may be also said that you are all Mens Benefactor.

'Twill be said that the gods have put into your Hands all the Favours they us'd to bestow; that they have establish'd you to be the distributor of great Rewards; and that they have given you a Commission to make all the World happy. You no sooner conquer a Kingdom, but you give it; your Enemies are no sooner your Subjects, but they become your Friends; and you no sooner conquer them, but you become their Protector.

I have so famous an Example in my Person of what I say, that I can't doubt it without being Criminal. For, most invincible *Alexander*! I shall never forget the Favours I have receiv'd from you.

Yes,

Yes, I shall always remember the dismal Day whereon my Daughter and I became your Prisoners: Fear of Bondage had possess'd our Spirits with such horrid Visions, that Death appear'd the greatest Happiness that could befall us. We had lost the Battel with the Throne; we believ'd *Darius* already lost; and that which was most insupportable to us, was, we thought that we should be necessitated to die by our own Hands, to shun the Infelicity of the Conquerors.

But alas! I did not then know *Alexander*, for (said I to my self) I am the Mother of the greatest of his Enemies, because *Darius* is the most powerful of all them who resisted him; and judging of you by the rest, I fear'd you as much then as I love you now. This unjust Fear was of no continuance in my Mind, the Sight of you quickly dissipated it; and I also remember, the first time I had the Honour of seeing you, you pardon'd me a Fault because I did not know you, and because the Trouble I was in gave me not Liberty to consider the thing naturally, (you know I took the generous *Ephestion* for you) and that without being angry, you said to me, *that I was not mistaken, because he was the second Alexander.* That Sign of Moderation towards me, and of Friendship towards your Favourite, began to give me juster Thoughts of you, and let into my Soul that Hope which Fear had chas'd from it. And certainly you this day testify, that *Ephestion* is as dear to you as your self; because having design'd to marry the eldest of my Daughters your self, you gave the other to this second *Alexander*.

Since that, what have you not done for me? You have not only treated me as a Queen, tho' I was Captive, but you have treated me as your Mother, and you have done me the Favour always to call me so. Every time that any new Subject of Grief did befall me, you have had the Goodness to solace me; I have seen you (with Respect to me) weep for your Victories, I have seen you troubl'd at *Darius's* Death, I have seen you careful of his Funeral and Tomb, I have seen you expose your Life to revenge his Death, I have seen you punish the

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Traytor *Bessus*, who did assassine him ; I have seen you reward them who were faithful to him ; and I see you also this day restore *Darius* to the Throne, by placing there his Daughter and mine.

But the most wonderful of all the Actions that I have seen you do for *Darius*, is, that I have sometimes seen this *Alexander*, Conqueror of the Universe, have so much Virtue, as not to trust to his own : And not to expose himself to the Eyes of *Darius's* Wife, fearing least he should be conquer'd by her Beauty.

Ah ! after all this it must certainly be acknowledg'd, that all that can be said of you is far below your Merit : You have both together the Chastity of my Sex, and the Virtues of all the *Heroes*, who have only preceeded you in Age.

There can be no good Qualities which are not to be found in your Person in the highest degree, and it may be said that Virtues are perfected in your Soul, and take a new lustre. That which is Temerity in any other, is but a simple Effect of your Courage, and excess of good can't be vicious in you : You give profusely, and yet without Prodigality ; because you do not only proportion the Presents you make to them who receive 'em, but to them who give 'em.

So that Towns, whole Provinces, millions of Gold, Sceptres, and Crowns, are things which *Alexander* can give without being prodigal : For, as he hath receiv'd more Favours from Heaven than any other, 'tis expected he shou'd give accordingly. This Truth is too well known to you, and you practise it perfectly, That after you had conquer'd all the World, and given it almost wholly to divers Persons, you was ask'd what you had reserv'd for your self, you answer'd, *Hope*.

And indeed I have often wonder'd to see, that you no sooner had any thing in your power than you put it in another's ; notwithstanding which, you desisted not to be always liberal, even to the Undeserving. This Reflection made me think *Alexander* like the Sea, which no sooner receives in its vast Breast the Tribute which all the Fountains, Rivers, and Floods carry to it, but renders

renders it, with Interest, to other parts of the Universe: What she takes from the *Persians* she restores to the *Greeks*; the Shipwrecks she makes does not enrich her; she makes no-body poor, but to augment the Fortune of others, and that without keeping any thing, either of what is given her, or what she usurps: She always rous her Waves with an equal motion.

Just so 'tis with Things you receive from grateful Subjects, either the Tribute they pay you, or the Conquests you make; you receive 'em with one Hand, and give 'em with t'other: The very Contributions you receive from your Enemies serve but to enrich your Soldiers; so that be it in Peace or War, in a Tempest or a Calm, you equally do Good to all, without regard to your self.

Nevertheless there's this difference between the Ocean and you, that all which goes thence returns, but what departs from your Hands never does.

Further, 'twill be glorious for you to see People in your History that have refus'd your Gifts because you gave too much, and none found complaining because you gave too little. Your Liberality is so much the more excellent in that it is not blind. 'Tis true, you do Good to all the World, but not always without Consideration.

All the Days of your Life are not those of Donations to the People, where, without distinction, you throw Treasures among the Croud, but the Lucky only have the advantage.

Aristotle's Disciple knows better how to use Riches, and where Liberality ought to be practis'd: Yes, *Alexander*, you have reconcil'd Fortune with Virtue; we see Philosophers, Poets, Musicians, Limners, and Statuaries in abundance, who all exert themselves for your Glory, as well as their own. We see, I say, Philosophers practise the Policy they teach in governing vast Dominions: We see Poets carry at once an Harp of Gold, and a Quiver of Ebony, to sound your Triumphs and command your Provinces. We see Musicians with Lutes of Ivory, who imploy their Instruments no other ways

ways than to praise you, and speak of your Felicity. We see Limners, as rich as the mighty Princes have been formerly, that have been courted to work for 'em. We see Statuaries not only make use of Marble, Alabaster, and Porphyry in their Statues, but have Palaces of their own, where all those things are seen.

In fine, all ingenious Arts and Sciences flourish under your Reign. It shall likewise be said, that as the Gods have made a Miracle of you, so Nature was likewise desirous to use its greatest Skill for the love of ye; you have *Aristotles*, *Xenophontes's*, *Apelles's*, *Litippes's*, &c. who owing their Felicity and Glory to you, shall also bestow their Labour upon yours; and future Ages that shall by chance see the Pictures these famous Men will leave of you, either by their Writings, their excellent Draughts, or their Statues, shall envy that of the Great *Alexander*.

All the Virtues of that Time shall be with'd in this: You shall be the Model of great Princes, and the Scourge of perverse; and while there shall be Men, you shall be spoken of as a God. I certainly wonder no more that our great *Xerxes*, with all his Power, cou'd not perfect what Designs he had conceiv'd; for, since *Greece* was to educate you, the Gods had reason enough to preserve the World's Conquest for you.

If *Xerxes* had accomplish'd his Enterprize, perhaps he wou'd have been call'd the Tyrant and Scourge of the Universe; but for you, you are the Legitimate Prince of all the People whom you have conquer'd, you are sent from Heaven for the World's Felicity, and there's just Subject for *Ammon*, the Oracle of *Jupiter*, to say, *That you were his Son, and therefore invincible*.

No, *Alexander*, none can exceed you, neither in War nor Virtue; and, after the Design you have made to day of replacing *Darius* on the Throne, by dividing it with his Daughter *Statira*, there's nothing more remains for you to do, or me to wish, but the Continuance of your Glory. 'Tis not that I dread its being taken from you, no, I have no such Thought, but I'm afraid Mens Injustice will render them unworthy of ha-

ving you long for their Master : Or, that the Gods, jealous of our Happiness, recal you to themselves. Which should it come to pass, I do assure you, most invincible *Alexander* ! I will not stay in the World after you : I could live after *Darius*, who was my Son ; but after all the Obligations which I have had from you, I shall not survive *Alexander*. I had not told you such sad Thoughts in a day of rejoicing, if I had not believ'd that it would be advantageous to you, that it should be known there was a Princess, that there was, I say, a Mother, and if I dare say, a virtuous Mother, who (without baseness, and without injustice) has lov'd you better than her own Son, tho' you were her Enemy. Pardon me then so doleful a Thought, because 'tis glorious to you ; and believe that when my Wishes are exhausted, your Glory shall not only be immortal, but your Person likewise.

CONSEQUENCE.

Alexander must be known, if the Consequence of this Discourse be question'd. That great and generous Soul did again redouble his good Offices to that illustrious Princess, and did so gain her Heart, that soon after the Death of this invincible Conqueror fell out in Babylon, she fail'd not to keep her Promise, for she dy'd of Sorrow : And certainly that Death was a glorious Sign of Alexander's Goodness. Therefore when some excellent Orator shall employ all his Art to make a famous Elogy ; when he has, I say, magnificently exaggerated all his brave Actions, I believe I shall say something Greater and more Extraordinary, than when I only say that Sisigambes endur'd the Death of her Son Darius, and could not bear with that of the great Alexander. She liv'd after the one, and dy'd after the other ; and Virtue was of more force with her than Nature. O the brave Panegyrick ! But why ? it was for Alexander.

Sopho.

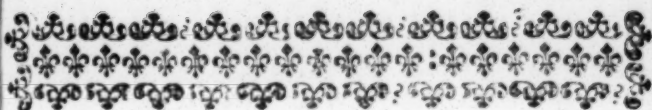


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Sophonisba to Massinissa.

P R E L U D E.

After that, by the Romans assistance, Massinissa had re-conquer'd the Kingdom of his Fathers, and taken Siphax Prisoner, who had usurp'd it, he besieg'd and took the Town of Sirthe, whither Sophonisba, Wife of that captive King, was retir'd. The Charms of that fair African made strong impressions in his Heart, and the Numidians being naturally inclin'd to Love, he was no sooner Victorious, but he began to be Conquer'd. But coming to make Reflections upon the austere Humor of Scipio, he doubted not his being desirous to have that beautiful Captive Queen led in Triumph, to hinder which, he marry'd her the same day, not thinking that after that any-body would make Triumph of the Wife of a King, allied to the Roman People. But scarcely was this sudden Marriage celebrated, when Scipio, being inform'd of it, sent by Lellius to order Massinissa to come to him, and give an Account of his Victory. But Sophonisba, who had a natural aversion to the Romans, but more to Bondage, seeing something in the Eyes of Lellius denoting Triumph, thus spoke to Massinissa at his parting with her.

My Lord,

I Plainly perceive by Lellius's Procedure, that Fortune is not yet weary of persecuting me: That after having, in one and the same Day, lost my

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Crown, my Husband, and my Liberty, and by a Capriccio of that inconstant thing, found again my Liberty, an illustrious Husband, and a Crown; I perceive plainly, I say, that 'tis yet ready after such strange Accidents to make me lose all.

Lellius seeing of me, hath doubtless judg'd me handsome enough to honour *Scipio's* Triumph, and follow his Chariot; I have seen in his Eyes the Idea of what he bears in his Mind, and the design which he has in his Heart; but perhaps he has not discover'd what I have in mine. He knows not that desire of Liberty is much stronger in me than that of Life; and that for preferring the first, I'm capable of losing t'other with Joy.

Yes, I clearly perceive, my dear *Massinissa*, that you are going to fight against strong Enemies: The Severity of *Scipio's* Humor, join'd to the Roman Austerity, will doubtless give you a sharp reprimand: He will think it strange, that in the very Day of your Victory, and in the very Day of your re-taking the Crown which belong'd to you, you should have thought of Marriage, and have chosen for your Wife, not only that of your Enemy, but a Captive, a *Carthaginian*, the Daughter of *Hafdruball*, and the Enemy of Rome.

Nevertheless, my Lord, remember that at this time you should not look upon me neither as the Wife of *Siphax*, nor as a Captive, nor as a *Carthaginian*, nor as *Hafdruball's* Daughter, nor as the Enemy of Rome, tho' I glory in being so; but as the Wife of the illustrious *Massinissa*.

Remember also, that I consented not to receive that Honour till after you promis'd me that I should not fall into the Romans Power; you have engag'd your Word, be sure then not to fail. I desire not that you expose your self to the loss of the Senate's Friendship for preserving me, because your hard Fortune hath made you need it. But I only desire that in pursuance of what you have sworn to me, you will hinder me from falling alive into *Scipio's* Hands.

I doubt not but *Siphax*, in the condition he is in, will say to his Conqueror I am the cause of his Misfortune; that

that I have loaded him with Irons, that I made him Friend to *Carthage*, and *Rome's* Enemy.

Yes, generous *Massinissa*, I own all these things, and if I could rob the *Romans* of you, I would esteem myself happy, and believe my Death should be truly becoming the Daughter of *Hafdruball*. Pardon me, my dear *Massinissa*, for speaking so boldly to you: But since this is the last time, perhaps, that I shall ever see you, I shall joyfully tell you what has always been my Sentiments, to the end, that by the knowledge I shall give you of that Aversion which I ever had to Bondage, you may be the more easily induc'd to think of my Liberty. As soon as I had open'd my Eyes, the first thing I learn'd was, that there were a People, who, without any right, but what the strong imposes upon the weak, would make themselves Masters of all others: And while my Infancy lasted, I heard no Discourse but of the *Roman* Triumphs; of Kings whom they had chain'd, of famous Captives which they have made, of the Miseries of these unfortunate Men, and of all the things that are done in those fatal Spectacles, where the *Romans* Pride makes up the noblest Fruit of the Victory.

Those Images were so early imprinted in my Mind, that nothing could ever banish them thence. Since I became more reasonable by Age, I have had more Aversion for that *Roman* Eagle, which sees nothing but the rapines it makes, and which flies not above the Heads of Kings, but to take off their Crowns. Perhaps it will be said to me, that the *Romans* give as many Kingdoms as they usurp; and that they make as many Kings as they tie to their Chariots.

But, my dear *Massinissa*, if you'll rightly consider the Business, you'll find that they give no Sceptres, but to have the more famous Slaves: And that if they put Crowns upon their Vassals Heads, 'tis but to have the Pleasure of seeing them laid at their Feet, because by their orders they'll have Homage paid 'em.

Vanity is the Soul of that Nation, 'tis its only Work, 'tis only for that it makes Conquests, usurps Kingdoms, lays waste the whole World; and unsatisfied in being

absolute Mistress of all that great Part of the Universe which is of its Continent, passes the Seas to come and disturb our Repose.

For if only a desire of augmenting its Confines, and encreasing its Riches, caus'd it to make War, 'twould be content to overturn Thrones, and putting them to Death who lawfully possess'd them. But because Pride is their chief Incentive, a simple Citizen of *Rome* must for his Glory, and for the Peoples diversion, drag Kings chain'd after his Triumphant Chariot. Oh, Heavens! is it possible that Conquerors can be so inhumane? is it possible to find conquer'd Kings so cowardly to endure such ill Usage? yes, without doubt, and too many Examples of this kind have made it known, that all Princes are not generous.

Nevertheless, 'tis certain, that Irons and Crowns, Sceptres and Chains, are things which shou'd never be seen together: A Chariot drawn by *Elephants* shou'd not be follow'd by Kings, and by Kings ty'd like Criminals, with whom no signs of Royalty are left, but to signalize their Shame, and the Glory of their Conqueror. But what Glory can he have who triumphs in this sort? for if those whom he has overcome are base (as there is great appearance because they live) 'tis no just Subject of Vanity to have outbrav'd 'em.

And if these unfortunate Men testified Courage in their Defeat, 'tis great Inhumanity in him who thus treats Princes that have done nothing but defended their Crowns, their Country, their Wives, their Children, their Subjects, and their Domestick gods.

But if for the Glory of their Conquerors, and for the Pleasure of the People, they would have Triumphs, 'twould be more glorious for them, to cause them to carry the Arms of those Enemies whom they have kill'd with their own Hands, than to have themselves follow'd by Kings whom they have not fought. Chariots fill'd with broken Arms, Bucklers, Launces, Javelins, and Standards taken from the Enemies, would make a show less lamentable, and more agreeable to the Eyes of the People.

But,

But, O ye Gods! is it possible that Kings are destined for such Infamy? that these same People who have Combats of *Gladiators*, and of wild Beasts, given them for their diversion, should also be the cause of such fatal Ceremonies, and extract their Pleasure from the ignominy and misfortune of Kings? that it should be, that they who delight in seeing four thousand Men by a horrid brutality kill one another in one Day, and who find their Pleasure in seeing Tygers and Lyons devour each other? is it possible, I say, that Kings oppress'd with Irons, should be likewise drag'd after their triumphant Chariots?

As for my part, my dear *Massinissa*, I find something so strange in this sort of Triumph, that I question whether it be more disgraceful to the Conquer'd than to the Conquerors; and as to my particular, I know very well, that I shall neither do one nor t'other. Judge then, my dear *Massinissa*, if a Person who would not enter *Rome* in a triumphing Chariot, follow'd by a hundred chain'd Kings, could resolve to follow in Irons that of the proud *Scipio*. No, *Sophonisba's* Soul is too great for that; if I were but a *Carthaginian*, I could never be capable of it; if I were but *Hasdrubal's* Daughter, I could never resolve to do it; if I were but the Wife of the unfortunate *Siphax*, 'tis a weakness that could never come into my Mind; and if I were but the Slave of the illustrious *Massinissa*, I could not follow any other Conqueror. But being altogether a *Carthaginian*, *Hasdrubal's* Daughter, Wife to *Siphax* and *Massinissa*, and Queen of two great Kingdoms, let *Scipio* never think to make Triumph of *Sophonisba*. No, generous *Massinissa*, if the Chains they would give me were of Diamonds, and all the Irons glitter with Gold and precious Stones; and if they would assure me that I should be immediately restor'd to the Throne, as soon as I were loos'd from the triumphing Chariot, I wou'd chuse Death in contempt of Royalty: If my Hand should once carry Irons, I should no more think it worthy to carry a Sceptre. In fine, I have so strong an Aversion for Slavery and Bondage, and my Spirit is so de-

delicate in such matters, that if I thought *Scipio* would cause my Picture to be carry'd in Triumph, I would pray you to put all the Limners of *Numidia* to Death. But no, I condemn my self for that thought : For if the insensible *Scipio* does carry my Image at his entring into *Rome*, he shall rather publish my Glory than his own ; 'twill be seen that I could dye, when I could live no longer with Honour ; and that the Courage of a Woman surpass'd the *Roman* Vanities.

I doubt not, generous *Massinissa*, if you do not with all your Force oppose *Scipio's* Severity, but you will be compell'd to give me Death for acquitting you of your Promise ; for besides the publick Interest, there is also his own particular. He remembers, that his Father and Uncle were formerly dead in *Africa* : He looks on me as a fit Victim to appease their Ghosts ; and joyn'ing together in his Heart *Rome's* Glory and his own Vengeance, 'tis not to be believ'd that *Hasdrubal's* Daughter shall obtain her Liberty. Yet, generous *Massinissa*, I think 'twill be very unjust, if in the same day wherein you retake the Crown of *Numidia* your Wife should be ty'd to a triumphing Chariot ; 'tis, methinks, to make you at once a King and a Slave ; because (if what you have said to me be true) my Sorrow and Tears, added to the little Beauty I have, hath touch'd your Heart, and forc'd you to love me as much as your self : This will be a triumphing over you as well as me.

Consider well, *Massinissa*, whether you can be my Spectator that Day, or whether you will not think me unworthy the Honour you have done me in Matrimony, if I thou'd be render'd so disgraceful to you : But don't think I will expose you to such Sorrow ; if *Scipio* be inexorable, and you keep your Promise to me, my Death shall vindicate that Choice you have made. However, before you have recourse to this last Extremity, do all you can to move the Heart of that insensible Creature ; tell him, I have wholly render'd my self to you ; That, of all the Booty your Valour hath acquis'd the *Romans*, you ask only one Slave from them.

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But if his Injustice should oblige you to deliver her into his hands, as if you were the meanest Soldier of his Legions, tell him then, That this Slave is your Wife, and that she cannot be made Triumph of without his triumphing over you: That the Blood which you have lost in the service of the Republick deserves their giving you permission to let her live in Freedom: Let him know, that you have found her in your Kingdom, in your Palace, and upon your Throne; That in reason she belongs to you, and cannot be taken from ye without Injustice: If these weighty Reasons prevail not, entreat him earnestly, and if at last you cannot make him flexible, remember your Promise, and fail not to keep it.

I perceive by your Eyes, my dear *Massinissa*, that it will grieve you to present me with such a lamentable Gift; I see (I say) 'twill trouble you to send Poyson to her, to whom you have given a Diadem, your Heart, and Liberty: I know 'tis a rigid Thought, and that it will be a doleful Sight to you, to see those same Torches which gave Light at my Marriage burn at my Funeral; and, that the same Hand which you gave me in pledge of your Faith, must be that which must open my Tomb: But, in fine, all those things will be more supportable to you (if you're generous, as I believe you are) than to see me chain'd. They who say true Generosity consists in undergoing fatal Accidents with Constancy, and, that abandoning Life to avoid Misfortune is (according to their opinion) a yielding Victory to Fortune; these People, I say, know not what is the true Glory of Princes.

This Thought is good for Philosophers, but not for Kings, whose whole Actions should be heroick Patterns of Valour: But if quitting of Life be allow'd, which I doubt not, it must assuredly be to shun the Infamy of being led in triumph.

'Tis a great Unhappiness to a King to have his Subjects revolt, but if he should then think of dying, I wou'd esteem him base, because he may fight and punish them. 'Tis a great Misfortune for a Prince to lose a

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Battel, but because 'tis often seen that they who conquer to day may be overthrown to morrow, he must stand firm, and not abandon himself to Despair. In fine, all Misfortunes that can have an honourable Remedy should not make us have recourse to the Tomb; but when all things are lost, there remains no more for our choice but Chains or Death; we must break the Cords of Life to escape those of Bondage. Behold, my dear *Massinissa*, all I had to say to you; remember it then, I conjure ye, and don't listen so much to what *Scipio* will say to ye, as to forget your Promise, and the Discourse I have had with you; 'tis (if I'm not deceiv'd) so just and rational, that you cannot disapprove it: Go then, my dear and well-belov'd *Massinissa*, go fight for my Liberty and your Glory against the inflexible *Scipio*; ask him seriously, since he was unwilling to see the fair Prisoners he hath made in his new Conquests, why he shou'd desire to see a Woman ty'd to his Chariot whose Looks had power to conquer *Massinissa*: Let him beware I become not his Conqueror, instead of his being mine; or lest the austere Virtue he professes shou'd serve to frustrate his Ambition of triumphing over me.

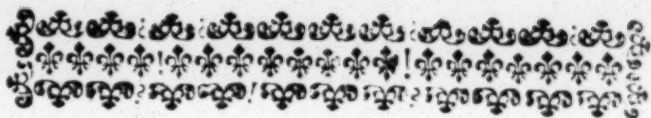
You may easily perceive, my dear *Massinissa*, that my Mind is not troubled, and that I speak to you with abundance of Cheerfulness: I do likewise assure ye, that nothing in the World troubles me, but my being constrain'd so soon to separate from you; doubtless this is the only thing can touch my Heart: for having seen my Country ruin'd, *Siphax* Prisoner, the Crown fallen from my Head, and, what's yet worse, *Sophonisba* ready to be *Scipio*'s Captive; after all these things, my Tomb shou'd be a Refuge and Resting-place to me, cou'd I but enter there without abandoning you. I have still this Comfort left in my Misery, that having ever had an irreconcilable Hatred to the Roman Tyranny, I have at least this advantage, to have been the Captive of a *Numidian*, and not of a *Roman*; yea, and of a *Numidian* Husband and Deliverer, and whose Slave I no sooner was, but I became absolute Mistress of his Soul. Go then,

then, my dear *Massinissa*, and fail not to keep your Promise to the unfortunate *Sophonisba*, who with much Impatience will expect Liberty or Poyson.

CONSEQUENCE.

This beautiful and disconsolate Queen obtain'd her Desire, because Massinissa got nothing from Scipio: He sent Death to her, because he cou'd not preserve her from Danger. This Thoughtless Man preferr'd his Interest and the Romans Friendship to the Life of generous Sophonisba. I shou'd have patiently pass'd by his losing it to preserve his own Glory, cou'd he have done it no other way; but that he shou'd live Eighty Tears after such a Loss, and still a Friend to the Romans, is what raises my Spleen against him every time I read this Story; therefore I must desist, because if I write more I must reproach him. Pity Sophonisba with me, my dear Reader; and because I endeavour to divert you, be at least so complacent, not to approve the inflexible Massinissa's Action.

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Zenobia to her Daughters.

PRELUDE.

This Discourse, and the precedent, lets us clearly see, that all things have two Faces ; and that we may arrive at the same end by different ways, I mean at Virtue. Sophonisba would dye, the valiant Zenobia would live ; and both would live and dye by Principles of Generosity. The one beholds Liberty as the chief Good, the other believes that chief Good consists in Sovereign Wisdom ; the one could not endure the Idea of a Chariot, because she believ'd it Ignominious to its Followers ; the other follow'd the Chariot without Trouble, because she thought nothing shameful but Crimes ; the one beheld a Conqueror's Triumph with despair, as a mighty disgrace, the other consider'd it with disdain, as a chance of Fortune ; the one dy'd, the other liv'd ; the one found Glory, where the other acquir'd Infamy. However, as I have said, the one and the other had a virtuous Subject : So true is it that all things have two Faces, according to their different aims. You have heard the Reasons of the one, hear also the other, and then judge of both.

IT is now a long time, dear and unfortunate Princesses, I have seen your fruitless Tears ; my Constancy hath to no purpose taught you, that heroick Spirits can endure great Sorrows without Despair : the
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Zenobia to her Daughters. 49

Idea of the Throne you have lost, and the Chariot you have follow'd, being always fresh in your Memory, renders my Example fruitless, and all the Days of your Lives renewers of Affliction. You still carry in your Heart the Irons which you had on your Hands, that curst Day whereon you enter'd Rome, and without losing any of that noble Pride which illustrious Birth inspires in them who are born with that Advantage; *Aurelian* triumphs over you, every time you call to mind his Triumph. I am very sorry, O my Daughters, that having made you Partakers of my disgraces, I cannot give you Constancy necessary to support them. Yet its the only heritage I can leave you a dying, and I do most affectionately wish that Virtue may pass from my Heart into yours, to the end that, being unable to live as Queens, you may at least reign over your selves. If thro' excess of misfortune, any-body could with Reason despair, 'tis certain *Zenobia* may do it: For, as she has had more Glory than any of her Sex could ever obtain, so her Misfortunes have been more deplorable than any ever heard of. You know that on my side you may reckon the *Ptolomys*, Kings of *Aegypt*, for your Forefathers, and that I am come of the illustrious Blood of *Cleopatra*.

But alas! it may be said that the triumphant Chariot which *Augustus* appointed for her, is come to me by right of Succession, and that I have only follow'd what was prepar'd for her: Yet Fortune hath treated me with greater Inhumanity; for you're not ignorant that I follow'd a Chariot, which I thought I led, and which I had order'd so to do with design to triumph over him who triumph'd over me. You also know that the beginning of my Life was full of Happiness; the valiant *Odenatus* your Father, and my dear Lord, after he had given me the Crown of *Palmyra*, would also make me partaker of his glorious Conquests. And I can say (without vanity, and without wronging that *Hero*) that if he gave to *Zenobia* the Crown which she carry'd, she did also with her own Hand add Leaves of Laurel to that which Victory had put upon his Head. Yes, my
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Daughters, I can say without offending the memory of *Odenatus*, that we together conquer'd all the East : And being encourag'd by just Resentments, we did undertake to revenge upon the *Persians* the In dignities they made the Emperor *Valerian* suffer, whom *Sapor* keeping Prisoner, when in the interim the infamous *Galicus's* Son abandon'd himself to all sorts of delight.

Yet *Odenatus* did not forbear to send him all the Prisoners we made in that War : We took the best Places in *Mesopotamia*, *Carres* and *Nisibea* surrender'd to my dear Lord : And pursuing the Victory, we routed at *Ctesiphon*, an innumerable Multitude of *Persians* ; we made many great Lords Prisoners, their King also fled away ; and continuing almost always Victorious in all our Encounters, Renown made such Proclamations of *Odenatus's* Valour, that *Galicus* in fine rouz'd himself. Then stimulated by Fear rather than Gratitude, he made him Colleague in the Empire : And, to give him also more Honour, you know he caus'd Medals to be made, wherein my dear *Odenatus* drag'd the *Persian* Captives, till which time I was happy, Victory and Fortune equally favour'd me ; but, alas ! (And must I say it ?) when my dear *Odenatus* was assassin'd with the eldest of my Children, I ran from one Extremity to another, and became just so miserable as I had been happy. Then 'twas, my Daughters, I had need of all my Virtue to endure that Misfortune ; and certainly *Odenatus's* Death is that which hath made the loss of my Freedom the less intolerable : I had more trouble to follow my dear Lord to the Tomb, than I had to follow *Aurelian's* Chariot ; and his mournful Pomp made me shed more Tears than did all the Magnificence of the Triumph that was made of me. But tho' my Grief was excessive, I spent not too long time in weeping, I thought of preserving the Empire for my Children, and of washing off the Blood which he shed with that of his Enemies. And as it might have been said, Valour was the Soul of that *Hero*, I made Vows to pass my Life-time in gathering Palms to put upon his Tomb, that it might one Day be said, my Hand alone had reveng'd his Death, preserv'd

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the Empire for his Children, and elevated a Trophy to his Glory. I believ'd, I say, that 'twas more worthy to hang above his Coffin the Spoils of those Enemies I should conquer, than to drown his Ashes with my Tears: And being thus resolv'd, I took Arms in one Hand, and the Reins of the Empire in the other. I was always of the Opinion, my Daughters, that all Virtues could not be incompatible, that 'twas not impossible for one Person to possess them all, that those of Men might be practis'd by Women, that true Virtue affects no Sex, that one may be both Chaste and Valiant; testify great Courage at one time, and Humility at another, be severe and meek on several Occasions, command and obey, know how to carry Irons and a Crown with the same Countenance: 'Tis by this Consideration, my Daughters, that I have done things so apparently different; tho' I have ever been what I am to day. But to recount all my Life to you, you know that Death, which rob'd me of my dear *Odenatus*, did not take the Happiness of his Arms from me. On the contrary, I thought his Valour join'd it self with mine; I slighted the Army which *Galienus* sent against me, under the Conduct of *Heracleian*, and unsatisfied with this first Victory, I went to *Aegypt*, and made my self absolute Mistress of my Predecessor's Kingdoms. From thence I went to *Ancyra*, the *Metropolis* of *Galatia*, and carry'd likewise my Arms thro' all *Bithynia*, to *Calcedon*, and below *Bosphorus*; and after I had conquer'd the *Persians* divers times, and spread the noise of my Victories over all the Universe, *Aurelian* (guided by Fortune, and being more capable of using a Sword than *Galienus* was) came at last in Person to stop my Career. I should exactly recount all my Misfortunes to you, as I have done my Successes, if I did not know, that you remember them but too much: Nor should I have undertaken to repeat my Victories, if your extream Melancholy did not make me think, that your Thoughts entertaining nothing but sorrowful Imaginations, you had forgot them. Surely you are not ignorant which way *Aurelian* conducted me to *Rome*: Doubtless, you remember

how *Herclamone* took the City *Theanea* by Treachery; how, maugre my Conduct and Courage, *Aurelian* by his Craft gain'd the Battel of *Antioch*; how *Ziba's* Industry put my Person in safety; how I retreated to *Emesa*; how I rally'd my Troops; how I gave Battel to *Aurelian* the second time, who, after thinking he had lost, was, in fine, Victor in spite of all my Endeavours. You know also, I abandon'd *Emesa*, and went to shut my self up in *Palmiranea*, waiting for the Succours which the *Persians*, the *Saracens*, and the *Armenians* promis'd me: You know, I say, that *Aurelian* came there and besieg'd me with a strong Army which was compos'd of *Pannonians*, *Dalmatians*, *Messeniensians*, *Celts*, a great number of *Moors*, and a multitude of other Troops, drawn out of *Asia*, *Theanea*, *Mesopotamia*, *Syria*, *Phœnicia*, and *Palestine*. You know, I say, that I saw at that time as great Preparation for War against me, as there needed be to conquer the whole Earth. However, I lost not my Heart at that time; you know that I defended the Walls of *Palmiranea* with as much Courage as Conduct; that *Aurelian* himself was dangerously wounded there by an Arrow, which, may be, was drawn at him by my Hand; for the Gods know I spar'd not my Life to preserve your Liberty: And further, I know since my having been at Rome, that Posterity will allow I did not forsake the Throne which belong'd to you without defending it. *Aurelian* having writ to his Friend *Mecapor*, said, 'Twas true, that he fought against a Woman, but a Woman who had more Archers under her Pay, than if she had been a Man; against a Woman who had Prudence in danger, and who by her foresight had made so great Preparations of War to oppose his Conquest, that 'twas impossible to imagine what a prodigious number of Darts and Stones she had provided. In fine (said he, speaking of me) there is no Place about the Walls of *Palmiranea* that is not defended by many Machines: Its Avenues throw every Hour artificial Fire upon us; and, in a few words, she fears like a Woman, and fights like a Person to be fear'd. Behold, my

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my Daughters, what my Enemy hath said of me; and surely he had no reason to say that I fear'd, because when he sent to offer me Life and Pardon (for his Letter was writ in those Terms) if I would render him the Place, and if I would deliver into his Hands all my Jewels and Treasures: I answer'd him so resolutely, that *Aurelian* was offended. I remember, among other things that I said, I told him, *He was the first Man ever durst ask such a thing: Remember* (said I to him) *that Virtue should as well govern the Affairs of War, as those of Peace; and further, I let you know that the Persians Assistance, which we expect, will not fail us; we have on our Party the Armenians and Saracens: And, Aurelian, since the robbers of Syria did beat your Army, what shall we do when we have all the Forces, which we wait for, from those Places? surely you will then abate some of that great Pride with which, as if you were wholly Victorious, you command me to surrender.* You see, my Daughters, that while you were praying to the Gods I did all things possible for your Preservation, and never did any unglorious Action. Lastly, you know that *Aurelian* did defeat the *Persians* who were coming to our Relief; and seeing it absolutely impossible to save that Place, I was at least desirous to secure my Person: But Fate (which had resolv'd my Ruin) made *Aurelian* at last my Conqueror, and me his Prisoner. He no sooner saw me, but he ask'd, *How came it that I had the boldness to attack the Roman Emperors and despise their Forces:* *Aurelian* (said I to him) *I acknowledge you for a lawful Emperor, because you know how to conquer; but for Galienus, and such as he, I never had that esteem of them.* Till now, my Daughters, you can't accuse me of Cowardice, I have formerly carry'd a Crown without Vanity, my Hand has been sufficiently steady, wielding at once a Sceptre and a Sword; I have equally known the Arts of Fighting and of Reigning, I have known how to Conquer, and which is more, I knew how to use the Victory; I have receiv'd good Fortune with Moderation, and in the very time wherein Youth and the weakness of my Sex

might have made me proud of that little Beauty I had, I have, without Pleasure, heard all the Flatterers of the Court paint me in their Verses with Lillies and Roses; say, that my Teeth were Oriental Pearls, that my Eyes, black as they were, shin'd clearer than the Sun; and in fine, that *Venus* her self was not so beautiful as I. My Daughters, I have told you all these things, and have enlarg'd thereon more than I ought, to make you comprehend, that in all the Actions of my Life I was never guilty of Cowardice: Think not then, that in the most important of all the Actions I have done, or wherein there was greatest need of Courage, that my Heart ever fail'd me more than at other times. No, my Daughters, I have done nothing in all my Life that gives me more Satisfaction in my self, than that I had Power to follow a triumphing Chariot with Constancy. 'Tis true, at such times a great Spirit is requisite; let it not be said to me, in such Encounters, that Despair is a Virtue, and Constancy a Weakness. No, Vice can never be a Virtue, nor can Virtue ever be Vicious. Let none say of me, that such Constancy is more proper for Philosophers than Kings; but know, my Daughters, that there is no difference betwixt Philosophers and Kings, save that the one teaches Wisdom, and the other should practise it. In fine, Sovereigns ought to give good Examples to their Subjects, because they are in the Sight of all the World; there's no Virtue which they ought not to imitate; yet among all those that are most necessary for Princes, Constancy is the most illustrious, as being the most difficult. As for Despair, which puts a Dagger in the Hand of such as would avoid Bondage, 'tis rather Infirmity than Virtue: They can't look upon Fortune when 'twas against them; it no sooner attacks them, but they avoid encountering it; it no sooner aims at their Ruin, but they promote its design; by a weakness unworthy of them, they yield the Victory to this airy Phantom; and by a precipitate Action, without knowing what they do, quit the Irons in abandoning their Lives, whose sweetness they only lov'd, without being able to endure the smart. For me, my Daughters,

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who am of another Opinion, I maintain, that they who live with Glory, should dye as leisurely as possible: To speak rationally, a sudden Death is rather a sign of Remorse and Imbecility, than Magnanimity. It may be some will say to me, that I am of a Race which should never carry Irons; that since *Cleopatra* would not follow *Augustus's* Chariot, I should never have follow'd that of *Aurelian*: But there is such a difference between that great Queen and me, that all her Glory consisted in her Death, and I made mine consist in my Life. Her Reputation had not been advantageous to her, if she had not dy'd by her own Hand, and mine would never have been at the height it is come to, if I had depriv'd my self of the Glory of knowing how to carry Chains with such courageous Grandeur, as if I had triumph'd over *Aurelian*, rather than he over me: If *Cleopatra* had follow'd *Augustus's* Chariot, she would have seen a hundred odious Objects in the Streets of *Rome*, which would have reproach'd her with her former Imprudence, the People would have certainly caus'd her to understand by their murmurings her wanton Conduct: But as for me, I was very certain that I could see nothing about the Chariot which I follow'd but Men, whom I had formerly conquer'd, and Witnesses of my Valour and Virtue. I was, I say, assur'd to hear no Contumely, or other Discourse, but of my present Misfortune, and my former Victories. Behold, said the People, the valiant *Zenobia*, behold the Woman who did gain many Victories, admire her Constancy in this extremity. Might it not be said, that these Chains of Diamonds which she wears, do rather adorn than bind her; and that she leads the Chariot which she follows. In fine, my Daughters, in the time I was all loaded with Irons, or to give them a better name, Chains of Gold and Jewels, like a noble Slave, in the time of all that magnificent Triumph, which is undoubtedly the most unpleasant day of Bondage, I was at Freedom in my Heart, and had my Mind sedate enough to see with Pleasure that my Constancy drew Tears from some of my Enemies Eyes: yes, my Daughters, Virtue hath so strong Charms,

Charms, that their *Roman* Austerity could not resist 'em, and I saw some among 'em weep for *Aurelian's* Victory and my Misfortune : Moreover, none should be so Cowardly, as to let the Mind be troubl'd with things that do not at all touch it, if they be truly wise. All the great Preparations that are made for these Triumphs, should not fright a rational Soul ; all these gilded Chariots, these Chains of Diamonds, these Trophies of Arms, and the Multitudes of People who flock together to see that fatal Ceremony, should not make a generous Person timorous. 'Tis true, my Chains were weighty, but when they hurt not the Mind, they don't much incommode the Arms that carry them ; as for me, in that deplorable State I many times thought, that as Fortune had made me follow a Chariot, I my self had done it for Triumph, by that same Revolution which happen to all earthly things : You may perhaps one day have Sceptres made for you of those same Chains which I have carry'd. But, to be short, if this should not come to pass, afflict your selves moderately ; be more careful to approve your selves worthy of the Throne, than to remount it ; for in the Humour I am in, I have more esteem for a simple Slave, if he be faithful, than for the most potent King in the World, if he ben't generous. Think then, my Daughters, of enduring your Bondage with more Constancy, and believe certainly, that if I have been conquer'd by *Aurelian*, mine surpass'd Fortune ; as may be seen thro' all the course of my Life, that Death did not fright me, tho' I might have had Glory by it ; I have seen it a hundred times under a more terrifying Aspect than the most desperate have ever seen ; *Caesar's* Dagger, *Brutus's* Sword, *Porcia's* burning Coals, *Mythridates's* Poyson, nor *Gleopatra's* Asps, are any way so fearful. I have seen whole Shoals of Darts and Arrows fall upon my Head ; I have seen the points of a hundred Launces pointed at my Heart ; and all this without any Thoughts of Fear. Think not then, if I had believ'd Death could have been glorious to me, but that I could have found it by my own Hand. It was accusom'd to conquer others, and it would have broken

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Zenobia to her Daughters. 57

my Chains if I had pleas'd. But I thought my share of Glory would be greater to carry them without weeping, than to spill my Blood thro' feebleness or despair; they (whose Satisfaction only consists in themselves) quit the Throne with less concern than others: They (who encounter nothing but Contentment in their Minds) are constrain'd to seek their Happiness in things that they are Strangers to. It may be then you will ask me, what remains for Princesses to do who have lost their Empire and Liberty? I shall answer you roundly, that since the Gods were desirous to give your Courage so noble a Subject, you are oblig'd to use it well, and to make all the World know (by your Patience and Virtue) that you merit the Sceptre which is taken from you; and that the Chains which were given you were unworthy of you.

This, my Daughters, is what remains for you to do; and if you cou'd let your selves be mov'd by my example and reasons, you wou'd find that your Life might yet be pleasant and glorious to you: At least you have this advantage, that in the condition your Fortune is, it cannot become worse than it is, so that if you can but once accustom your selves to it, nothing can afterwards molest your Repose.

Remember, that of the many millions of Men which the World contains, there are not an hundred who carry Crowns; and, Do you believe, my Daughters, that all these Men are unhappy, and that there's no Pleasure but on a Throne? If so, how you're deceiv'd! There's no condition of Life but hath Pain and Pleasure, and it is true Wisdom to use all equally, if Fortune bring you to the tryal of it. They who kill themselves think not that while People are living they are in a state of acquiring Glory: There's no Tyrant can hinder me from immortalizing my Name every day, if he let me live, and I am virtuous; and if my Silence makes me suffer any Punishment, while I endure it with Constancy, it shall not forbear to speak of me. Let us live then, my Daughters, because we do it with honour, and because we also have the Means left us of testifying our Virtue.

The

58 Zenobia to her Daughters.

The Sceptre, the Throne, the Empire which we have lost, were they not given us by Fortune? But Constancy comes directly from the Gods, 'twas from their hands I receiv'd it, and for that cause you ought to imitate it; 'tis the true Sign of Heroes, as Despair is of the Weak and Inconsiderate: Trouble not your selves then for what Posterity will say of me, and don't fear that the Day of *Aurelian's* Triumph hath obscur'd my Victories, since (as I said to you) 'twas the most glorious of my Life. Moreover, I know *Aurelian* hath made a Picture of me in his Speech to the Senate, the which shall make me known to Posterity: Preserve it then, my Daughters, that when I shall be no more, the remembrance of what I have been may oblige you to be always what you ought. Behold the Colours where-with *Aurelian* hath painted his Picture: *I have learnt* (said he) *to avoid being reproach'd of doing an Action so little worthy of great Courage, as to triumph over Zenobia; but they who blame me know not what Praise I merit, especially if they're ignorant what a Woman she was, how well advis'd Councils she had, how courageous she behav'd her self, and constant in keeping good Order; how imperious and grave she was among Soldiers, how liberal when her Affairs permitted her, and how severe and exact when Necessity constrain'd her. I cou'd say, 'twas by her assistance Odenatus conquer'd the Persians, and pursu'd King Sapor to Ctesiphon. I cou'd affirm, that this Woman had so possess'd all the East and Egypt with the Terror of her Arms, that neither the Arabians, Saracens, nor Armenians dar'd to move. Let them who are displeas'd with these Actions be silent, for if there be no Honour in having conquer'd and triumph'd over a Woman, what will they say of Gallienus, in contempt of whom she maintain'd her Empire, what will they say of Claudius, a holy and venerable Prince, who being employ'd in a War with the Goths, by a laudable Prudence suffer'd her to reign, to the end that this Princess employing her Arms elsewhere, he might with the greater facility accomplish his other Enterprizes.*

Be-

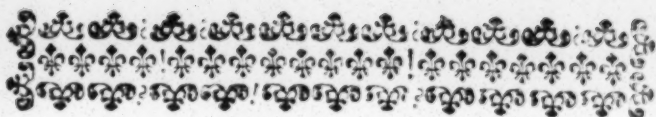
Behold, my Daughters, what my Conqueror hath said of me, tho' I follow'd his Chariot ; have the same Equity, I conjure you, and believe that whosoever lives thus need not kill himself to immortalize his Name.

CONSEQUENCE.

This Discourse lets us see, that a persuasive Orator may prevail with others. These Princesses liv'd as their Mother, and had no Desires of Death ; the Gardens Aurelian gave 'em for their dwelling-place, and which are call'd to this day Tivoli, seem'd more pleasing to them than the Coffin. History gives account, that this generous Queen was highly esteem'd by all the Roman Ladies ; and, that her Daughters were married into the most illustrious Families. 'Twas little for their Birth, but much for their Misfortune, because these same People thought Anthony and Titus unworthily married, tho' they espous'd Queens. This was a noble Thought, but 'twas that of the Masters of the World : And whoever says that, says all.



Porcia



Porcia to Volumnius.

PRELUDE.

After Brutus and Cassius were defeated and kill'd, Porcia, Wife to the first, and Daughter to Cato of Utica, testified by her Discourse and Actions, that she wou'd share her Husband's Fate, and live no longer. Her Relations, willing to hinder her from dying, after they had taken all things from her that cou'd advance such fatal Designs, sent Volumnius the Philosopher, who had been the intimate Friend of Brutus, to endeavour to perswade her by Reason, that she ought not to abandon her self to Despair: but this generous Wife, after she had most impatiently heard him, thus answer'd.

IT is in vain, grave *Volumnius*, that my Relations have chosen you to perswade me to live after my Loss, seeing 'tis incredible that the same Philosopher who put the Sword into the Hand of the illustrious *Cato*, my Father, and afterward in that of my dear *Brutus*, can make me believe 'tis just or possible for me to preserve my Life: No, *Volumnius*, in the state I am reduc'd to, I neither can nor ought to live. You know that, contrary to my Sex, the Philosophy which you employ against me is not altogether unknown to me, and that the virtuous *Cato*, my Father, made me learn it with great care; think not then that the Resolution

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I take is the Effect of a Spirit blinded with its own Grief, or of Despair without Reason; I have meditated upon it a long time, and in the vicissitude of things I have form'd a Design which I shall execute to day. Any Person but my self might satistie their Husband's Athes with shedding of Tears all the rest of their days, but the Daughter of *Cato*, and Wife of *Brutus*, shou'd do it another way. I am also very well assur'd, that *Porcia* has too great a Soul to lead a Life unworthy of her Birth, and of the honour of having had for her Father and Husband the two most illustrious of the ancient *Romans*: As for those who live to day, they are the Remains of *Julius Caesar's* Slaves; or, to say better, they are enrag'd Tygers, who tear their Mother's Bowels by laying waste their own Country. Alas! who cou'd ever have thought that the *Roman* People were become Enemies of their own Liberty? That it ever cou'd be they themselves who not only forg'd the Chains which captivated hem, and set upon the Throne him who was the cause of so many Mens Deaths, that he might come to it, but who were also capable of weeping for the Death of a Tyrant, place him in the rank of the Gods, and criminally pursue a Man who (to give them Liberty) hazarded his Life, and despis'd *Caesar's* Friendship? For what wou'd not he have obtain'd from him, if he cou'd have submitted to Bondage? His Chains wou'd have been certainly lighter than others, and for a little pains that he might have taken, he might have been Master of him who was so of all the World. But *Brutus* was too generous to establish his particular Felicity upon the Ruin of the Republick: He knew that the first Duty took (or ought to take) away all other; that owing all things to his Country, he ow'd nothing to *Caesar*, that being born a *Roman* Citizen, he ought to hate Tyranny; that not to be ungrateful to his Country, he must be party against *Caesar*; and, that being of the first *Brutus's* Race, he ow'd the assistance of his Arms and Valour to the Republick. Nevertheless, after he had done all these things, these cowardly and insensible People exil'd him, for whom they shou'd have erected

Statues in all their publick places : Yet this great Ingratitude wearied not the Virtuous *Brutus*. You know (most sage *Volumnius*!) all that he has done for his Country, and therefore I need not rehearse it: All I shall do is, to imploy the little Life that remains in me in rehearsing his Heroick Actions, and conjure you to make 'em known to Posterity.

Remember then, *Volumnius*, that tho' all the *Romans* were ungrateful to him, he refus'd not to do all things for them; and when these Drones, instead of one Tyranny had bore with three, he had more Compassion for 'em than Resentment of their Ingratitude. Without thinking of his own Preservation, what did he not to make them happy, notwithstanding all their former behaviour? But these Enemies of Virtue are so well accustomed to Slavery, that they hug their Chains as their dearest Treasures; and all-along, after *Brutus* had broken 'em, they renew'd 'em with care: *Rome*, which many Ages by-past commanded all the Earth, now voluntarily submits to Tyranny. O *Cato*! O *Brutus*! who could ever have thought it? And, who could believe that the Gods would protect the Guilty, and oppress the Innocent? Yet I plainly see what it is provokes Heaven to punish us; the Death of *Brutus* is *Rome's* Chastisement, and the greatest Unhappiness that can ever befall it: Certainly 'tis for *Rome's* Punishment that the Gods permitted him to end his Days. As for *Brutus*, his Pains are his Reward; the *Romans* Ingratitude contributes to his Glory, and his very Death doth so illustrate his Life, that it's almost a Scandal to weep. Moreover, I assure ye that I have wept more for his Absence than Death. I then look'd upon my Sorrows as being unlimited; and my Soul being balanc'd between Hope and Fear, I solaced my self with Weeping. But to day, when I have no more to lose, and when I see an intallible way of ending my Misery, my Soul enjoys the greatest quiet; and tho' my Grief exceeds any ever yet felt, I endure it with a profound Patience, because I know 'twill quickly have end. Do not then tell me, that I ought to live to preserve the Memory of *Brutus*.

Brutus; the Action he did is so heroick and noble, that it is highly worthy of being transfer'd to Posterity; he shall ever be regarded as the first and last of the *Romans*. The Tyrants who shall reign after this we now have, shall likewise serve to perpetuate the glorious Memory of him. So long as there shall be Kings seen in *Rome*, 'twill be remember'd that the old *Brutus* chas'd them, and that the last died in saving that Liberty which the first had acquir'd: For, I doubt not but *Rome* will be continually in Slavery, it being certain that if it Liberty cou'd have been recover'd, *Brutus* wou'd have restor'd it; but since he could not do it, he had at least the Glory of dying without being a Slave. Think it not strange then, that being Daughter and Wife to two Men who were even free to Death, I should partake of that Glory with them. Yet, to speak truly, *Brutus* will not be altogether at liberty, shou'd I be so base as to live a Captive; there will be somewhat wanting to his Glory if I forget mine; the Affection he always had for me renders our Interests inseparable. I was of the Conspiracy, because I knew it before 'twas executed; 'tis but just then that I shou'd follow *Brutus's* Destiny: And know, *Volumnius*, that she whose Mind was resolute enough to stab her self with a Poniard, to endure and suppress the Smart, thereby to testify to her Husband that she could conceal a Secret, will not easily change her Resolution of dying. The Idea's of *Cato* and my dear *Brutus* do so fill my Spirit, that I can think of nothing else; and methinks their Deaths so merit my Envy, that I shou'd reckon it the chiefest Good that ever besel me.

Remember, *Volumnius*, that true Zeal for Virtue consists in the desire of imitating it; for they who praise virtuous People without tracing them as far as they can, deserve Blame rather than Praise, because they know the Good, and don't follow it. *Cato* is dead with this advantage, to have it said by *Cesar*, That he envy'd his Death because it depriv'd him of his Pardon: And I wish *Octavius* may envy *Brutus*, for having chose a Wife that has Courage enough to follow him to the

Grave; 'tis there we shall enjoy a Liberty which we can no more lose, while the *Romans* shall groan under the weight of their Chains: But a Day will come when the Name of *Brutus* will be in veneration among 'em; when they shall desire that Good which they refus'd, and when the Blood of *Cato* and *Brutus* shall compound and make 'em blush: Yes, those *Roman* Citizens, who saw themselves Masters of the World, who had Kings for their Subjects, whose Glory was without alloy, and whose Power had no Authority above it but that of the Gods, shall become infamous Slaves; and their Bondage shall be so rigid, that they shall not be Masters of their own Will: They shall take from the Tyrants all their Vices; and *Rome*, which was a Seminary of Virtue, shall be a Receptacle of vile Flatterers.

O Heavens! that the Inclinations of such a mighty People shou'd be thus alter'd in an instant! All those Legions who fought on the Plains of *Pharsalia* under *Pompey's* Colours, were they all kill'd in that Battle? Or, have they lost their Hearts in losing it? All those Kings who hold their Crowns by the Senate's Authority, are they all ungrateful? And is there none that cou'd suffer *Brutus* to disburthen them of their Chains? The desire of Freedom, which is so natural to all Creatures, is it extinct among Men? Is the Blood of a dead Tyrant so dear to the *Romans*, that to honour his Memory, and to wear Mourning, they must load themselves with Shackles all their Life? Yes, all the *Roman* Legions have lost their Hearts; all the Kings, their Vassals, are ready to lay their Crowns at their Tyrant's Feet; all the *Romans* prefer Servitude to Liberty: *Cæsar's* Althes are in esteem with 'em, and for their late Misfortune *Brutus* hath abandon'd 'em. However, don't think, *Voluminius*, that he desir'd to forsake me: 'Tis true, when we parted in the City of *Elea* he wou'd not let me go with him, *Because* (said he) *the Journey will be very troublesome to you*, and because I might be more useful to him at *Rome* than in the Army; but at that time it prov'd not so.

I know

I know *Brutus* minded me a dying, he expects me in the place where he is, and doubts not but *Porcia* remembers that the illustrious *Cato* chose rather to rip up his own Bowels, than survive his Country's Freedom; and that she, having stronger Reasons to perswade her, will not fail to tread the Path he has chalk'd out for her. When Life can be neither honourable nor easie, 'tis Prudence to abandon it, it being certain we ought to think it no longer dear to us than it can serve our own Glory, or that of our Country: Since 'tis so, I ought no longer to preserve mine.

Yes, *Volumnius*, I owe my Death to my own Glory, to that of *Cato*, that of *Brutus*, and that of *Rome*. Do not think that this Death shall any way terrifie me, for I go to a place where Virtue is certainly known and rewarded. That terrifying Apparition which *Brutus* saw without being frighted, at the Town of *Sardis*, and afterwards at *Philippi*, appears not to me; I see only my Husband's Ghost calling me, which seems impatient till I come: I see that of *Cato*, which, retaining a Father's Authority, seems to command me to make haste and quit a place unworthy of *Porcia*'s Virtue. Judge, *Volumnius*, if this Vision affrights me, and if in the two Ways I have to take there's any difficulty in chusing: From one side I see my Country laid waste, all the Earth cover'd with the Blood of our Friends, our Tributaries become our Masters, all my Relations in Bondage; and, to say all, the Ashes of my dear *Brutus*, than which nothing can more affect me. This, *Volumnius*, is the Prospect I have from that side. From the other I see nothing but Felicity; my Father and Husband wait for me, the first requires the Fruits of the Instructions he gave me; t'other, the Reward of the Affection he bore me.

Yes, generous *Cato*! yes, illustrious *Brutus*! *Porcia* shall do what she ought at this time, and nothing shall be able to hinder her: For, think not, *Volumnius*, that Inclination can be compel'd, because by it we partly resemble the Gods; 'tis a Privilege Heaven hath given us, Tyrants can't force it, 'tis not under their dominion,

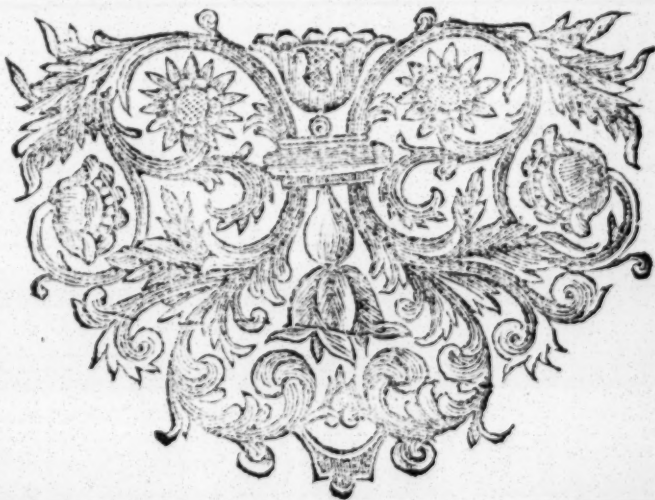
and when the Soul is firm and resolute, the Resolution never alters. Believe not then that my Relations Care can hinder my dying, or your Arguments can any way change my Intent; *Cato* wou'd not let himself be mov'd at his Son's Tears, and *Porcia* shall not yield to those of her Relations, nor your Discourse. *Brutus*, to avoid Bondage, cou'd resolve to leave me; and, why shou'd it not be safer (and also juster) for me than him to end my Life? My Freedom is as dear to me as his was to him: But I have this advantage and pleasure in Death, that whereas he cou'd not be free without abandoning me, I need but follow him to preserve my Liberty.

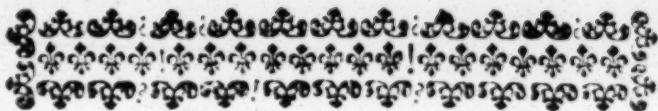
You see then, sage *Volumnius*, after all that I have said to you, that Death is glorious, necessary, and pleasing to me; think not then of hindering me, because your care will be to no purpose; they who have been forc'd to change such noble Resolutions, are certainly easily perswaded, and have in the bottom of their Heart a secret Resentment opposing their Desire; and their own Temerity is a Defence strong enough to preserve their Life: They are such People as would die, provided somebody wou'd come and hinder 'em. But with me it shall not be so, I conceal not my Design, I'll not deceive my Guards, I tell 'em freely I shall 'scape from their hands, and that Death shall free me from the Pain I am in: Yes, *Volumnius*, I resolve to die. O illustrious and great *Cato*! O generous *Brutus*! come and receive me; see, dear Ghosts, if I'm worthy the Name I bear, don't disown me for what I am; for, if I be not mistaken, my Death shall not be unworthy the Character of a true Roman. See, my dear *Brutus*, if I have any Faintings in this last hour, or rather if I have not great Impatience to be with you. O Generous *Cato*! you see that Daggers, Poyson, and every thing that could seem to assist my Design are taken from me; my Chamber is become my Prison; I have neither Precipices nor Cords, and have Guards over me too; but by taking all those things from me, they can't take away my Desire of Death, nor the memory of your Virtues. I remember, most illustrious *Cato*, that glorious Day wherein

you excel'd *Cæsar*, by surmounting your self: You then told your Guards, your Life was not in their power, because to finish it you needed but stop your Breath, or dash your Head against the Wall: 'Tis then in imitation of so generous a Pattern that I go to find my dear *Brutus*. Behold, O illustrious Husband! the last Action of *Porcia*: judge of her Life by her Death, and of the Passion I have had for you by these burning Coals, which I hold ready to suffocate me.

CONSEQUENCE.

In speaking these Last Words, she did what she said; and by a stedfast Courage, which procures Admiration and Horrour, she made it appear, that things are not easie and impossible, but according to the manner they are look'd upon; and, that when any-body loves one better than their Life, they have no Trouble in following their Death.





Berenice to Titus.

PRELUDE.

During the Judæan War, Titus became passionately in love with Berenice Queen of Chalcis, Daughter of Mariamne, and (according to the Opinion of some) married her secretly. At his return to Rome, whither he brought her, the Roman People, who treat all Strangers like Barbarians, Queens as well as others, did not approve that Alliance; so the Emperor Vespasian order'd his Son to send her back. 'Twas in that troublesome time this afflicted Princess thus spoke to the Great Titus.

THink not, most noble and most generous Titus, that I complain of your parting from me, since on the contrary, knowing you as I do, I rather pity than accuse you: And without saying any thing against you, I only desire you would permit me to complain of Fortune, which (having favour'd you so much in all the Actions of War) treats you so cruelly to day in my Person: For, I doubt not, but you will be more concern'd to abandon me, than you rejoic'd in all your Victories. I know, tho' Ambition be as strong a Passion as Love, it does not surmount it in your Soul. And I will also believe, to comfort me in my disgrace, that if you were in Condition to dispose absolutely of your self,

you





you would prefer the Possession of *Berenice* to the Empire of all the World. But reasons of State, which authorize so many Crimes and so much Violence, can't endure, that after the invincible *Titus* hath so many times hazard-ed his Life to secure the *Romans* Felicity, should think of his own in particular. Yet, I never heard it said, that Love was a shameful Passion, when its Object was honest: On the contrary, I thought it a sign of great Spirits, because all the *Heroes* of Antiquity were capable of it. I thought, I say, that when this Passion reigns in a generous Soul, it inspires it with new desires of acquiring Glory: Nevertheless, I plainly see, that this is not the Emperor's nor the Senate's Opinion, and that I am deceiv'd in my Conjecture. Had you chosen, for the Object of your Love, a Person absolutely unworthy of you, their Complaints would be more tolerable, and I should merit the treatment I receive, if I had intus'd any base or shameful Thought into the Soul of *Titus*: But, if I be'n't mistaken, they can't reproach you of having made an Alliance too unequal. *Alexander* thought that he did nothing against his own Glory when he marry'd *Roxana*, tho' she was both a Captive and a Stranger; and that Error, which Love caus'd him to commit, hinder'd not the noise of his Victories from coming to us, nor his being rank'd among the most illustrious *Heroes*. The Fault you are reproach'd with hath nothing comparable to that; for, in fine, you know I am *Mariamne's* Grand-daughter, I have all the ancient Kings of *Judea* for my Predecessors, and I my self wear a Crown, which methinks should oblige the Senate not to treat me so cruelly. Yes, *Titus*, *Palestine* hath had *Heroes* as well as *Rome*: The *Jonathan's*, the *David's*, and the *Solomon's*, from whom I am come, have perhaps done as brave Actions as the *Romulus's*, the *Numa Pompilius's*, or the *Cesars*. And the noble and rich spoils which you took in the Temple of *Jerusalem*, and where-with you adorn'd your Triumph, makes *Rome* but see too plainly the Grandeur and Magnificence of my Fathers. If I were of a Blood that were Enemies to the Republick, as formerly *Sophonisa*, *Hafdruball's* Daughter, was, I would

would say that they had reason to fear, that after having conquer'd the generous *Titus*, I would make my Victory fatal to the Senate, and at last cause him to do Actions contrary to his Authority. But I'm of a Race accusom'd to receive Crowns from the *Roman* Emperors: The great *Agrippa* my Father did hold the Kingdom of *Lyfania* of *Cajus*'s Liberality, as well as that of *Chalcis*, whose Sceptre I this day wield. The second *Agrippa* my Brother, receiv'd the same Favour from the Emperor your Father, and his Death made it sufficiently known, that he was not ungrateful. 'Twas in your Presence he lost his Life, having a desire to oblige the Inhabitants of *Gamalia* to submit themselves, and acknowledge *Vespasian*'s Authority: Nevertheless, to comfort me for his Death, they banish me like a Criminal. They say, I would overthrow the Empire; and scarce can they find a corner of the Earth far enough from *Rome*, wherein to send me into exile. Yet you know, O my dear Lord, that I have committed no other Fault, but the receiving the Honour which you have done me, by giving me the glorious Title of your Wife; the innocent Conquest that my Eyes made of your Heart, is that which makes me culpable: The *Romans* would have you be their Captive, and not mine; they would, I say, dispose of your Love and Hatred as they please, and chuse a Wife for you according to their Fancy, and not according to your Inclinations.

Moreover, my dear Lord, I know my Tears may be suspected by them who know me not: They of my Enemies, who will see my Grief, doubtless will say, that I am more concern'd at the loss of the Empire than of *Titus*; and, that Ambition hath a greater share of my Soul than Love. But, if you truly love me as much as you have told me, you will judge of my Thoughts by your own; and you will certainly know that your Person only causes all my Sorrow, as it did all my Felicity. No, *Titus*, the Magnificence of *Rome* hath not transported me, the Throne which you expect contributed nothing to the Affection I have for you; the Virtues of your Soul, and the love which you testify'd for me,

were

were the only things I consider'd, when I did resolve to love you. Take then (when you please) a Person with whom you shall divide the Sovereign Power you shall one day have, without thinking I wish her any harm; but for the sake of pure Love, never divide the Heart where you made me reign; 'tis an Empire which belongs to me, and which you can't take from me without Injustice. You can't, my dear *Titus*, accuse me of asking too much, because I demand nothing but what you gave me: Nor can you say, that this Heart is not in your Power, that *Vespasian* holds it in his Hands, that the Senate disposes of it, and, in fine, that you are not its Master. All Slaves (tho' as strongly fetter'd with Chains as they possibly can) enjoy this Privilege: They love and hate what seems good to them, and their Will is as free in Chains as if they were on the Throne. Since 'tis so, you must certainly enjoy the same Freedom, and shall not refuse me the Favour I ask of you: You may get a Wife for the illustrious *Titus*, to content the Capricio's of the People, but you must not give a Rival to *Berenice*: She must be single in your Soul, as you are in hers; and tho' she be separated from you, she ought to be ever present in your Mind; and if it be so, I shall patiently endure my exile.

But, O ye Gods! can I think of never seeing you again? No, *Titus*, 'tis absolutely impossible for me, my Fate is inseparable from yours, and tho' *Vespasian* and the Senate's Authority do all they can, I must not quit you. 'Twou'd be imbecility to abandon you; you might reproachfully say to me, that Fear of being ill treated made me too ready to obey the Order I receiv'd for going out of *Rome*; and, in fine, you might accuse me of little Love. But no, I will contradict that thought, it would be ingratitude to use it so; *Berenice* must not cost you the Empire. Preserve it then, and let her depart, 'tis enough for her that you complain, and that when you are arriv'd to the Crown, you then call to mind that the Possession which you shall have did cost you *Berenice*. Truly, *Titus*, there is some strange thing in our Adventure; you should never harbour a thought
that

that those same People who already prepare themselves to acknowledge you for Master of all the Earth, should give you Laws in an Affair of such importance to you, and of so little to them; and that those same Persons over whom you shall have an absolute Power to dispose of their Fortunes and Lives, should not suffer you to love me?

Am I Wife or Enemy of all the *Romans*? Have they Jealousie or Hatred to me? Fear they that I will prevail with you to rebuild the Walls of *Jerusalem*? Have I enterpriz'd any thing against the Publick Good? Or, have I offended any of them in particular? No, *Titus*, I have neither done, said, or thought any thing against them: My greatest Crime is, that I'm unhappy, and that you love me; but I wish I were criminal in this manner all my Life.

Continue, my dear Lord, to give them new subject of hating me, by your Love; testify to them, that the Victim you sacrifice for them is dear to you; and, for your Glory as much as mine, make 'em know that the Affection you have for me hath lawful Foundations: Conceal my Faults, and carefully exaggerate the few good Qualities are in me; tell them, that the Affection which I had for you serv'd instead of Merit; and, in short, that you have found in my Person an Object worthy of your Love.

As for my part, I am not troubled to justifie what Esteem I have for you; your Valour and Virtue are so equally known thro' the World, I need not tell for what Reasons I love you. This Sentiment is so universal, that tho' you were not infinitely Good, you wou'd not be oblig'd to me.

But, my dear *Titus*, shall I tell you something that's in my Mind? Yes, because my Affection hath caus'd it you can't be displeas'd, and you are too just to condemn *Berenice*, when you find she is only guilty of excessive Love. I wou'd not, in the condition things are in at present, rob you of the Crown you ought to wear, by obliging you to follow me; for, my dear Lord, there's no corner of the Earth where the illustrious *Titus* can live

live unknown. But if it be permitt'd me to tell you all that I think, I wish that, being born without a Crown, without Kingdom, and without Empire, we cou'd live together in some place where Virtue alone shou'd reign with us: I wish (I say) you were not what you are, and yet I wou'd not have you chang'd. In fine, the Excess your Grief and Affection raise in me are the occasion nothing can possibly satisfy me, therefore am I constrain'd, for my Comfort, to wish for what I never can be able to perform. Pardon me, my dear *Titus*, if I shou'd rob you of a Crown; I reprimand my self, because I know by your Eyes you're not offended: Till now, I never thought that I could see you griev'd, and not be a Partaker with you; yet surely that which I see painted in your Face sweetens my Affliction; your Tears diminish the bitterness of mine, and in the condition my Soul is in, I can have no reflection so pleasing as to see you infinitely afflicted. Yes, *Titus*, my despair is so great, that since I can't live happy with you, there are Moments wherein I shall wish that we were always unhappy, so that we could but be together. Yet this unjust Thought does not last long in my Mind, and passing from one extremity to another, I shall wish that I were yet more unfortunate, and that you were not at all. Methinks then the *Romans* have reason to exile me, because I am capable of disturbing the repose of their Prince: I wish I could depart without afflicting you, and carry away in my Heart your Sorrows, with my own; by so tender a Thought, I pity you more than my self.

Moreover, if I can possibly live without you, I'm sure I shall hear often News of you, tho' you your self should give me none, Fame wou'd tell me of your brave Actions; and I heartily wish that 'twou'd load it self with my Tears, as well as with your Exploits, thereby to let you know that neither Time nor Absence had any way diminish'd my Sorrow or Affection. Remember, my dear *Titus*, every time your Heart makes you do a brave Action, that there *Berenice* shall find a Subject both of Joy and Grief, she shall rejoice at your Glory,

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and afflict her self for the Loss she has had: But, when that comes to pass, she shall ever love you equally; nevertheless, I think I shall not be long in Pain, to partake of what befalls you, for, my Grief which I feel is so great, that I believe it can't be long. If my Exile had been caus'd by your Inconstancy, that you had chang'd your Thoughts of me, that your disdain had been the cause of my disgrace, I shou'd have comforted my self by complaining of you; I shou'd mitigate my Torment by calling you ungrateful and perfidious; Choler and Despight wou'd divide my Heart; I might one day hope to love you no more; and whether by Resentment or Glory, I should almost depart from you without weeping. But as matters go, I see nothing but matter for Affliction; nor any thing that can sweeten my Grief. I not only lose a Lover, I lose a faithful Lover, and I lose him in such a manner, that it permits me not to complain of him. I accuse the Senate and the People, that I may not complain of the Emperor, because he is his Father: And without being able to accuse him of his not having lov'd me too well, I depart the unhappiest Woman living. But, unthinking as I am, what do I say? by that I find some cause to comfort me: Because I quit *Titus*, and not he me, Fortune plucks me from him against his Will; it threatens to take the Crown from him, if he consent not to my banishment: And at this time I have the Satisfaction of seeing my dear *Titus* esteem me more than the Empire of all the World. However, 'tis true, that I must forsake him; yet I have this little Comfort at our parting, to know that I dwell in his Heart, and, that nothing can chase me thence, if I ben't mistaken. I see by your silence that you consent to what I say; your Sighs assure me, and your Tears permit me not to doubt. You have too delicate a Soul to be capable of infidelity or forgetfulness: Unconstancy is a Fault which can't be found in you, because 'tis certainly a sign of Imbecility or little Judgment. The Heart must not be given, but upon mature deliberation; but when once given, it must not be retaken.

As for my part, I find we have more right over others Goods, which belong not to us, than we have of the Presents we liberally bestow. Others things may sometimes come under our Power without Injustice; but what we once give, shou'd never again be ours: 'Tis a renouncing of all right we have, to pretend to it; and no Law can with Equity put us in possession of it. Since 'tis so, I'm assur'd to have the Possession of your Heart; 'tis by that Thought I can live in my Exile. 'Tis the only thing that can support my Life; and for that only can I say that I'm not absolutely unhappy: I hope the Romans will in time know, that as your Love to me had nothing of Injustice, so I have inspir'd you with nothing but rational Thoughts. I desire not, *Titus*, that you lose your self to preserve me; I will not have you oppose the Emperor, I will not have you acquire the Senate's hatred, I will not have you irritate the People against you, I will not have you endeavour to make the Army rebel, I will not have you refuse the fair *Aricide*, who, I know, is appointed for you; I will not, I say, have you lose the Empire for love of me. On the contrary, I counsel and conjure you to obey the Emperor, to follow the Senate's Advice, to content the Humours of the People, to keep your Legions, to make new Conquests, to receive on the Throne the too happy *Aricide*, and preserve the Empire which Fate promises, and Birth gives you.

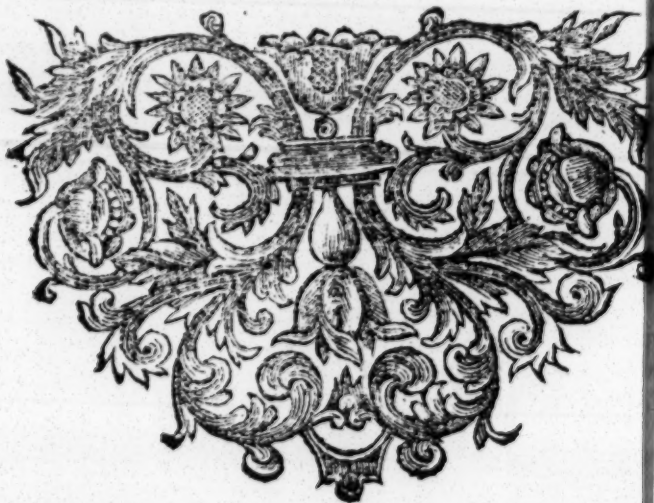
But, when to my Prejudice you have satisfied all the World, be so just as to remember, that *Berenice* shou'd be your only Passion: If I obtain this Favour from you, I shall depart with some Pleasure in spite of all my Sorrows; and shall be so far from making Imprecations against my Enemies, that I shall make Vows for their Fidelity, as I shall do for your Preservation.

May you then, O *Titus*, gain as many Victories as you give Battels; may you reign over your People with as much Authority as Clemency; may you be fear'd of all the Earth; may you have as much Glory as you merit; may your Reign be as happy as I am unfortunate: In fine, may you do so many brave Actions, both

by your excellent Valour and rare Goodness, that, by consent of all Nations, you may one day be call'd, *The Love and Delight of Mankind.*

CONSEQUENCE.

These Wishes were too passionate not to be exhausted. Titus was as great, and as much belov'd as Berenice did wish: And if History deceive me not, she was his last Passion, according as she desir'd. So that it may be said, that she obtain'd all that she ask'd, tho' she parted from Rome, and abandon'd Titus.



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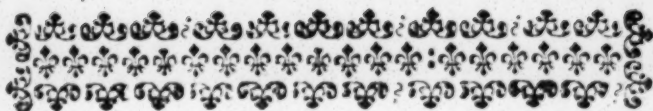


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Panthea to Cyrus.

P R E L U D E.

Panthea, Queen of Sufania, being taken Prisoner of War by the great Cyrus, was favourably treated; in acknowledgment of which Courtesie she oblig'd Abradates her Husband to forsake the Lydian Party, and join his Arms with those of this invincible Conqueror: But that mighty Man of War, to signalize his Gratitude and Courage, ask'd Permission from Cyrus to fight in the advanc'd Guards in the Day of Battel. That glorious Favour being granted him, he did prodigious things, and so disregarded himself, that he gain'd the Battel, but lost his Life. His Body was brought back cover'd with Wounds to the disconsolate Panthea; and Cyrus going to comfort her, or rather bear a part in her Affliction for a Loss equal to them both, this sorrowful Princess spoke to him in these words.

YOU see, Great and Noble Cyrus! what the Victory has cost you; Abradates has prov'd the Victim, which has made the Gods propitious to you; his Blood has dy'd the Laurels that are wreath'd about your Head; he is dead in crowning you. To speak the truth, Cyrus and Panthea are rather the cause of his Death, than the Valour of the Lydians: Yes, Cyrus, your Generosity, his Gratitude and mine, have put him in the deplorable condition he now is: You see

him quite cover'd with his own Blood, and that of his Enemies : The many Wounds he has receiv'd all over his Body, are certain Proofs of those he gave his Enemies : His undaunted Courage chang'd that of the *Ægyptians* into Despair ; and that illustrious Hand, which they have almost separated from his Arm, (alas ! what an Object 'tis to *Panthea* !) makes it sufficiently seen, that he quitted not his Arms without his Life. He was seen, generous *Cyrus*, to fight with such Courage, that 'twas said, the gaining that Battel ought to put the Crown of the World upon his Head. He has repaid the Obligations I had from you with his Person, his Blood, and his Life ; and thus, O invincible *Cyrus* ! (as I've told you already) your Generosity, his Gratitude and mine, have caus'd his Death and my Misery. However, I don't accuse you, I'm too just to do that ; on the contrary, I thank you kindly for offering your assistance to comfort me ; I praise in you, O *Cyrus* ! that generous Sentiment which makes you shed Tears the very Day of your Victory, and which makes you grieve more for the Death of your Friend, than rejoyce for gaining the Battel, and defeating all your Enemies. But, after I've done your Virtue this Justice, suffer me, without either accusing you or repenting me, to complain of the Rigour of my Fate, who owing the preservation of my Honour to you, would oblige me to expose my dear *Abradates* to a Fight, where multitudes only made him fall under their weight. 'Twas only for the love of me he abandon'd *Crasus's* Forces ; for, tho' he had just cause enough not to serve him, the Memory of the dead King his Father, who lov'd him dearly, made him not abandon the Son, tho' less virtuous : But I no sooner made my Obligations from you known to him, than he frankly offer'd to requite me and you for so sensible an Obligation. Your Fame had formerly dispos'd his Heart to consent to what I ask'd, and having already esteem'd you infinitely, 'twas easie for him to love you.

In short, *Cyrus*, you know he testified at that time great Gratitude to you, and also great Love to me : No,
(said

(said he to me) *generous Panthea, Abradates cannot be your Protector's Enemy; he hath dry'd up your Tears, and I must spend my Blood in his Service; he hath been careful of your Glory, and my Valour must increase his; he hath lost a Man whom he very much lov'd, by protecting you; I ought to repair that Loss, and (if it be possible) not to let it be perceiv'd in the Day of Battel that Araspes is not there. Yes,* (said he to me aloud) *I will lose my Life, but I will testify to Cyrus, that they who receive Benefits as they ought, are sometimes as generous as they that give 'em. Alas! (must I tell it?) I never gain'd this Discourse, and, without apprehending any fatal Event from so noble an Intention, I prais'd his Resolution and Design, I thank'd him for that which was to become the Cause of my greatest Misfortune; and, contributing to my own Unhappiness, I excited his Courage to do things which have caus'd his Death this day, but yet will make him live eternally. O cruel Remembrance! O Injustice of Fortune! Of all the Conquerors, why shou'd Abradates only have been overcome? And having so profitably shed his Blood for gaining of the Battel, why shou'd he almost have been the only one who enjoy'd not the Fruits of the Victory? But 'twas not in this Encounter alone that I contributed to my own Disaster; so great was my blindness, that I expected that fatal Day, like a Day of Triumph; my Spirit was fill'd with nothing but Hope, my Imagination presented me with nothing but what was agreeable, I look'd upon the conclusion of the Fight as the commencement of my Felicity: Methoughts I saw Abradates returning adorn'd all with Palms, and his Chariot overloaded with the Spoils of his Enemies, and on that consideration I took pains to make his Armour more glorious than strong: I knew Abradates's Valour, but I did not also know Fortune's Malice. I so much fear'd his brave Actions wou'd not be sufficiently known, that I imploy'd all my Jewels to make his Coat of Armour the more remarkable. But, insensible that I am, what do I say? Doubtless I was in Confederacy with his Enemies, I*
was

was minded to shew them where to strike; I was the cause of all the Wounds that *Abradates* receiv'd; 'twas I who pierc'd his Heart, and cover'd all his Body with Blood; I guided all his Assailants Hands: As if it cou'd not have been enough, that the Generous fought him in emulation of his extraordinary Courage, I must also make the Avaricious and Mercenary use the same Methods. In fine, I arm'd all *Crasus's* Army against him, some only by desiring to conquer a Man who seem'd to be the God of War, and others by the richness of the Booty: 'Twas my Hand put on *Abradates's* Armour that curs'd Day; yes, Generous *Cyrus*, I my self brought the cause of my Ruin upon him; and tho' in that very instant a secret Horror seiz'd me, which 'foretold my Misery, I despis'd a Revelation which was sent me by the Gods; and since I cou'd not restrain my Tears, I was so unjust as to conceal 'em from my dear *Abradates*: Methought it was a robbing him of his Heart, to testifie to him, that I wanted one at such a time: But, imprudent as I was, I ought to have shown him my Tears with all their bitterness; for, doubtless, if by Grief I had let him know my Life depended upon the preservation of his, he wou'd have taken more care of himself than he did; he wou'd have equally consider'd your Glory and my Life: But, O illustrious *Cyrus*! it seems at that time I neither car'd for *Abradates's* Life nor my own; for when I had made an end of arraying him, and had led him to the Magnificent Chariot that waited for him, I neither spoke to him of himself, nor of me, but wholly of your Obligations to me I reminded him, that when you might have treated me as a Slave, you did it as to a Queen; that having had the Misfortune of displeasing a Man, who you lov'd better than your self, you was so generous as to defend one from him, and that after so heroick an Action: I told you he wou'd be as faithful and profitable to you as *Araspes* had been.

Behold, Generous *Cyrus*, what I said to my dear *Abradates* at our last parting, whose Thoughts seldom or never differ'd from mine, *Would to the Gods* (said

he to me, putting his Hand upon my Head, and casting his Eyes towards Heaven) *that I might shew my self to day as a deserving Friend to Cyrus, and as a Husband worthy of Panthea.* Having so said, he left me, and looking on me as long as 'twas possible while he was in the Chariot, he order'd the Postilion to go forward. Then, being depriv'd of embracing my dear *Abradates* any more, all I cou'd do was, to kiss the outside of the Chair wherein he us'd to sit. *Adieu*, wou'd I have said to my dear *Abradates*, when an excessive Grief surprizing me all at once, hinder'd me. Tho' the Chariot began to drive from me, I did not forbear to follow it: But when *Abradates* perceiv'd it, Go (said he to me) *generous Panthea, expect my Return with Hopes of seeing me anon.* Wo is me! I did not then know that the Chariot (whose Magnificence attracted the Eyes of all its beholders, and which seem'd to have been made for a Day of Triumph) wou'd be *Abradates's* Coffin: However, I did no sooner lose the Sight of him, when my Waiting-woman having put me in my Litter, and brought me back to my Aunt, I ceas'd to hope, and began to fear. My Imagination, which, till then, had entertain'd me with Crowns and Victories, now presented nothing to my View but doleful Objects, and, according to the Account is given me of the business, I saw, in my Melancholy, all that hath befallen my dear *Abradates*. Yes, *Cyrus*, I saw him in the front of the Battel, impatient to shed his Blood for your Glory; I saw him furiously repulse the *Lydians*; I saw him break the Battalions he attack'd; I saw him give Death wheresoever he carry'd his Arms, pursuing his flying Enemies, covering the Fields with dead Bodies, and, in my Vision, methought I saw his Chariot conducted by Victory.

But alas! that Apparation was quickly defac'd by another. I saw of a sudden, that that which shou'd have oblig'd *Abradates's* Soldiers to stick close to him, made them abandon him. The great dangers wherein he threw himself, daunted his Followers Courage, and augmented that of the *Agyptians*. I saw him abandon'd
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by the most part of his Soldiers, and enclos'd by his Enemies, yet I saw him make bright day through the Launces, the Darts, and the Javelins of them he did assault; I saw him (like Lightning among the ranks) overthrow all that he encounter'd; break the Chariots that oppos'd him; kill the Men who drove them; attack and defend himself at once; and, in fine, conquer all that withstood his Valour. But, after he had with his own Hand erected a Trophy to yours and his own Glory, and had taught your Soldiers which way they shou'd obtain the Victory; after, I say, he had cover'd all the Fields with Blood, dead Bodies, broken Arms, and Chariots dash'd to pieces, those same Men whom he had kill'd, those Arms which he had broken, and those very Chariots which he destroy'd, did (O *Cyrus*! shall I tell it?) overturn that of my dear *Abradates*. If he had conquer'd less Enemies, he had not been overcome: Those whom he had conquer'd were more fatal to him than those he had to fight: But, in fine, I saw *Abradates* oppress'd by the Croud, I saw him all over wounded, disputing for his Life, even to the last drop of his Blood; O terrifying Vision! I saw him fall dead, and dying conquer those who caus'd him to die. In effect, O *Cyrus*, you know that your Soldiers fought better to have the dead Body of *Abradates*, than they did to save his Life. Judge what condition cou'd my Soul be in during such a lamentable fight: But that was nothing in comparison of what I suffer'd when I saw *Abradates's* Chariot return all loaded with the Spoils of his Enemies; and above that fatal Trophy, the Body of that illustrious *Hero* all cover'd with Wounds, pale, dead, and bleeding.

O *Cyrus*! O *Panthea*! O doleful Victory! what Object of my Eyes! and what Grief to my Soul! so great, that I am astonish'd it hath not already depriv'd me of all my Sorrow; every thing I see torments me, and all I think of makes me despair: For, *Cyrus*, when the unlawful Passion of *Arastes* gave me cause to complain, if I had then had my recourse to Death, I had preserv'd *Abradates's* Life, I had secur'd my Honour,

and

and you should not have had cause to accuse a Man who was belov'd of you. I should have altogether satisfy'd my Husband, my own Glory, and the great *Cyrus*. I ow'd him that respect not to have complain'd of his Favourite, and, if I had been rational, Death should have hinder'd my complaints then, and my Tears to day; but Fate had otherwise resolv'd it.

Would to the Gods, in so sad an Adventure, that as *Abradates* shew'd himself a Husband worthy of *Panthea*, and worthy of *Cyrus*, I may also manifest his Friendship to Posterity, and that *Panthea* was a Wife worthy of *Abradates*, and that she was not unworthy of *Cyrus's* Protection. I well perceive, O excellent Prince, by the many Sacrifices that are prepar'd, and by the magnificent Ornaments that are brought to me upon your account, that you design to make the Obsequies of my dear *Abradates* suitable to this illustrious Conqueror; but because his Glory is the only thing I ought to take care of, O great *Cyrus*, let Posterity know, by a glorious Monument, and by true Inscriptions, what *Abradates* was; eternize together your Glory, his and my Unhappiness. The Gold and the Marble which you will use in it will not be unprofitable to you, and the Tomb which you cause to be built, to immortalize *Abradates*, shall make your self immortal. There are more People who can do a brave Action, than give account of it themselves: Who can acknowledge and publish it as it ought to be? Harbour not that Jealousie which Glory gives to the most illustrious, and believe, that if you take care of that of *Abradates*, the Gods will also take care of yours. The Blood which he has lost for you merits methinks this Gratitude; nor shall I doubt my obtaining what I desire of you: I see that you consent to me, and that I no sooner think of my Request, than your Goodness obliges me to thank you. However, I have yet another to ask of you; 'tis, O illustrious *Cyrus*! that without hastening the doleful Pomp of my dear *Abradates*, I may be yet suffer'd to wash his Wounds with my Tears a while; all the Victims necessary for appealing his Ghost are not yet in
that

that order they should be: O *Cyrus*! let 'em not then be hasten'd, I shall not make 'em wait long, my last Farewells shall be quickly said; besides, 'tis very just that, since he died for me, I shed so many Tears as he did drops of Blood: Since I shall see him no more in this World, I ought to enjoy the sight as long as possible: O *Cyrus*! this lamentable and most pitiful Object is the only Good I have left, 'tis both my Despair and Comfort, I cannot see it without dying, and perhaps I shall die as soon as I'm depriv'd of the sight; wherefore I conjure you that I be not hasten'd. And because you desir'd me to tell you into what Place I would go, I promise ye, that you shall quickly know the Place I shall chuse for my Retirement.

CONSEQUENCE.

Alas! this beautiful and melancholy Queen was but too true; for scarcely had she deceiv'd Cyrus, by making him believe she was capable of surviving Abradates, (that generous Deception being the Result of her pathetick Request) but she chose her Retiring-place, I mean her Husband's Tomb. I say, Cyrus was no sooner departed, but she plung'd a Poniard in her Heart, and expir'd upon the dead Body of Abradates.

This generous Monarch was incredibly griev'd, and to eternize the Memory of these two matchless Persons, and with that his own Gratitude, he built for them a stately Monument, where, many Ages after his, the Marble and Brass declar'd the Virtues of Panthea and Valour of Abradates; and the River Pactolus, which is there represented, upon whose Banks this Tomb was built, seems to tell, that she esteems their Relicks as more precious than all the Gold that roulds entwisted with her Sands.

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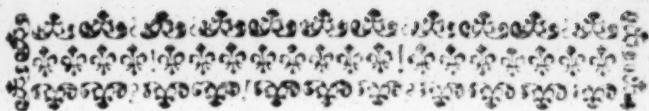
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Amalasontha to Theodates.

P R E L U D E.

Amalasontha, Daughter of Theodorick the great, reign'd after the Death of Eutharick her Husband eight Years in Italy with a marvellous Splendor, during the minority of Athalarick her Son. But this young Prince being dead, whether 'twas that she would discharge her self partly of State Affairs, or that she believ'd the Goths were desirous of a King, she plac'd upon the Throne Theodates, Son of Amalireda, Sister to Theodorick her Father; yet with intention to partake of the Sovereign Authority with him. But this ungrateful Man had the Sceptre no sooner in his Hand, but he banish'd this great Princess; who, upon her departure, express'd her self in these Words.

HAVE you forget, *Theodates*, which way you were conducted to the Throne? Have you forgot how you receiv'd that Crown which you wear? Have you forgot of whom you hold that Sceptre which I see in your Hands? And that absolute Power of which I feel this Day the Cruelty, Did it come to you by your Valour? Was it given you by the Laws of this Kingdom, or by the depopulation of the *Goths*? Have you conquer'd that great extent of Country, which acknowledges your Authority? Are you either Conqueror, Urr-
per,

per, or Legitimate King? Answer distinctly, *Theodates*, or at least let me answer for you: Because, if I be'n't deceiv'd, you can't make it for your Advantage, and I am more indulgent than to oblige you to tell any thing that would be irksome to you. Those that are averse to acknowledge a Kindness can never have a greater Punishment than to be forc'd to publish it: Wherefore I will not constrain you to declare with your own Mouth, that neither by right of Birth, nor as a Conqueror, nor by that of our Laws, could you, while I am alive, have any pretensions to the Kingdom of the *Goths*, because I was in possession of it, as Daughter, Wife, and Mother of them whose it was, and who left it to me after them, as their lawful Heiress. Nor are you ignorant that you are born my Subject; and, that you would have been so still, if (by a very extraordinary Goodness) I had not descended from the Throne to conduct you to it. However, after I had taken the Crown from off my own Head to give it you; after I had deposited my Sceptre in your Hands, and was resolv'd to make you a King: After all that, 'twas evident, I had much ado to make the *Goths* obey you; 'twas plain, I say, that the first things you did were to recal to the Court all those I had banish'd for their Crimes: And after you had chosen my greatest Enemies for your principal Ministers, *Theodates*, that same *Theodates* whom *Amalasontha*, Daughter of *Theodorick* the great, had made a King; whom she, by her own Hand, had crown'd, and to whom, as a manifest proof of her Power, she demis'd the regal Authority, banishes her unjustly, who gave him the Power of doing so.

Oh, Heavens! is it possible there should be such Ingratitude among Men? and is it also possible that *Amalasontha* hath made so bad a choice? No, *Theodates*, I am not like you; I will not condemn you without hearing; you must certainly have some reason for hating and banishing of me. What did I against you while you were my Subject? or what have I done against you since I have made you a King? I remember very well, in the time you were under my Government, and when

I had

I had the Power of punishing, or rewarding you, I very well remember, that Multitudes of *Tuscans* having come to complain to me of the Violences your Avarice made you commit against them; I remember, I say, that being angry to see you guilty of a Passion, unbefitting *Theodorick's* Nephew, I us'd all my endeavours to make you understand that such desires were base and unjust. 'Tis true; I oblig'd you to restore things which did not belong to you; but 'tis also true, that I did nothing but what Reason and Equity would have me do. I know I told you at that time, that Avarice was the insupportable sign of a mean Spirit; that almost all covetous People were Cowards; that they who so passionately desire to heap up Treasures, take but little care to acquire Glory; and, in fine, that Avarice (for the most part) was the Companion of Ingratitude. See, *Theodates*, what I've done against you; I've endeavour'd to correct a wicked Inclination, with which you were born: But, do you know, *Theodates*, what was then my intention? I thought of putting a Crown upon your Head; I thought of giving my Subjects no cause to reproach you, when you should become their King; I thought to hinder them from fearing that you would be their Tyrant rather than Sovereign; and, that they should not apprehend that he (who had already usurp'd their Fortunes, when he was but a Subject like themselves) would not entirely ruin them, when he should be their Master: Consider, *Theodates*, the true Cause of the sharpness of that Reprimand, which hath insus'd that hatred in your Soul against me.

Nevertheless, I wonder, that having spent the most part of your Life in studying *Plato's* Philosophy, you should take it ill to be corrected by any-body. They who so carefully learn Wisdom should methinks practise it; and I can't think it sufficiently strange, that you should so well remember the Reprimand I gave you, as not remember likewise what I have done for you. When I resolv'd your Coronation, I did it not rashly, I consider'd what you were; I endeavour'd to foresee what you would one day be. I found two Inclinations in you

which did not please me : The first was that negligence which you always have had of Warlike Affairs ; and the second, that insatiable desire of acquiring every day new Riches. Yet I thought that the one would oblige you to be wise ; and for the other, I thought that a Man who believ'd his Avarice could be satisfy'd with usurping three or four Foot of Ground from his Neighbours, would be cur'd of that infamous Passion when I gave him a Kingdom. I believ'd, I say, that when that Avarice wanted an Object, 'twou'd at last become a noble Ambition ; that you would after that take as much care to merit the Fortune I had given you, as you have always had to purchase new Treasures ; and I believ'd, in fine, that of a covetous and slothful Subject, I should make a prudent and understanding King. But I should have also thought that he who could not endure Neighbours at his Country-house, and who was so unjust to augment his Limits by paces, I say, I might have very well thought that a Man of that Humour would never resolve to partake a Throne with me. Truly, *Theodates*, I don't at all think that you've well weigh'd what you do, for, is it possible, after I have given you a great Kingdom, after I have made you Master of the *Goths* and all *Italy*, that you can appoint, for the place of my Banishment, that little Island of *Bolsina*, situated in the middle of a Lake, where there is hardly place for a small Castle ? No, *Theodates*, let us not disguise the Truth : The place of my Banishment should be rather call'd my Prison or my Tomb. May be I shall there find my Executioners, thinking to find my Guards ; and it may also be, that in this very time I'm speaking to you, you are vex'd at the length of my Discourse, because by it the fatal moment of my Death is postpon'd.

However, you are not yet in condition to accomplish the Crime which you are ready to commit : Consider, *Theodates*, what you are undertaking, perhaps my Death may cost you your Life. Eternize then your Name some other way than by Ingratitude ; don't begin your Reign with an unjust Action ; and, if it be possible,

let your repenting for a wicked Design make you under-
take better. Consider, if I had not been willing to have
you reign, I should not have made you King, and that
it be not thought, that I had no other Design in setting
you upon the Throne, but to have the Satisfaction of
throwing you down. Therefore, what do you apprehend
of me? Or to say better, what should you not fear,
if you banish me? Do you think that the *Goths* and
Italians will endure, without murmuring, the Daughter
of *Theodorick* to be unworthily treated by a Man
whom they hate so much already, who was but her
Subject? that secret Hatred which they have to you,
will appear as soon as they can find a pretext for it;
they will think of revenging the abuse done to me, as
well as themselves: And in that manner, without *Amala-*
sontha's contributing to your Ruin, she shall not for-
bear to overthrow the Throne whereon she hath plac'd
you. The Injury you do to me doth not reach me
only, all the Princes of the Earth ought to be concern'd
in it: And, if I be'n't deceiv'd, you have Neighbours,
who, under the Title of Protectors of Innocence, or
Revengeurs of my Death, shall make incursions into some
parts of your Dominions. If Fortune had otherways
treated me; that I had lost the Throne in some other
manner; had my Subjects revolted; had the Emperor
Justinian made War against me; had *Belisarius* con-
quer'd me; or, had any other Conquerors usurp'd my
Kingdom; I should have been the more easily comforted:
But to see that by my own Hand the Crown is taken
from me to give it to my Persecutor, is that which
puts a stand to my Constancy, and all my Virtue. Ha,
Theodates! can you see *Amalasontha* at the foot of the
same Throne where I have formerly seen you as my
Subject, as a Criminal, and as a Suppliant? Can you,
I say, see me there unjustly condemn'd to perpetual Ba-
nishment, without having done any other Crime in all
my Life, but that I gave you the Sovereign Power? Per-
haps that is the cause why Heaven punishes me, it
would revenge upon me all the Injustices you will com-
mit, and make me my self experimentally feel that,

which doubtless you will make others undergo. However, because my Intentions were most sincere, I can't repent me of what I have done for you: But since I am so generous as not to repent me of a good Action, be you also so just as to repent of a wicked one: And if you will not do it for love to me, let it be done for love to your self. Ingratitude is a popular Vice, which hath never been seen upon the Throne but with Monsters: And as Liberality and Gratitude are the true Virtues of Kings, Avarice and Ingratitude are Vices which they shou'd never be capable of. They are the distributors of Rewards; that which is Avarice in the Heart of a Subject, shou'd be Prodigality in him, and that which is Ingratitude shou'd be Ambition in the Soul of a Sovereign. Yes, *Theodates*, a King may be Ambitious and Prodigal, without being dishonour'd, but he can never be either Covetous or Ingrateful, without being the object of his Subjects disdain, and without being execrable to Posterity. Doubtless your Books have taught you what I say, and what only Experience hath taught me: But you think, if I ben't mistaken, 'tis easier to make a fine Discourse, than to do a brave Action. 'Tis not, that the way to Virtue is difficult if the Inclinations be noble: On the contrary, it brings its Reward along with it; and the Pleasure of doing well is the more agreeable. But that which gives you the trouble of bringing your self to it, is, that all your Inclinations are against you.

You can't be just without fighting against your self; you can't be thankful without betraying your own Thoughts; you can't be liberal without tearing your Heart; and, to say all in one word, you can't follow Virtue without abandoning your self. Yet consider, *Theodates*, that you have but one Enemy to subdue, undertake that War, if you believe me, and be assur'd it will prove glorious to you: You need besiege no City, you need give no Battel, you need have no incommodious Voyage to undertake, you need not exhaust your so much belov'd Treasures to raise Arms, you need not hazard your Life on that occasion, you need not go
into

into a far Country to seek your Enemies, you need not disturb that profound Repose you so much delight in, for, indeed, without going out of your Closet, you may find within your self your Adversary and Defender: Your Inclinations will oppose your Reason, but if your Will do but joyn with the juster Party, and if you will strenuously dispute the Victory, you shall no sooner design the Conquest, but you shall obtain it; or, to explain my self more clearly, you shall no sooner resolve to abandon Vice and embrace Virtue, but you shall be victorious.

Perhaps you will say to me, that this Civil War, which will pass without any Evidence but your self, will not be glorious to you, because it will not be publick; but think not, *Theodates*, that Virtue is a thing can be hidden, you'll no sooner be of its Party, but all the World shall know it. You shall gather no more Treasures, but only to enrich your Subjects; you shall not oblige your self, but only to reward those who oblige you; you shall reign over your People with as much Equity as Clemency; you shall be respected by all the Princes your Neighbours; you shall no more banish *Amalasontha*, and your Name shall be glorious in all Ages to come. Behold, *Theodates*, what victorious Fruits you may reap, which don't in the least depend on the Caprice of Fortune, nor the Chance of Arms; 'tis absolutely in your own power.

Now, to leave you the freedom of assaulting and conquering this Enemy, whom I have crown'd, I withdraw, and freely yield all the Glory of the Combat to your self.

CON.

CONSEQUENCE.

This Discourse wrought its Effect on Theodates, but not such as Amalasontha expected. This Monster of Ingratitude and Cruelty would not let himself be mov'd so far by the Tears of that Queen, as to remember the Obligations he had from her: And because he was assur'd to see her, he hasten'd her departure. Yet his Inhumanity staid not there; for, some few days after, he induc'd them who were Enemies to the Virtues of that great Princess to kill her with a Poniard in the Prison. But this did not pass unpunish'd; he did not long enjoy the Fruit of his Cruelty, for he lost the Sceptre with his Life. His Death was the Effect of her Discourse, which at last arm'd his just Revengers against him.

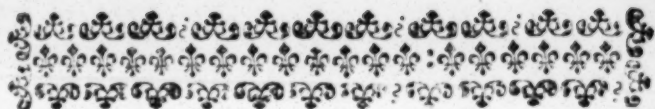


Lucre.



re-





Lucretia to Collatinus.

PRELUDE.

Nothing's wanting to introduce this Discourse, for every-body knows that when the young Tarquin ravish'd Lucretia, she neither conceal'd his Crime nor her own Misfortune, but reveal'd both to her Husband: And, to excite his Revenge, she made appear to him the Abuse done to her, with all the Circumstances that cou'd aggravate it. Tho' this Accident happen'd several Ages ago, (being almost as old as ancient Rome) it can't yet be decided, whether she did well in killing her self after her Misfortune, or whether she had not done better to have let Tarquin kill her, and so have dy'd innocent, tho' she had not been thought so. Reader, hear her Reasons; and, because her Case is expos'd to the view of the World, and all Men are her Judges, give your Opinion among others, and make use of that Privilege which every one hath: But since she's going to speak, don't condemn her without hearing.

A Las! Can Lucretia possibly see Collatinus without daring to call him her Husband? Yes, Reason will have it so, and I will not oppose it. No, Collatinus, I am no more your Wife, I'm an unhappy Creature that the Indignation of the Gods hath chosen to be the Object of the most horrid Tyranny ever heard

heard of: I'm no more that *Lucretia*, whose Virtue charm'd you more than her Beauty, but an unfortunate Soul, which another's Crime hath made culpable. But that I may speak to you with Tranquility under so great an Affliction, swear to me, that you will revenge the Abuse I've receiv'd; let me see Desires of Vengeance in your Eyes; shew me the Poniard that shou'd obliterate the Injury done me; be earnest with me to know the Tyrant's Name: But, alas! can I tell it? Yes, *Lucretia*, for your vindication and chastisement, you must to day be altogether thy Accuser, thy Witness, thy Defender, and thy Judge.

Know then, *Collatinus*, that *Lucretia*, who did ever love her Honour better than her Life or yours, whose Chastity was always without blemish, the Purity of whose Soul is incorruptible, hath suffer'd in your place a base and infamous Person, the Son of a Tyrant, and a Tyrant himself. Yes, *Collatinus*, the perfidious *Tarquinius*, whom you call'd your Friend when you brought him to me the first time I had seen him, (and I wish it had been the last Day of my Life) that Traytor, I say, hath made triumph of *Lucretia's* Chastity, by despising his own Glory; he hath lessen'd yours, by having absolutely o'erclouded mine, and by a Cruelty without Precedent he hath reduc'd me to the most deplorable condition that any Woman, whose whole Inclinations are noble, cou'd ever see.

I perceive, generous *Collatinus*, that my Discourse astonishes you, and that you are in pain to believe what I say, yet it is a certain Truth; I am Witness and Associate of *Lucretia's* Crime. Yes, *Collatinus*, tho' I am yet alive, I am not innocent: Yes, my Father, your Daughter is guilty, for having surviv'd her Glory: Yes, *Brutus*, I merit the Hatred of all my Neighbours; and since I have committed no other Crime than the giving way to a cruel Tyrant, who, by the Injury he hath done me, has altogether violated the Laws of Men, of Friendship, offended the Roman People, and despis'd the Gods, 'tis enough to merit the Hatred of all the World,

Woe is me! Is it possible that *Lucretia* shou'd inspire such base Thoughts, that her Beauty cou'd kindle a Flame that shou'd be her own destruction; and, that her Looks, which were so innocent, cou'd give such criminal Desires? But what is thy wonder, insensible as thou art? Rather wonder that thou didst not make away thy self before thy great Misfortune; then was the time, *Lucretia*, wherein thou shouldest have testified Courage, and the love thou hadst to Glory; you would then have dy'd innocent, your Life wou'd have been spotless, and without question the Gods would have been careful of your Reputation. But, in fine, the business is not so, I am unhappy, unworthy to see the light, unworthy of being *Lucretius's* Daughter, unworthy of being *Collatinus's* Wife, and unworthy of being a Roman.

Now, *Collatinus*, I ask of you what Punishment *Lucretia* deserves: Deprive her of your Affection, blot her out of your Memory, revenge the Abuse that has been done to her, only for love to your self, and not out of love to her; look on her for the future as infamous; and tho' her Misfortune be extream, deny her that compassion which is had on all that are miserable. But nevertheless, if it were permitted me, after I have spoken against my self, to say somewhat in my defence. I would say, *Collatinus*, without contradicting Truth, that I have not eclips'd my Glory, but only by having lov'd it too well. *Tarquin's* fair Promises did not touch my Heart, his Passion gave me none, his Presents did never shock my Fidelity, nor Love nor Ambition entangle my Soul; and tho' I desir'd to speak for my self, I can only say that I lov'd my Reputation too much. Yes, *Collatinus*, *Lucretia's* Crime was, that she prefer'd Fame to true Glory.

When the insolent *Tarquin* came into my Chamber, I being awake, saw a Dagger in his Hand, and having put it to my Throat, to hinder my crying out, he began to open the Passion he had for me: The Gods know what were then my Thoughts, and if Death appear'd terrible to me, in that condition I equally despis'd the
Prayers

Prayers and Threats of the Tyrant; his Demands and Offers were equally rejected, neither Love nor Fear had any place in my Soul, Death did not affright me, I was so far from fearing it, that I often desir'd it; my Virtue had nothing to contend with at that time, I did not hesitate in preferring Death to the Tyrant's Love, and I know no horrid Pain which I wou'd not have joyfully endur'd to preserve my Honour: But when my Virtue had wearied the Tyrant's Patience, that he found neither his Prayers, Tears, Presents, Promises, Threats, nor Death itself, cou'd move my Heart, that *Barbarian*, inspir'd by the Furies, said, if I resisted his Desires any longer, he wou'd not only kill me, but (to make me hateful to Posterity) he wou'd kill a Slave that attended on him, to the end that leaving him dead in my Bed, it shou'd be thought that I had forgot my Honour for that Slave, and that he, push'd on by his Zeal for you, had punish'd us, as being guilty of that Crime. I speak with shame, that that Discourse wrought on my Spirit what the certainty of Death cou'd not do; I lost both Strength and Reason, I yielded to the Tyrant, and the fear of being render'd infamous was the only thing induc'd me to it. No, *Collatinus*, I can't endure that *Lucretia* shou'd be accus'd of having fail'd in her Honour, that the Memory of it was eternally blasted; and thinking that she should be execrable to you, hinder'd her from dying at that instant, and makes her live till now. I did all things to oppose the Tyrant's Violences, except killing my self; I desir'd to live, that I might vindicate my Reputation, and that I should not die unreveng'd; for, a false Idea of Glory possessing my Heart, caus'd me to commit a Crime which I did dread to be accus'd of. However, the Gods are my Witnesses, that my Soul and Desires are wholly pure; my Consent contributed nothing to that doleful Accident, neither in the beginning, progress, nor end of it. You know, generous *Collatinus*, that when you brought the Tyrant as your Friend, I was not voluntarily the cause of his unruly Passion, I scarce lifted up my Eyes to look on him; and that signal Victory which my Modesty

Modesty gain'd you that day, should make you sufficiently convinc'd, that I have not drawn upon my self the Misfortune that is befallen me. After that, I did not see the treacherous *Tarquin*, until that fatal day wherein he made prize of *Lucretia's* Virtue. But, what do I say? Tyrants have no Power over the Will, I am yet the same *Lucretia* who so much lov'd Glory, because, 'tis certain, I am altogether innocent. The Tears which flow from my Eyes are not the Effects of my Remorse: I repent not for the Fault I have committed, but only that I dy'd not before the Fact committed: We were two in the Crime, and but one Criminal; and my Conscience checks me for nothing but my having prefer'd my Reputation and Revenge to a glorious Death. That which hath caus'd my Misfortune, is, that I believ'd the Glory of my Death would not be known: I doubted the Equity of the Gods at that time; and without remembring that they do Miracles when they please, and that they are Protectors of Innocence, I have liv'd longer than I ought, because I have surviv'd my Chastity.

Think not, *Collatinus*, that I will diminish my Crime to appease your Fury; I see in your Eyes more Spleen against *Tarquin* than Hatred to *Lucretia*: Doubtless, you rather pity than accuse me, and all the former Actions of my Life does assist to vindicate me in your Heart.

Moreover, as I have said already, tho' I am unwillingly Guilty, yet I consent that *Collatinus* do love me no more. I speak not this to flatter you, but only to arm you the more strongly for Revenge. Methinks in vindicating my self, I make the Tyrant the more odious: The more Innocent I appear, the more Guilty he seems; the more Unhappy I am, the more he deserves to be; and the more Tears I shed, the more Blood you should make him shed.

Behold, *Collatinus*, the cause of my Discourse, of my Tears, and of my Life: Let me not be said to have liv'd infamous to no purpose. Think of Revenge, generous *Collatinus*, consider what you are, and what your

Enemy is, or to speak better, the publick Enemy. You are a *Roman*, you are Virtuous, and if I dare also say so, you are *Lucretia's* Husband. But for him, he is of a strange Race, he is the Son, and Grand-Son of Tyrants. The proud *Tarquin*, you know, mounted not the Throne, but by pulling a virtuous Prince from it, whose Daughter he marry'd. The Sceptre which he holds cost the Life of him who formerly bore it: And to secure himself in his Dominions, he has committed more Crimes than he hath Subjects. Behold, *Collatinus*, who is the Father of my Ravisher: If I ben't deceiv'd, his Mother don't make him more considerable. For, in fine, I can't believe that the Son of the infamous *Tullia*, who dar'd to drive her Chariot over her Father's Body, that she might arrive at the Throne she aspir'd to, had there not been as many Enemies in *Rome*, as there are virtuous Men in it.

Moreover, the Virtue of *Sextus Tarquinius* did not deface the Crimes of his Predecessors: The best Action that he did, was, the betraying a great many People who trusted in him. Behold, *Collatinus*, what an Enemy yours is, go then, go and assault him courageously. You shall no sooner speak of the abuse he hath done to me, but you shall have all the *Romans* on your side; it shall be both a general and particular Quarrel to them: They will be fear'd for their Wives, their Daughters, and their Sisters; they shall all look upon the treacherous *Tarquin* as their Enemy: And if there yet remain any who will follow him, they will certainly be cowardly and effeminate, whom it will be no hard matter to overcome. The Senate waits only for a Pretext to declare themselves: The People are weary of carrying Chains; they will seek a Hand to unbind them; and the Equity of the Gods shall favour your Party; you shall see that the Tyrant's very Relations shall tear the Crown from off his Head. Yes, I see *Brutus* listening to me, with intention to revenge my affront: Doubtless, he will follow you in such a generous Design; and if the confidence which I have of Heaven deceive me not, I already see the proud *Tarquin* chas'd out of *Rome*;

his

his infamous Son die by some unknown Hand; and all bloody fall in the dust, for I fear the Gods will not suffer him to die by so illustrious a Hand as yours. Yes, *Collatinus*, the Victory is yours, I already see all his Soldiers revolt, and all the Citizens mutiny; Hatred to the Tyrant, and desire of Liberty, shall equally preiss them: Would to the Gods, that I may be the Victim, to obtain from their Goodness my Country's Liberty. Yes, *Collatinus*, all the Soldiers who are in his Camp, who fight to day under his Colours, shall become worse Enemies to him than they of *Ardea*, whom he now besieges. Go then, and make my Misfortune known unto all; and believe, *Collatinus*, that you shall not publish my Crime, but only that of *Tarquin*. Moreover, I am very certain not to hear what the People will say: For having been my own Accuser, my Witness, my Party, and my Defender, I must be also my Judge and Executioner.

Yes, *Collatinus*, I must die; don't tell me then, that because my Inclinations are innocent, I ought to live, that I might have the Pleasure of seeing how you revenge my Injury; 'tis enough that you promise me; and therefore I can die contentedly, but can have no Pleasure in Life. There is a *Lucretia* within me, whom I can't endure; I must separate from her, she is insupportable to me; I can't see her, I can't suffer her, I owe her Blood to the Other's Justification, and to the Revenge which you will take. When the *Roman* People shall see *Lucretia* kill'd by her own Hand, because she would not survive her Misfortune, they will the more easily believe that a Woman who lov'd Glory better than Life, was not capable willingly to lose it. That last Action shall justify all mine; the Blood which I shall shed, will beget Soldiers to you, to help your punishing the Tyrant: And, in this manner, I my self shall help on my Revenge; my Tears shall doubtless have some Effect.

Moreover, tho' I am unhappy, I dare believe that my Death will trouble you: Yes, *Collatinus*, yes, my Father, you shall be sensible of my Death; and finding

your selves oblig'd both together to revenge the Honour and Life of your Wife and Daughter, you shall be the more irritated against the Tyrant. Say not to me that my Death is useless, or that 'twill admit of a bad Construction; No, they who judge sincerely of Affairs, will not take it for the Effect of my Crime; Remorse doth ordinarily shed more Tears than Blood; and, if I be'n't mistaken, Death is the Remedy of the desperately Generous. Repentance is always a sign of Weakness; and whosoever is capable of having it, may live after a Transgression. I have the Authority of all Ages for me, which makes it appear, that almost every Day they who have employ'd their Hands against their own Life, do it only to disappoint Fortune's Cruelty, to shun a shameful Death, or to hinder themselves from being Slaves, and not for their Punishment. When we have err'd, we are always favourable to ourselves, and few People condemn themselves to Death: Let none tell me then, that the Blood which I shall shed will rather blemish my Life, than deface what the Tyrant hath done to it.

No, *Collatinus*, my Intention is too pure, and the Gods are too just to suffer all Men to be unjust to me: I die not thro' Remorse or Despair, I die with Reason. I have told you what causes I have, do not then oppose my Design, for you can't hinder it. Think of Vengeance, and not of my Preservation; because the one may be glorious to you, and the other will be unprofitable. Further, *Lucretia's* Example shall persuade the *Roman* Ladies never to survive their Glory: I must vindicate the Esteem that they always had of my Virtue. I owe the loss of my Life to my own Glory; to that of my Country; to that of *Spurius Lucretius*; and to that of *Collatinus*. But as I shall do what I ought at this time, do you the like after my Death: Forget nothing to revenge me; employ Sword, Fire, and Poison: All Violences are lawful against Usurpers; Policy must be join'd to force, when Valour is not sufficient to destroy. Consider the justness of your cause, remember *Lucretia's* Chastity, the Love that you ever had for her,

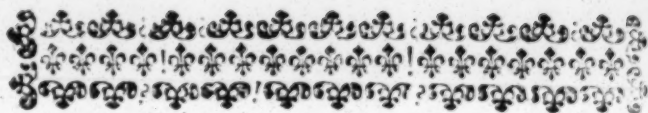
and

and that which she had for you ; never forget the Passion which she always had for Glory, and her continual hatred to Vice. Believe her to be more Unhappy than Guilty ; and, from all those things, generous *Collatinus*, frame in your Heart an irreconcilable Hatred to the Tyrant. But, not to delay any longer such a noble Revenge, go, *Collatinus*, go, I end this doleful Discourse with ending my Life : And, behold the Dagger which I hold, whereby to punish my self, whereby to revenge you, and wherewithal to shew you how the Tyrant's Heart must be pierc'd.

CONSEQUENCE.

The Consequence of this affecting Discourse was the flight of Tarquin, the banishment of his Father, the loss of his Kingdom, and the beginning of the Roman Republick. It cost Lucretia's Ravisher both his Life and Crown ; and never was Crime better punish'd ; never was an Outrage better reveng'd. The Death of that chaste Unfortunate put Arms in the Hands of a great many People ; her Blood produc'd such Effects as she expected : And the Name of Tarquin was so odious to all the World, that being unable to endure it in the Person of one of them who had been assisting to banish Tyrants, he was oblig'd to change it.





Volumnia to Virgilia.

PRELUDE.

After Coriolanus (by his Mothers entreaty) had made Peace with Rome, he caused the Army of the Volscs to return to their Country; and would have that People experience the Generosity of his Action: But Tullus, who loved him not, because he had been formerly overcome by him while they were of a contrary Party, stirred up some seditious People, who when he was desirous to vindicate himself in the publick Assembly, hinder'd him to speak, and at last kill'd him amidst the Tumult. This News being brought to Rome, all the Ladies of the City suddenly repaired to the Mother and Wife of that generous Enemy: And the first taking in hand this Discourse, did immediately speak to them in this manner.

LOOK upon me no more, *Virgilia*, as Mother of *Coriolanus* your Husband, I am unworthy of that Name; you should in reason hate me as much as formerly that unfortunate *Herod* lov'd me. Remember that famous Day wherein I employ'd my Tears to disarm him: I wept, I cry'd, I commanded; and I forgot nothing that could make a generous Son flexible. I begg'd Favour for the ungrateful; I took part with *Coriolanus's* Enemies; and tho' the Victory was so certain





to him, that he was ready to be reveng'd of his Banishers, and held in Chains almost all them who did abuse him, that great Heart, which nothing could have mov'd, was at last overcome by his Mother. I did overcome in him the Conqueror of *Rome*, and, to my misfortune, I obtain'd all that I ask'd of him; you know it, *Virgilia*, as well as I: Nor do I remember all those things, but for redoubling my Grief. Alas! methinks I still hear the Voice of *Coriolanus*! When he had thrown down his Arms to come and embrace me, he cry'd out with Sighs, *O Mother, what have you done to me! You have gain'd a Victory very glorious for your self, and very happy for your Country; but most unfortunate for your Son.* Woe is me, *Virgilia*! this Discourse was but too true! for those same Arms which he threw down to come to me, were employ'd against him: Then did the *Volsce* take the Daggers in their Hands, which they plunged in his Heart. It was I made them undertake that Design: I was of that Conspiracy against him; for after I had overcome my Son, I deliver'd him (all unarm'd as he was) into the Hands of his Enemies. Ah! thoughtless Creature that I was! could I think that it would be otherways? Was I Mother of all the *Volsce*, to believe, that for love to me they would yield the Victory to me which they were ready to obtain? What right had I to ask from them the liberty of their Enemy, *Rome*? Should not I have thought, that they would revenge upon my Son that loss I had brought upon them? Ah, yes, *Virgilia*! I ought to have consider'd all those things. If *Coriolanus* could not return to *Rome*, I ought at least to have been Companion with him in his Dishonour. As he did overcome his Resentments in consideration of me, I should have quitted my Country for love of him. However, we did not use him so; I did let *Coriolanus* depart environ'd with his Murderers; I return'd to *Rome* as in Triumph, to enjoy the fruits of that fatal Victory. When, at our return, the Senate ask'd us what recompence we wou'd have for our Action, we ought, *Virgilia*, to have desir'd the return of *Coriolanus*, and not, as we did, permission to build a Temple to Feminine

nine Fortune. It well appears, that *that* Divinity hath not approv'd of our Zeal, because it is so much against us. The Gods would certainly have been more propitious had we been thankful to *Coriolanus*. The Temple which is builded for us, is the effect of our Vanity, and not of our Gratitude: We fought our own Glory, and not that of our Liberty; tho', to speak truly, he merited it better than we. It was to the Virtues of my Son, and not to our own, that we should have erected Altars. He who could stifle his Resentments, deliver his Country, and yield the Victory to his Mothers Tears, without doubt merited, better than we, the Honour which is done to us. Methinks his Piety shou'd have had a more favourable treatment from Heaven: For tho' there be some *Romans* so unjust, as to say that *Coriolanus* shou'd not have quitted his Arms, but only for his Country's sake, and not for mine, and consequently bewray'd more Weakness than Generosity in that Action; I am not of their Opinion, and I hope Posterity will be of mine. That strong Passion which Birth inspires in them who have a compleat Soul, is not caus'd by the situation of the Places where they were born: The same Sun gives light to all the Universe: We enjoy the Elements every where, and if they have no stronger reason than that, certainly it will be very weak. But that which makes us love our Country, is because the Citizens are all our Relations or Allies: The interest of Blood, or that of civil Society, links us to them: The Religion, Laws, Customs which we have common, makes our Interests be common. But the first Sentiment that Nature gives those who love their Country, is to love it chiefly because their Fathers, their Mothers, their Brothers, their Sisters, and their Relations are in it. Yes, I'm very certain, that the most zealous of all the *Romans* returning to *Rome*, after a long Journey, will not visit the Capitol, before the Town where his Mother or Wife dwelleth. Wherefore then, let none wonder any more, that *Coriolanus* wou'd yield to none but to my Tears: For to whom, among the *Romans*, shou'd he have been render'd? All that were sent to him abus'd him: He

did

did not see in any of them the mark of a true *Roman* :
 They were all ungrateful to him : He cou'd not in them
 acknowledge his Country : He only saw the Walls of
Rome, but did not see his Friends which he formerly
 had there. Fear made all them speak that were sent to
 him : And 'twas only by me that he did know he had
 yet in *Rome* something that ought to be respected by
 him. Alas ! is it possible such extraordinary Piety
 shou'd be so basely rewarded ; so couragious a Man so
 lamentably end his days ? that he shou'd be assassinated
 by them who had chosen him for their Captain ; and
 that the place of his Refuge shou'd be that of his Execu-
 tion ? alas, I say, that from my Intentions, that were so
 pure and innocent, there shou'd result so fatal an Acci-
 dent. However, *Virgilia*, the Gods have permitted all
 these things, and yet I see no other reason, unless it be
 that *Coriolanus* and I have too much oblig'd the *Romans*,
 who have render'd themselves unworthy. But, in fine,
Coriolanus is dead, and only dead for love of *Volumnia* :
 Yet his Death hath this advantage, that it hath made
 them shed Tears who caus'd it. For the *Volsci*, after
 the overthrow of their Captain, did honourably take
 him up : They no sooner saw his Blood, but they saw
 their Crime ; and elevated a Trophy to his Glory, of
 those same Arms which they employ'd against his Life.
 They gave him a Conqueror's Funeral : His Memory is
 dear to them : They hung above his Tomb numbers of
 Ensigns, and all the glorious Spoils which usually sig-
 nalize the Valour of those that die bravely. *Rome*,
 which owes her Liberty to *Coriolanus*, knows of his
 Death, without making publick Mourning : She re-
 members no more that she had been lost, and in Slavery,
 had it not been for him. All the *Romans* were ungrate-
 ful to him while he liv'd ; they continu'd so after his
 Death : They look upon him rather as their Enemy than
 their Deliverer : They remember more the Chains
 which he prepar'd for them, than those he took away
 from 'em : And that Fear which formerly possess'd 'em,
 of seeing him enter *Rome* in a triumphing Chariot,
 makes 'em very glad to know that he's dead. As for my
 part,

part, I declare, that tho' none shou'd ever repent of having done well, nothing can hinder me from wishing, that *Rome* were in Captivity, and that *Coriolanus* were alive. The virtue of *Brutus*, who, without Grief, saw his Children die, I do not remember; Hard-heartedness hath more of Fear than grandeur of Courage in it. There are some Tears just, and Compassion is not contrary to Generosity. When I told *Coriolanus*, that I had rather die than live to see him Conqueror of *Rome*, I said nothing but what was true; and when I also say, that I wish for Death, and that my Son were alive, I say nothing against natural Equity, nor against *Rome*: I give to Reason and Nature what I cannot refuse them; and I take nothing from the Republick. I have sacrific'd my Son for it; and it may also suffer me to weep a little over the Victim which I have immolated for its preservation; and, that after I have done all that a true *Roman* could do, I may likewise do all that Sorrow can exact from the tenderness of a Mother. All those who lose their Children, have a just cause to weep; yet they have for their comfort the liberty of making Imprecations against those who take away their Lives. As for me, I not only weep for the Death of my Son, but I also weep for being the cause of his Death: But, to encrease my sorrow, there is an austere Virtue that will not let me repent for what I have done. O my Son! O my dear *Coriolanus*! Can I pursue such a barbarous Resolution? no; 'tis too contrary to Nature and Reason. I must grieve, I must weep till Death, for the Death that I was the cause of. 'Tis not the Enemy of *Rome* that I lament, 'tis he who was so many times prodigal of his Blood in pursuit of Glory, who hath serv'd in the Wars seventeen Years with incomparable Zeal, and had no Reward but the Wounds which cover'd his Body. Further, illustrious *Roman* Ladies, this Man's Birth doth not render him unworthy of your Tears: He came of one of your Kings, and *Ancus Martius*, his Predecessor, having wore Crown, it might seem that he should have had more right to the Honours of the Republick than any other, because he was incapable of using it ill. But, perhaps,

'twas

'twas for that reason (some may say to me) that the Romans refus'd him the Consulship, thro' fear that he would use it as a step to remount the Throne of his Fathers: No, this reason can't be good; and there needs no more but the remembrance of *Coriolanus's* whole Life to make his Intentions known. In that Battel against the proud *Tarquin*, he made it very well appear, that his Ambition aim'd no farther than to merit a Crown of Bays, which the Dictator put upon his Head, without thinking of that of his Predecessors; for, having seen one of our Citizens fall to the ground, he put himself before him to serve for his Defence, and covering his Body with his own, he secur'd him from Danger: Nay, so well did his Forces and Valour agree in one, that he gave Death to him who would have caus'd his. If the Romans had dealt rationally with *Coriolanus*, that single Action would have suffic'd to hinder them from being desirous to have him pass for a Tyrant; because it's not credible that he would have so much expos'd himself to save so small a part of so great a body, if he could have been capable of ever framing Designs to destroy it entirely. But 'tis not in that Encounter alone that he hath made his Zeal for the Republick appear; Is it not discernible on all occasions that offer'd? Is it not signaliz'd in all the Battels that have been given? Hath he ever return'd to Rome without bringing with him some of his Enemies Spoils, or without being all cover'd with theirs or his own Blood? Behold, *Virgilia*, what a Husband yours was: See, illustrious Romans, what my dear *Coriolanus* was; who, in all his warlike Actions, was never conquer'd but only by me. The *Volses* themselves, whom he afterward commanded, judg'd him not worthy of that Employment, but only because by his hand that Victory was pluck'd from 'em, which they were ready to bear away in spite of *Lartius's* resistance; who going to assault the Town of *Corioles*, was so courageously beat back by the besieg'd, that they put all our Troops to flight, and all our Army into confusion. That was the time wherein the Passion that he ever had for the Glory of the Roman Empire made

made him surpass his own Strength, and by his example forc'd some of ours to turn head to the Enemy. This generous Design did so happily succeed with him, that he repul'd them to the Walls of the Town; and not contented with so brave an Action, he would have perswaded them who follow'd him that the Gates of *Corioles* were not more open for those who fled, than for them to enter. But seeing their Fear more prevalent than his Discourse, and that they thought more of retreating than fighting, this unfortunate Man whom I lament, did not forbear to pursue his Design. There did he see himself almost alone, fighting against the whole Inhabitants of a Town arm'd with despair; there his hardiness wrought Terror upon his Enemies; his Example re-enforc'd the Spirits of our Legions, and, by the Strength of his Arm, he made them enter that fortify'd Town; and, in fine, made 'em overcome those who came to conquer them; 'twas only then by his Courage that *Lartius* had leisure to rally his Troops, and go reap the Fruits of that Victory, by finishing what he had so happily begun. And, not being ignorant that the Consul *Cominius*, who commanded half of the Roman Army, might be in confederacy with them who were coming to relieve the Town which he had taken, he cheerfully retook those very Soldiers, who having no desire to share in the hazard with him, were amusing themselves with dividing the Booty which he had acquir'd for them. But in vain did he set Shame and Glory before them: So that seeing their Cowardliness, he abandon'd them, and only following those that would willingly accompany him (which were but a very small number) went diligently in search of a new Subject for his Valour. He arriv'd just at the Camp in the instant wherein *Cominius* was going to give Battel to the Enemy, all cover'd with Blood and Dust, so that his Arrival did not a little amaze the Consul. But he had no sooner given an Account of the Action he had done, but the news of his first Victory presag'd a second. All the Soldiers were again animated with a Desire of fighting, Hope and Joy display'd them-

themselves in all their Faces, and at the sight of him only they banish'd that Fear which had seiz'd their Hearts.

As for my Son, as if he had been very sorry that any other should have serv'd the *Republick* better that day than he, having ask'd the Consul what Trophies of the Enemy were best, and being inform'd that those of *Antiates* were the most couragious, because the *Volsce* had put them in the front of the Battel; he desir'd, in Recompence of his taking *Corioles*, permission to fight them. You know, illustrious *Romans*, that he obtain'd at that time what he had demanded: That his Army, conducted by the Gods, had the first Honour of breaking the Enemy's Squadrons: That he alone did attack an Army, thereby to shew the *Romans* how they must despise their Life to make themselves Masters of that of another: And that his prodigious Valour had a Success which was likeways so. But when Victory had declar'd itself for us, the Consul entreated my Son to consider the condition he was in; and to remember that by the Wounds he had receiv'd, his Blood drop'd with that of his Enemies. But he answer'd him, *that Victories ought not to go backward*: In Testimony whereof, joining Actions to his Words, he pursu'd them who fled even till Night: And as he had been the first in the Battel, he was the last in the Retreat. It may be some will say to me, that desire of Reward inspir'd my Son with that Valour, but none can be ignorant that he refus'd every thing that was presented to him: On the contrary, so great was his moderation, that after he had taken a Town by force, gain'd a Battel, sav'd the Honour of the Army and of the *Republick*, he ask'd no Recompence for his Labour, but the Liberty of one Man, who had formerly been his Host and Friend, and who was then Prisoner of War among the *Romans*. I remember very well, that the Name of *Coriolanus* (O ye Gods! can I speak in such terms?) I say, I well remember, that that Name was given him at that Encounter, to eternize his Action. But I also remember, that the very same People who nam'd him *Coriolanus*, call'd him

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afterwards the disturber of the publick Repose, the Enemy of *Rome*, and the Senate's Tyrant. Since that, what hath he not also done on another occasion? certainly you remember that fatal Year, wherein it was thought that Famine would have entirely laid *Rome* waste; when all the People groan'd under want, wherein Hunger made Triumph of the poor People's Deaths, and wherein the richest were expos'd to the like danger. You know, I say, that *Coriolanus* by his Valour and Courage brought back abundance into *Rome*, reviv'd the People, and all this with the price of his Blood, without desiring any other Recompence, but that of saving the Lives of the Citizens.

Nevertheless, for the Reward of so many Services, of so many brave Actions, of so many Wounds that he receiv'd, and of so much Blood that he shed, when he demanded the Consulship, which was granted to many others who did not merit it so well as he, they treated him as infamous, and as a Criminal; they put him in the Hands of the *Ædiles*, as the worst of Men, and banish'd him his Country.

Oh, Heavens! could I ask Favour from them, who treated my Son so unworthily? and how could that unfortunate Son consent to me? Further, after so many abuses receiv'd by *Coriolanus*, how did he revenge himself! Hath it been discover'd that he desir'd to suborn any of our Consuls? hath he secretly taken up Money for the Subsistence of the Army of the *Volsci*? hath he furnish'd them with Soldiers? No, *Coriolanus* hath done none of all these things: He was content, for his Revenge of *Rome*, to put the faithfullest of the Citizens in the hands of his Enemies. But if that Despair which forc'd him to it had succeeded, perhaps then he had found more Humanity in the Heart of *Tullus*, whose triumphing Enemy he several times was, than in the Hearts of all the People, for the Glory of whom he vanquish'd the said *Tullus*. Would any say, that by an extream Ingratitude he abandon'd him in a just War, and which he had undertaken in consideration of him? Would any, I say, that to merit the base treatment he

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receiv'd from them whom he had serv'd, have had him betray them whom he protect'd, and who, by a very extraordinary confidence, had chosen him to be General of their Army?

It may be, some will say to me, that *Coriolanus* did more hurt to the *Romans* in accepting that Employment, than if he had suborn'd the Consuls of *Rome*, than if he had taken up their Riches, than if he had made the People rebel, or led an Army against his Adversaries, because it was observ'd that his Person alone joining with the *Volsci*, made an entire change in their Affairs; and that they, who had so many times desir'd Peace with *Rome*, were in condition to make her dearly buy it: But let none imagin that that was a simple Effect of his Conduct and Valour.

No, our Gods, who are Protectors of Innocence, doubtless guided his Arm, to subdue the Pride of them who thought themselves invincible, not fearing to abuse their Allies. But in his happy Successes he did not forget that he was born a *Roman*, and tho' the Nobility abandon'd it to the Fury of the People, he did not forbear to preserve their Country-houses against all the disorders of War. He also had Respect for them who were become his Enemies; and tho' his particular Fortune was in a deplorable condition, he never ask'd any thing for himself in the Articles that he propos'd, and desir'd no unjust thing for the *Volsci* whom he protect'd.

Behold once more, O illustrious *Romans*, what *Coriolanus* was: I recommend my Son by the Picture I have made to you of him, preserve his Image in your Hearts: Remember, that without his Generosity, the Famine would have destroy'd your Fathers, your Brothers, your Husbands, your Children, and your selves: Or what would yet be true, that you have been formerly Partakers of their Chains and Bondage. Let us not imitate, generous *Romans*, the Ingratitude of our Citizens; let us eternize the Glory of our Sex to their prejudice; and for our Gratitude, let us crown them with Confusion. This Temple which was granted to us when my Son

confined to the Favour we ask'd of him, shall not be so glorious to us, as the Affection that you will testify, in desiring to preserve the Memory of *Coriolanus*. You owe your Tears to him who formerly dry'd them up, and who hath broken your Chains. You also should (if I dare say so) sweeten the bitterness of my Sorrow, by that which you will testify for his Death: I have sacrific'd my Son for love to you, you can do no less than assist yourselves for love to him. And as you should all have put on Mourning, had not it been for my Son's Generosity, 'tis but just you should all wear it in honour of his Memory. Let us go then, *Virgilia*, let us go, generous *Romans*, to ask this permission from the Senate.

But, Oh, Heavens! can it be possibly necessary to ask leave to wear Mourning for our Deliverer? yes, the Corruption of the Age will have it so. Let us go then once more, and ask with Tears the last thing that we can seek for my Son, because he is dead. But for his Glory, I am very much assur'd that *Rome* shall be destroy'd, tho' the Name of *Coriolanus* shall live.

CONSEQUENCE.

She obtain'd what she desir'd of them: All the Roman Ladies put on Mourning, and wore it ten Months, which was the accustom'd time of wearing it for their Fathers and Husbands. Therefore this illustrious Queen was happier after his Death than while he liv'd, and the fair Sex at that time were the most grateful.

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Athenais to Theodosius.

PRELUDE.

Athenais, Daughter to Leontinus the Philosopher, being prefer'd to the Empire for her Beauty, and the rare Qualities of her Soul, did not long enjoy her good Fortune : The Emperor Theodosius her Husband, being somewhat jealous of her, and of one of the principal Men of his Court, nam'd Paulinus, put him to Death, and depriv'd her of his Favour, in that Dereliction the unfortunate Athenais was made thoroughly sensible that she ought to retire from Court ; so that of her self, being sufficiently troubl'd in Mind, she ask'd what she obtain'd, and what they would have had her demand, I would say, permission to go and live at Jerusalem. It was then at the instance of her parting, and in her last farewell, that she spoke in these Terms to the Emperor Theodosius.

My Lord,

BEing ready to quit the Court, and confine myself in Palestine, I dare supplicate your Majesty, by the most venerable Name of the Emperor Trajan, of whom you are descended, by that of the great Theodosius your Grandfather ; by that of the equitable Arcadius your Father ; and by that of the great Constantine, of whom you hold the Sceptre, and whose Piety you imitate, to permit this day to tell you all. I think,

both of my past and present Fortune, that I may at least have the satisfaction, at my departing from you, to be thought not to have wholly abandon'd my Innocence. Woe is me ! If any had said formerly to the poor *Athenais*, when her Father *Leontinus* the Philosopher taught her Virtue, that hers should be one day suspected, she should not have believ'd it. The simplicity of her Education, the little Ambition she had, and the Walls of the Cottage she inhabited, seem'd to secure her against Calumny : Innocence reign'd in her Soul ; she was contented with her Fortune ; she sought nothing but the acquisition of Sciences and Virtue ; yea, the sole desire of Learning and practising Good, was both her Delight and Occupation. But is not this *Athenais* whom they accuse ? It is the unhappy *Eudisia* ; it is the Wife of a great Emperor ; it is a Person expos'd to the Eyes of a great Court ; it is a Person to whom Nature hath given some Advantages, to whom Fortune hath given the first Crown of the World, and the love of the most venerable Prince of the Earth.

All these things, invincible Emperor, make my Disgrace the more seemingly true. Great Misfortunes are not seen but in the Houses of great Princes : Thunder falls oftner upon the stately Palaces of Kings than upon Shepherds Cottages ; and the Sea makes more Shipwrecks than Rivers. It is no wonder then, if *Eudisia* be more unhappy than *Athenais*, tho' she be as innocent ; and tho' she be as virtuous, under the glorious Title she bears of Empress of the East, as she was under that Name which her Parents gave her. If Fortune, my Lord, had but robb'd me of those things over which ~~its~~ Dominion extends ; had it pull'd the Sceptre from me which I bear, after I had receiv'd it from your Hands ; had it taken the Crown from off my Head ; had your Subjects mutiny'd against me, and tumb'd me from the Throne as unworthy to have place upon it, I would endure that Disgrace without murmuring : Yes, my Lord, that blind thing so much accus'd to favour Vice at the expence of Virtue ; that makes no Presents, but to take them away ; that establishes no King-

doms,

doms, but to destroy them; and which overturns all that it do's establish: In one word, Fortune shall not put a stand to my Patience.

I shou'd without concern quit the Sceptre, the Crown, the Throne, the Court and the Empire, and all that splendid Pomp which accompanies Royalty, if I could return into my solitude with your esteem and affection. These two things, my Lord, if I be not mistaken, should not be under Fortune's Jurisdiction: It may both take Life and Empire from you; it may also make you a Slave, but it can't make you Unjust. You alone are the Arbitrator of your Will, your Hatred, your Esteem and your Affection.

The noble Privilege that God hath given to Man of being free among Chains, and of being absolute Master of his Inclinations, makes me be oblig'd to answer exactly for yours. Nevertheless, my Lord, the respect I have for you, makes me that I dare not accuse you of that you have for me; tho' certainly my Innocence renders them unjust; and upon that account I will rather call my self unhappy than say you are culpable. I accuse Fortune unjustly of one thing which you alone can answer; it is not from its Hand, to speak more truly than I've done, that I hold my Sceptre; it is not Fortune that put the Crown upon my Head; her Wheel hath not thrown me upon the Throne; her Caprice made me not your Wife. All these things, my Lord, are either effects of your Goodness, of my Merit, or of your Blindness. If it be the first, I've learn'd of my Father, that Crimes alone justify Repentance; that it is a sentiment which Virtue knows not, and which should not be us'd but after a wicked Action. If it be the second, and if you have esteem'd me by knowing how little I'm worth, take not from me, my Lord, what belongs to me; because, being the very same that I was, you should be the same that you have been: But if you say to me, that I'm the Error of your Judgment, and, that you have not found in my Person such Merit as you did believe to meet with, I dispute not against you, take from me all that you have given me, but take
not

not away my Innocence, which I have only receiv'd from Heaven.

When *Athenais* came to your Court, her Reputation was spotless; There were but very few who did not speak well of her. This day all People speak according to their Fancy, yet without letting me know what they say; for, to speak sincerely, it is only with you that I would be justify'd. They who do good because it is good, and not because it should be divulg'd, care not what injustice Fame will do to their Virtue; they find their satisfaction on themselves, without seeking after it in any other: So that the Wise are sometimes most innocent and most happy, when the Vulgar, who only judge by appearance, believe them guilty and unfortunate. But, my Lord, since the affection you have had for me, and that which I have for you, hath made you (if I dare say so) a second self to me, I ought to vindicate my Actions before you. Remember, my Daughter, said my Father to me one day, that you study not so much to acquire the esteem of others, as not to endeavour more to obtain your own: Be you both your own Judge and Party; think of satisfying your self; examine your Inclinations; search the bottom of your Heart to know if Virtue be Mistress of it: But do not flatter your self, incline rather to Rigour than Indulgence, and after having made an exact scrutiny of your Intentions, when you come to the point of being satisfy'd with your Mind, slight the Glory of the World, laugh at Calumny, and be better contented in having your own Esteem, than if you had that of the greatest Princes in the World.

But, my Lord, for this reason I can't be easy, so long as my better half doth not believe me innocent: Suffer me then, my Lord, to recount exactly all the circumstances of my Disgrace, and that dear part of my Innocence, that I may thereby, with some Tranquillity, go to my look'd-for Solitude.

When I came to *Constantinople*, asking Justice against my Brothers, who refus'd me that right which I had to the paternal Succession, the prudent *Pulcheria*

rejected

rejected not my Requests; She heard me, and making me lose my Cause, very advantageously gave me Fortunes; which she ought to have preserv'd for me. At that time, my Lord, there was only a poor Cottage in agitation, and three foot of Earth to cover me from extreme Necessity: But this day, when not only the Honour of *Athenais* is in question, but that of *Eudokia* your Wife, you are oblig'd to hear her, and to do her justice.

I think, my Lord, that the cause of your Anger and my Grief, is, because I have given a trifle which you gave me; and, that afterwards to excuse an Action, which I saw by your Eyes would not have pleas'd you if you had known it, I excus'd that innocent Error by a Lie.

Behold, my Lord, all the Crime that I have committed, and the fear only of displeasing you, hath made me displease you. When your Majesty gave me that fatal Fruit which hath caus'd my Disgrace, I receiv'd it with joy, both for its extraordinary pleasantness, and more because it came from your hands: The pleasure I had in seeing of it perswading me, that 'twas more proper to divert the sight, than to satisfy the taste; and being not resolv'd whether I should eat it, I consider'd what I should do with such an agreeable Present: The unfortunate *Paulinus* was then sick, so that being minded to send and visit him, I thought the amiable Gift that you gave me could not be better bestow'd, than by giving it to a Person whom you testify'd that you lov'd better than your self.

But, my Lord, *Paulinus* made no Secret of this Liberality: I did not tell him that I receiv'd it from your Majesty. The same apprehension that had oblig'd me to send him that fatal Apple, was doubtless the cause why, to testify to me the esteem he had of the Present I made him, he would put it in more worthy Hands than his own. But if you say to me, that since you gave me the Gift, I ought never to have dispos'd of it, because every thing that comes from the Person belov'd, should be held as dear as the Life: I shall agree with

with you, because by that I pretend to justify my self. However, there is an important distinction to be made in this Affair : For as there is great diversity in Mens Loves, the things which that Passion produces should also be all differing. The love of Husband and Wife is no more than that of a Lover and Mistress ; and tho' they be the same Persons, and tho' Love be as ardent in their Hearts as it was before their Marriage, yet their Opinions are different on many occasions : They have more Solidity and less Affection ; and none of all these Follies, which criminal Loves do produce, are to be found in their Souls. So, my Lord, if *Paulinus* had had a Passion for me, he would have kept the Present which I made him, with Care and with Jealousie ; since it is most certain, that in this kind of illegitimate Affections, (which I never heard spoken of since I've been at Court) the least things that come from the Person belov'd are inestimable Treasures, which are never parted from but with the Life. However, *Paulinus* no sooner receiv'd my Present, but he sent it to you ; and on that occasion it may be said, that he design'd more to please you than to content me. As for my part, my Lord, I never thought you could take it ill, that I should have given a trival thing which you gave me ; and that Liberality was a Virtue which I ought not to practise : For, my Lord, if I ought to give nothing but what I have not receiv'd from you, I must give my self, having brought nothing into your Palace but that Simplicity and Innocence which some would dispoil me of this day. Why, my Lord, do you not remember, that by the innumerable Riches that you have given me, I have divers times enrich'd several whole Towns ? Why, my Lord, *Theodosius* hath permitted me to give Gold, Pearls and Diamonds to a hundred People, who were unknown to him, and could I foresee that he would be dissatisfy'd with my giving a simple Apple to the only Man in the World who had most profitably served him, and for whom he had most affection ? no, my Lord, that was not possible. The wise *Pulcheria*, howsoever clear-sighted she is, and is believ'd to be, and who fore-

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sees things from a far, might have been deceiv'd in it. But, my Lord, if I ought to take care of any next to your Majesty, it should be of *Paulinus*: And, if I dare say it, I owe more to him than to my Father, nay, than to your Majesty; for my Farher gave me nothing but Life, and having receiv'd nothing from you but the Throne, I can say, *Paulinus* having inspir'd me with the Lights of Faith, I am more oblig'd to him than to all the rest of the World. Yes, my Lord, I owe the safety of my Soul to him, and my eternal Beatitude, if the innocence of the Life that I shall do fit me for it. You know, my Lord, that it was he who converted me; that all your Doctors could not convince me; that only he could open my Eyes, and letting me see the Absurdities of my Religion, gain'd me to embrace yours. Believe then, my Lord, that the Birth of our Friendship had too holy a Beginning to be criminal in its Progress; and that he who had open'd the Gates of Heaven to me, would never conduct me to the ways of Hell.

Moreover, my Lord, know, that when *Eudofia* shall again be *Athenais*; when she shall, I say, be again of that Religion wherein all Crimes are authoriz'd by the Example of the Gods whom she adores, she shall not be less Innocent. Chastity is a Virtue which hath been known of all Nations, and thro' all Ages; it is so essential to my Soul, that nothing can banish it thence. Judge then, my Lord, if being of a Religion where Modesty is rewarded, I could do any thing against my Duty to you, and against my Duty to my self.

I think, if I be not deceiv'd, that I have made you sensible, that I might give without offence what you gave me; and at least that I have made you see, with a Similitude sufficiently true, that *Paulinus's* Liberality to you justifies mine towards him.

Now as to what concerns the Lie that I made, in telling you that I had eat the Fruit, it is certain I cannot deny it; I would have done better to have told you the Truth. But, my Lord, all Follies are not Crimes. When you spoke to me at that time, I saw such alteration

ration in your Countenance, and so much Choler in your Eyes, that fear of angering you having seiz'd my Spirit, I lost the use of Reason.

Consider, my Lord, that if there had been any too particular Affection between *Paulinus* and me, as soon as you had spoken to me I might have well judg'd that you knew something: And therefore, by an apparent Ingenuity, tho' artificial, I should have told you that I sent it to *Paulinus*. But having nothing in my Mind that objected any Error, I told an innocent Lye, not fearing any sinister Interpretation: I sail'd thro' fear of being accus'd of a Fault, and a too fearful Affection hath made me lose yours.

Further, my Lord, being unprepar'd for that Accusation, and being ignorant of the Crime that I am accus'd of, I then answer'd you only with Tears: My Silence and Respect were the only Colours I employ'd for my Justification: A too scrupulous and too austere Virtue made me believe that I should stain my Reputation by vindicating my self for such a thing; and I also think I should never have spoke to you, if I had not design'd to separate from you. But, venerable Emperor, I reprimand my self for all I have said, you are not the Subject of my disgrace, I accuse you no more, I receive it as the chastisement of my past Errors: I have too much defended the cause of Idols, to gain my own this day; and 'tis very just, having so eagerly maintain'd a Lye, that I ben't believ'd when I speak a Truth that is of importance to me. I have sacrific'd too much to *Jupiter*, and have offer'd you many criminal Victims, not to expiate that Fault by some innocent Sacrifice. I my self must be my Victim at this time, and by patient suffering, merit the Pardon of my past Errors. My Lord, don't think that I bear any grudge in my Soul: I well see, that the dismal Journey I am going to make is undertaken by my own Will; I well see, I say, that the permission which is given me, was consented to in such manner, that I may rather call it a place of Banishment than Pilgrimage.

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However, that shall not hinder me from praying to GOD, that the Blood of *Paulinus* be not an Obstacle to the Felicity of your Days.

I shall also make request for the prudent *Pulcheria's* Reign, whose Piety, doubtless, doth approve the place I have chose for my Retirement. I shall be more serviceable to her at *Jerusalem* than at *Constantinople*, and perhaps more agreeable; but, in acknowledgment of the last Obligations I had from her, I shall beg of Heaven to give her such Repose as I go to enjoy in my Solitude, tho' perhaps this is not the Favour that she asks from it in her Prayers.

Further, my Lord, I go not so far off, but that you may hear what Fame says of me: And, if I be not mistaken, you will hear so many things of the innocency of my Life, that you will believe it was never sully'd: And that Holy Land wherein I go to dwell, shall obtain for me from Heaven the Pleasure and Honour of seeing you again.

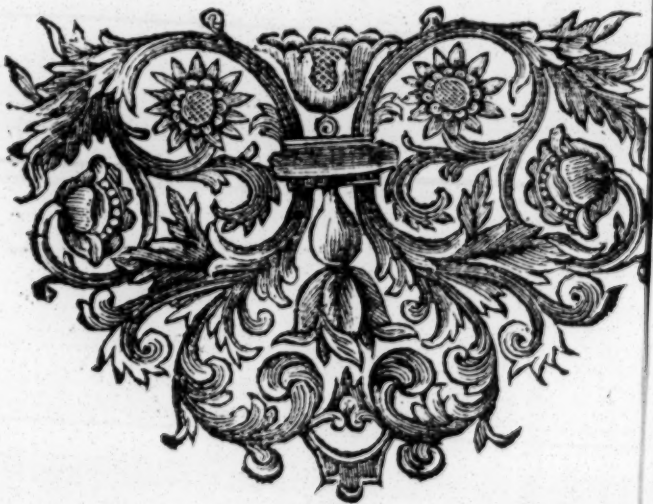
This, my Lord, is the Hope which a Person who liv'd in a poor Cottage bears in her Mind; a Person who, without Pride, receiv'd the first Crown of the whole World; who very contentedly quits the highest Throne that is upon the whole Earth; and, who never lov'd any thing but the Emperor *Theodosius*, and Virtue.

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CONSEQUENCE.

This Discourse had its Effect, tho' slow: It left impressions of heat in the Heart of Theodosius, which, in fine, kindl'd his first flames. 'Tis true, Athenais departed, but she return'd with Glory: She saw him begging pardon at her Feet, who saw half of the Earth at his Command, and her Innocence and Reputation remounted the Throne with her: After that time, the Emperor enjoy'd a perfect Tranquility of Mind.

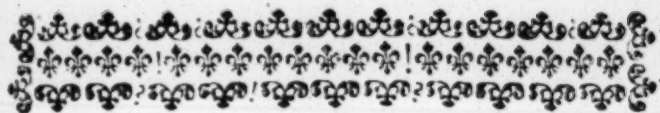


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Pulcheria to the Patriarch of Constantinople.

PRELUDE.

Athenais being receiv'd again into Favour with the Emperor Theodosius her Husband, by the intercession of Crisaphius, was no sooner return'd from Palestine to Constantinople, but using her new Power, she chang'd all order of Affairs in it; and knowing that Pulcheria did not oppose her departure, she would not let her Return be so agreeable to her as her Departure had been: She caus'd the Emperor, who was charm'd with seeing her again, to resolve to take the Administration of Affairs from the Princess his Sister, and command the Patriarch of Constantinople to take her, and put her among the consecrated Virgins. This Order seem'd so hard to Flavianus, that he could not resolve to execute it with rigour, but gave secret notice thereof to Pulcheria, that if she did not absent herself, he should be constrain'd to do her that displeasure. The Princess was quickly resolv'd on it; and at her going from the Court, into the Country, she spoke to him to this effect.

THE Notice you gave me doth neither astonish nor trouble me: I very well foresaw, wise Flavianus, that Eudofia's Return would cause Pulcheria's Departure: And being acquainted with the

Revolutions of *Mundane* Affairs, I see, without Regret, a change which perhaps will not be disadvantageous to any but those who cause it. This sudden mutation is the effect of *Crisaphius's* Malice, of *Theodosius's* Goodness, and of the Empresses Ambition. *Flavianus*, if any had said formerly, that this poor *Athenais* (who had not a Cottage to cover her, when she cast herself at my Feet) should carry the first Crown of the World upon her Head, I could never have believ'd it: But, what is yet more strange, who could have thought that this Person, whom with my own Hands I have crown'd, would violently take from me the Reins of the Empire, which I have always happily enough held, under the Authority of *Theodosius*, since I was fifteen Years old?

No, venerable *Flavianus*, I desire not that Posterity should accuse the Emperor or Empress for banishing a Princess to whom partly they owe the Crown they wear; for, if I did put it upon the Head of *Athenais*, I securely set it upon that of *Theodosius*. That famous Victory which he gain'd over *Rozilas*, who, having pass'd the *Danube*, was coming with all their Forces of *Scythia* and *Russia*, to assume the Imperial Throne of *Constantinople*, doubtless was not the effect of *Theodosius's* Care: And, if I dare say it, I forc'd Thunder from the Hands of GOD, to knock that *Barbarian* on the Head, for you know he dy'd with a Thunder-bolt. Yes, *Flavianus*, *Theodosius* owes that Victory to me, and also that which he gain'd over *Barabanes* King of the *Persians*, who, being in League with *Alamondar* King of the *Saracens*, had form'd so strong an Army, that doubtless there was more than human Force needful to oppose that innumerable Multitude of Men, compos'd of divers Nations.

Nevertheless, a pannick Fear having possess'd their Troops, they were destroy'd by themselves; and that which should have made them victorious, render'd them incapable of conquering. Yes, most prudent and most noble *Flavianus*, I have made Winds, Storms, and Tempests serve for the Glory of *Theodosius*: I have
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made Heaven interested for his Protection, but the bloody Victories which he gain'd were not the Reward of that Virtue which I taught him. You know, that being two Years older than he was when he came to the Empire, I took care of his Education ; I had the Honour of being his Sister, but he was my Son by Adoption : And you are not ignorant of what I have done since *Theodosius* did me the Favour to divide his Power with me, and make me his associate in the Empire. Could there be a more prosperous Reign than his ? Was there a Prince in all the World, who did not either love or fear *Theodosius* ? Did any complain of my Government ? Were not my Counsels just, or have they not been fortunate ? No, wise *Flavianus*, to speak rationally of every thing, I have done Favours formerly to *Athenais*, but I never did Injustice to any-body.

However, think not by what I say, that I would make you understand the Empress is unworthy of the Throne : No, I will not destroy what I have establish'd. I was not deceiv'd when I thought I saw in her a most extraordinary Virtue. Without doubt, *Athenais* is a miracle of Nature ; she is born with advantages which I never saw but in her Person : And if her Birth were as great as her Spirit ; if instead of being bred in Solitude, she had been brought up at Court, she had been incomparable in every thing : But, to her Misfortune, she hath began with what I am going to finish. Doubtless, 'tis more easy to them who have a well accomplish'd Soul, to live gloriously in Solitude, after they have liv'd in the World, than to go from Solitude to a Throne. They who have known how to govern Multitudes, can certainly lead their Flocks without going astray ; but all those who can dexterously use a Sheep-hook, can't wield a Sceptre with Honour. In fine, Kings may be Shepherds, but all Shepherds can't be Kings.

The Philosophers also, who establish themselves Sovereign Judges of all the Actions of Men ; who boast of knowing the weight of Crowns ; who make imaginary *Republicks* ; who give Laws to all the Earth ; and

who form Models, by which the greatest Princes of the World should regulate their Lives and Governments: I say, these Men, who make Kings so perfect by their Writings, are not fit to Reign. *Athenais* gives me a domestick Example of this; she knows Philosophy; she is Daughter to a Man who taught it her; she is born with all noble Inclinations; she knows all that any of her Sex can know; she was without Ambition when she came to the Court; she has as much Spirit as anybody can have: But because she knows not the World but by Books, and because her Experience hath taught her nothing, her Simplicity hath made her listen to *Crisaphius's* Devices, who, doubtless, hath possess'd her with the Opinion she had of me this Day.

All these things, *Flavianus*, were not of my Knowledge, when I kindl'd in the Emperor's Heart that Flame which destroys me this Day: But now I well know, that an active Philosophy is requisite to know how to reign: That Experience is the surest Study of Kings; and I have also known by my own, that none can be perfectly wise, but at its Expence. I should not think it strange, that the Empress does every thing to preserve that Quality which I have given her: 'Tis so advantageous to her, that I rather wonder she doth not make it more. But, as I have already told you, the change that happens this Day doth neither astonish nor trouble me; I do yet preserve so much Affection for *Theodosius*, and so much for *Athenais*, that to hinder them from committing a publick Fault, I'll divest my self of what Power I had, leave *Theodosius* to the Affection that he has for the Empress, and so abandon her to her little Experience, and to the Devices of *Crisaphius*.

I know not, reverend *Flavianus*, whether my Conjectures will be as false this Day as they were when I crown'd *Athenais*: But, if I ben't mistaken, the Reign of these illustrious Persons shall neither be long nor happy. The Complacence of *Theodosius*, and the little Experience of the Empress, makes me pity them: Methinks I already see her about to consult her Books upon the
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least unexpected Accident : But, my Father, her Books were not made for our Age : And if she have not her Judgment very clear, that which was glorious to *Alexander*, will be disgraceful to *Theodosius* ; that which made him love, shall make this hate ; and that which made him belov'd, will make this despis'd.

The Throne, whereon she is this day, is so high, that I fear her sight is not strong enough to see the Cottage again wherein she formerly dwelt. I fear, I say, she will be transported, and, abandoning the Reins of State which I have given up to her, fall into some important Error. As for my part, I was never dazzl'd by Grandeur ; I am born among Purples : The Plays of my Infancy past upon the Throne, and the first thing I learn'd was, to reign over others, and over my self. The wise *Anthemius* teaching me Policy, which I have happily enough practis'd since, told me one day, that, to be never surpriz'd at Fortunes inconstancy, we must always be prepar'd to endure what others undergo ; and never to mount a triumphing Chariot without being prepar'd to be ty'd to it, if Fortune desire it. Wherefore, *Flavianus*, I should not be surpriz'd, if having partly banish'd the Empress into *Palestine*, she should this day send me into Solitude ; the sweet Pleasure that she found there, without doubt, makes her wish the same for me ; and it is only in Gratitude that she desires to be employ'd in that place which I fill'd. When she came to cast herself at my Feet, and when by Reasons, which would be too long to relate, I resolv'd to make her Empress, I thought that *that* Person, who esteem'd herself happy in having a Roof of Straw for Riches, would behave herself with great Civility when she should see herself Reign over the Heart of *Theodosius*, and set upon a Throne to which she dar'd not lift her Eyes.

However, Matters go not so ; and she who only desir'd a simple Cottage for her Contentment, can't find herself in a great and stately Palace, if she be not there alone, and if she banish not her who open'd the Gates to her, and put her in Possession. It may truly be said

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for her excuse, that she does not believe it was from my hands she receiv'd the Crown she wears. The assurance her Father gave her dying, that she shou'd be richer than her Brothers, persuades her that this Crown did fall from the highest Heavens upon her Head. She believes that the influence of the Stars caus'd her good Fortune; and, that I did nothing at that time but what I could not help the doing. She thinks I was constrain'd by that Constellation under which she is born, to make her Empress of the East.

In this manner, believing that she holds her good Fortune of the Stars, she thinks herself thankful enough, when without looking upon me, she only lifts her Eyes to Heaven. But, wise *Flavianus*, I who never believ'd all the Miracles that have been told me of judicial Astrology, who know the uncertainty of that Science, how obscure and dubious are the Predictions which it makes, and how unprofitable: I say, I know very well, that I was not constrain'd to Crown *Athenais*; I design'd it not without reason, I examin'd the thing naturally; and because it was of importance to me, I did not rashly resolve upon it. It might have happen'd, that *Athenais* might have gain'd her Cause, and lost the Empire that day in spite of the Planets and Stars. In fine, my Father, I well know that this Science, whose Predictions are not understood 'till the things come to pass, is not a Gift of Heaven; God did make nothing unprofitable in the World; and yet judicial Astrology is of such a nature, that it obliges me the more to believe its Falsity. Who is he that hath profited by the Prophecies have been made of him? or, to say better, who hath understood them? Chance (that caus'd the Sponge to be so fortunately thrown by the famous Painter, which accomplish'd, without thinking of it, that which all his Art could not do) doubtless makes these Occurrences, upon which the Reputation of this Science is establish'd, sometimes marvelous: But, ordinarily, they who adjust Accidents to Prophecy, must have more Spirit than the greatest Masters of this Art. When *Leontinus* said to *Athenais*, that she shou'd be richer

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than her Brothers, the good Man said it rather in praise of her Beauty and Virtue, than in assurance of the Empire : And if he had certainly foreseen that the Crown which she now wears was to be upon her Head, he had but little Judgment to amuse himself with dividing three or four foot of Earth among his Sons ; because 'twas very likely, that if she did become Empress, she would not let her Brothers live in the Poverty of their Birth ; and consequently the paternal Succession would be of no use to them.

Yes, wise *Flavianus*, I only have made *Athenais* Empress of the *East* : However, I forgive her want of Gratitude, and wish with all my heart, that at last she may know the Talent which Heaven hath given her. She is certainly proper for great Virtues ; and if she attempt but to reign over herself, she shall be the wonder of her Age ; she shall reap more Palms in *Palestine*, than she can acquire Glory by the Government of Affairs ; and, if I be not deceiv'd, she shall there be happier. As for my part, my Father, who am otherwise born, I shou'd willingly put myself, as you have been order'd, among those Virgins who have no other care than to make one Oblation of their Hearts to God, if I did not think, that *Theodosius* and the Empress may perhaps need my assistance ; but knowing them as I do, it shall suffice, that retiring to my Solitude, I leave them liberty of acting according to their Fancies ; and I wish to God that Fame inform me of nothing to their disadvantage. I shall be very glad that their Conduct make it appear, that my Opinion of *Theodosius* was not ill grounded ; and, that I have not made a bad choice of *Athenais*. However, *Flavianus*, if it be possible, let the Emperor know, that without murmuring I quit that share of Dominion which he gave me ; that not having taken it but only for his Ease and Glory, I willingly left it as soon as I knew that he thought it no longer agreeable to him : But let him remember, that at my parting from him I leave all his Empire in Peace ; that all his Subjects love him ; that all his Neighbours fear him ; that all his Towns are weal-

wealthy ; that Virtue is seen in every particular Family ; that Vice appears no more among them ; that this Court (except *Crisaphius*) hath no Flatterers ; that the Rabble are without Insolence ; that the Great are without Pride ; and, that Piety reigns in all the Temples of his Empire. Let him remember, venerable *Elavianus*, that *that* great Virtue, (if I dare say it) hath past from my Heart into his, and from his into that of all his Subjects, that thereby the Memory of me be not troublefom to him : And also to the end, that if it come to pass by chance, that he one day recall me, as he hath recall'd *Athenais*, he may see if the Government will be then in the condition I leave it in this day. As for the Empress, I'm very glad she knows that tho' I have not made a particular study of Philosophy ; that tho' I be of a Birth to exile others and not be banish'd ; that tho' I have some Portion in the Throne which she wholly this day possesse, I forbear not, I say, to quit that Throne, and endure my Exile with more Moderation than she testifies by receiving the Crown which I gave her. I wish to Heaven that I may know better how to use my Disgrace, than she hath done her good Fortune.

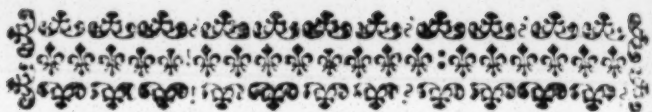
To conclude this Discourse, remember, my Father, you have govern'd my Conscience as long as I govern'd the Empire ; that I never in my Life propos'd any other thing to myself, than always to do what I ought, and what I believ'd to be most Glorious and most Just. True Wisdom consists in the good usage of what Accidents befall us ; there is no need of a scrupulous adhering to one Virtue, they must be all practic'd according to several Occasions. There is a time wherein Humility is not laudable, and wherein Grandeur of Courage is more necessary : And others also wherein Dissimulation is Wisdom, and Freedom criminal. We must know how to change seasonably, yet without ever changing the Resolution of doing what we ought. If a Prince, with whom I've made a just War, shou'd by chance of Arms make me his Slave, I shou'd then look upon him no more as my Enemy, but as my Master ;

ster ; I would be faithful to him in that condition, and mend the Chains which he would make me carry, if of themselves they broke, because I could not break them without offence. It is by the same Reason, wise *Flavianus*, and by that same Virtue, that without making Factions in the Empire, without causing the People to rebel in my Favour, and without making the Ecclesiasticks remember, that I have several times destroy'd Heresy, and sustain'd their Altars ; without, I say, doing any of these things, I do resolve, after having known how to reign with Grandeur sufficient, to obey with as much submission of Spirit as I have had greatness of Spirit in commanding half of the World from the age of fifteen Years 'till this day.

CONSEQUENCE.

This Discourse, which was told Theodosius, was effectual in its time, as well as that of the Empress had been ; and because Affairs did not prosper well under the Administration of Athenais, Pulcheria (after four Years) was recall'd to the Government, which with much Glory she possess'd till her Death, after having caus'd the Head of Crisaphius to be taken off ; and the fair and knowing Athenais molested with the changes of Court, retir'd of her own accord to Palestine, where she liv'd and dy'd in admirable Sanctity.



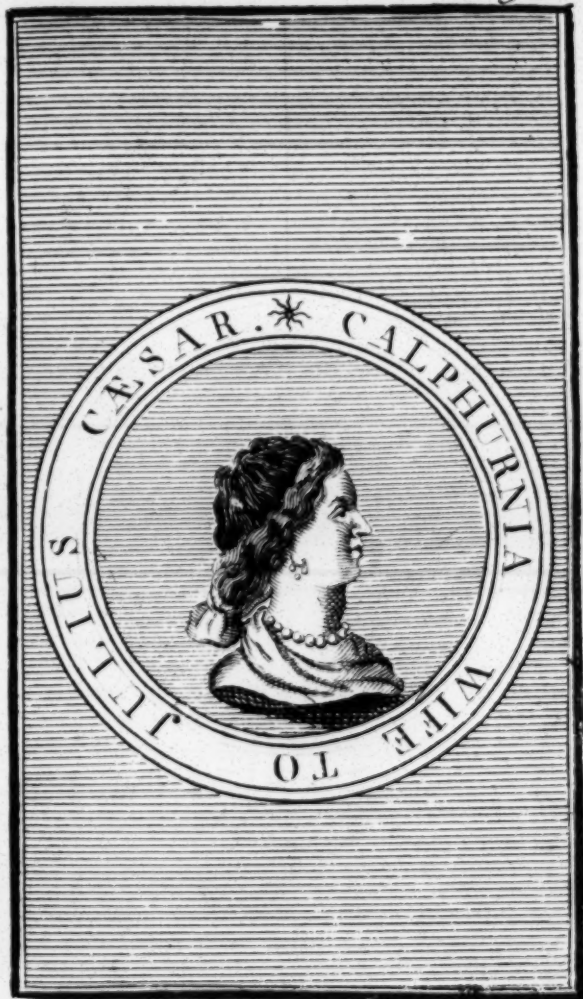


Calphurnia to Lepidus.

P R E L U D E.

All Ages, all Nations, and almost all Men, have spoke in praise of Cæsar, but I know none that have made his Apology. They thought it was easier to praise his Valour, than to justify his Intentions; and that his Wars were more Glorious than their Cause. Every one believes he was a great Captain, but all do not believe that he was a good Citizen. They who call'd him the Father of Soldiers, have also call'd him the Tyrant of Rome; and almost all have thought that he aspir'd at Sovereign Power: Yet, whosoever considers the business, will find that he appear'd rather Innocent than Criminal; and I do assure myself, if you will hearken to his Reason in the Mouth of Calphurnia, you will not condemn him. He hath spoke so worthily of the Gauls in his Commentaries, that it is just the Gauls should speak of him, for I can't endure it should be said we follow'd a Tyrant's Chariot: Hear then what his Wife is going to say, who knew his Intentions, and is going to make them known to you.

CÆSAR is reveng'd, Lepidus; the last of his Murderers hath lost his Life, and all the Romans have a Master; they themselves give to Augustus the Sovereign Power, which they would have refus'd to the great Cæsar, if he had been capable



reproach him of any thing at that time. To be brief, he never did any thing but to aggrandize the Roman Power, by making new Conquests for it every Day, hazarding his Life on a thousand different Occasions, and generously opposing Tyrants who design'd to usurp Dominion. He did not regard their being his Relations or Allies; and did so much for the Publick-Good, that he never consider'd his particular Interests. Really, *Lepidus*, every time I remember what *Cesar* has done for the *Romans*, the numbers of Victories he has gain'd either against their Enemies, or against their Tyrants, I immediately believe that my Memory deceives me, and, that it altogether represents to me all the brave Actions that have been done since the beginning of Ages. I can't, I say, think that one and the same Person had enterpriz'd so many Things, had accomplish'd so many glorious Designs, had made so many Conquests, had given so many Battels, had so much hazarded his Life, had escap'd so many Dangers, and had not liv'd longer than others.

Nevertheless, *Lepidus*, you know that *Cesar* hath done more than I say, altho' he hath liv'd but twenty-six Years. To recount only one part of his Victories and brave Actions which he hath done, before I undertake to justify him, remember what he did in *Spain*. He subdu'd the *Galicians* and *Lusitanians*, even to the *Ocean*, where the *Romans* had never been. The Conquest of the *Gauls*, you know, hath immortaliz'd his Glory: For there in less than ten Years, he took (either by Composition or Assault) above eight-hundred Towns, conquer'd three-hundred different Nations; and having seen before him in Battel-Aray above three Millions of arm'd Men, in many Encounters he kill'd above one Million, and took as many Prisoners. Oh, *Cesar*! Oh, illustrious Conqueror! Must the Poniard of an ingrateful Traytor make thee lose thy Life? But I am not come to the last of his Victories; that famous Battel he gave *Arionistus* on the Banks of the *Rhine*, where above eight-thousand Men dy'd, makes it sufficiently seen that Conquerors are never weary.

Further, *Caesar* did not always overcome with Ease; he hath sometimes seen Victory fly above his Enemy's Camp, and Fame just ready to publish his Defeat, but his single Valour brought Victory on his side. The Adventure of the *Nervians* makes what I say most apparent: All the *Romans* were defeated, and the others were very like to have been Masters of the Field of Battle, when *Caesar* cast himself alone among his Enemies, with his Sword in his Hand, and a Shield upon his left-Arm, and by an Action worthy of *Caesar*, deserv'd to conquer those who had almost conquer'd his People. After that, he was the first who pass'd the *Rhine*; he was the first who sail'd with an Army upon the Occidental Ocean; he conquer'd *England*, which none had ever heard of, and carry'd his Arms and *Rome's* Glory in Places where the very Name of *Romans* had never been.

The famous Prize of *Alexia* is none of *Caesar's* least Actions: He saw at the Head of him an Army of three hundred thousand Men, to make him raise the Siege: But having as much Prudence as Courage, he divided his Army, and acted so secretly, that those who lay before *Alexia* did not know there was a powerful Relief coming to the Town. They did not know, I say, they were enclos'd between two powerful Enemies, 'till *Caesar* had defeated them, so that *Vercingetorix*, who was in the Place, was taken Prisoner by him. Surely, after this, I doubt not but History will one day say, that he was the greatest of all *Heroes*.

Yes, *Lepidus*, whosoever will compare the great Qualities of the most Illustrious with him, will find he hath excell'd them. The *Fabians*, the *Scipio's*, the *Metellus's*, and also them of his own time, as, *Sylla*, *Marinus*, the two invincible *Lucullus's*, and *Pompey*, are inferiour to him in every thing: He exceeded One by the difficulties of the Countries he conquer'd; the second, by the Extent of the Nations which he hath put under the *Roman* Dominion; the third, by the Multitude of Enemies he hath defeated; the fourth, by the fierceness of the People with whom he had to do, and,

whom he was oblig'd both to overcome and teach ; the first, in Sweetness, in Clemency, and Humanity to them whom he conquer'd ; and the last, in Magnificence and Liberality to them who fought under him ; and all of them in gaining many Battels, in defeating numbers of Enemies, and in practising many Virtues.

Behold, *Lepidus*, the Victories which the Romans could not dispute with *Cesar*. They are due only to him for all the Blood he shed in the many Encounters he met with. 'Twas for them he fought, 'twas for them he overcame, 'twas for them he conquer'd in many Countries ; and there was none to be found, 'till the Passage of that famous River, which *Cesar* travers'd to come to *Rome*, or to speak better, to come against the Tyrant of *Rome* ; I say, there was none found, but did agree, that the *Republick* was much oblig'd and indebted to *Cesar*.

But, *Lepidus*, I intend to shew you this day that the other Victories which *Cesar* gain'd, are those for which the Romans are more oblig'd to him ; I intend to let you see that *Cesar* never more strongly testify'd the Passion he had for Liberty, and the Hatred he had to Tyranny, than when he fought and conquer'd *Pompey*. But, to resume the Matter from its Source, to justify *Cesar*, *Pompey* must be accus'd ; and it must be seen, that as the one did always testify his being the Protector of Liberty, the other has still made it appear that he aspir'd at Tyranny.

All the World knows that *Pompey* did so many things to usurp Dominion, that (to hinder him from enterprising it any more) they were constrain'd to declare him alone Consul : And the Romans at that time were better pleas'd to satisfy his Vanity some way, than to oppose him directly. But they did not use *Cesar* so ; nay, so far were they from granting new Honours to him, that they outrageously refus'd what he justly did demand. *Lentulus*, *Pompey's* Partisan, disgracefully banish'd *Anthony* and *Curio*, who were constrain'd to disguise themselves like Slaves, that they might Return with Safety to *Cesar* ; and all this, *Lepidus*, because

Cesar

Cæsar by them did ask the Continuation of the Government of the *Gauls*, whom he conquer'd. The unjust Refusal he met with, did not put him upon unjust Designs: He did at that time know that *Pompey* demanded not his Return to *Rome*, but to his Detriment; that *Pompey* look'd upon him as his Enemy, and the only Obstacle that could hinder him from obtaining the Sovereign Power, which he had for so long a time pretended to.

Cæsar did then consider his particular Preservation, and the Publick Good; he had a Mind to disarm his Enemy, and the Enemy of *Rome*, and also disarm himself. He then let the Senate know, that the Purity of his Intentions must be seen; that he was ready to quit the Government of the *Gauls*, who had so often made him expose his Life; that he was ready to lay down his Arms, that he was ready to come and give an Account of his Actions, that he was ready absolutely to renounce all kind of Authority, provided *Pompey* lay'd down his Arms as well as he, and that they should both live as private Persons. Methinks these Propositions were not Tyrannick: Tyrants never expose themselves to such Things; and *Pompey's* Proceedings makes what I say appear very plain.

If *Cæsar* had propos'd to him to divide the Sovereign Power with him, perhaps he would have more favourably heard him; but because he desir'd to put him out of Condition of being able to aspire any more at Tyranny, he could not suffer so just a Proposition; he rais'd Factions to hinder the Senate from being brought to Reason; and to weary *Cæsar's* Patience entirely, he caus'd (as I have already told you, and as you know) those to be ignominiously banish'd whom he had sent. He was treated as an Enemy to the Publick Good: And *Pompey* who sought only to set Affairs on fire for *Cæsar's* Death, and to raise himself by the Misfortune of others, chose rather to ruin his Country, than change his wicked Designs.

All the Senators found *Cæsar's* Propositions just; for he caus'd it to be demonstrated to them, that if they

would have him quit his Arms, and *Pompey* not quit his, whether that was the way to arrive at Monarchy: But demanding that it should be ordain'd that both should quit, was asking a thing equally profitable to all the People, and which could not offend *Pompey*, if he truly had no wicked Intentions. His Father-in-Law *Scipio*, and his Friend *Marcellus*, lik'd not to consent to it; and they were almost the only Men who hinder'd *Cesar* from obtaining what he demanded, and did so highly speak of *Pompey's* Interest, insomuch that because the Senate could resolve upon nothing, publick Mourning was ordain'd for that particular Dissention. Yet *Cesar* was not wearied, he writ again to the Senate, he made just Propositions to them a second time: And both these times *Pompey's* Faction was the strongest.

Further, I know not how *Cesar* can be accus'd of having so much as dream'd to usurp the Sovereign Power, because some time before the last Injuries were done to him, *Pompey* having sent to recall some Troops that he had given him, *Cesar* sent them back without being press'd to it; sufficiently testifying by that Addition, that he fear'd not the weakening his own Forces, nor the augmenting those of his Enemy; and consequently let them see, that he had no concealed Designs. But, moreover, where are the Preparations of War that *Cesar* hath made for so great an Enterprize? Where are the Intelligences that he hath practis'd in *Rome*, or in any other Towns? Where are his great Armies, or the many Machines for the Battles that he must have given, or for the Sieges he must have laid? no, *Lepidus*, *Cesar* had none of all those things: And when *Curio* and *Anthony* came to him disguis'd as Slaves, to acquaint him with the unworthy Treatment he had receiv'd in their Persons, and of the wicked Designs which *Pompey* had both against him and the Republick, he had but five Thousand Infantry, and three Hundred Horse with him. Do you think, *Lepidus*, that those Troops were sufficient for a design of that Importance? If *Cesar* had had that Intention, he would without doubt have levy'd a much stronger Army, he would have

undertaken such a thing, without having a long time before consider'd how he might succeed. 'Twas not then a premeditated Design that made him pass that River, which he hath made so famous by his Passage: 'Twas both a Resentment of Choler, of Shame and Despair, with an earnest Desire to be reveng'd of his Enemy, and to destroy a Man who not only desir'd to destroy him, but the Republick likewise. He departed then without any Premeditation, and the Justice of Heaven conducting all his Designs, he made himself Master of *Italy* in sixty days, without shedding the Blood of the Citizens. As to *Pompey*, it well appear'd by his Conduct, that remorse of Conscience made him lose his good Sense: He was no more the great *Pompey*; who, when he had none but lawful Designs, and when he served the Republick, testify'd so much Prudence and so much Courage. He lost both the one and the other at that time; for tho' he had more Warriours than *Cæsar*, and tho' he had the advantage of being in *Rome*, he no sooner understood that he had past the *Rubicon*, but he fled in disorder, without so much as giving leisure for making Sacrifices to the Gods to calm that Storm. But the knowledge he had of his wicked Designs, doubtless, made him believe they would not be favourable to him; and there may be many Persons found who, in so great a trouble, will lose that respect which they always bore them. Some did remember at that time, that he had been heard say formerly, *That he needed but strike his Foot against the Ground, and he should have Soldiers enough.* That way of speaking, which smells of Tyranny, he was reproach'd with; and one of the chiefest of *Rome* seeing his astonishment, boldly told him, *Now strike the Earth to increase your Army, that you may oppose Cæsar.* He was also reproach'd for Ambition and Injustice; and what was said against him at that time, makes it sufficiently appear, that *Pompey* was the Tyrant, and *Cæsar* the Protector.

In effect, he was no sooner in *Rome*, but he courteously treated all the Senators; he, with a sweet Tenderness, pray'd them to pacifie every thing, and again propos'd to them most just, and most reasonable Articles of Peace, thereby to make them agree with *Pompey*: But knowing that *Pompey* would be all or nothing, they did not make it, and excus'd themselves to *Caesar*. But, *Lepidus*, when this illustrious Hero was created Dictator, gave he any marks of his having Desires to aspire at Tyranny? None at all; he recall'd the banish'd, replac'd in Honour the Children of those who had been confiscated in the time of *Sylla*, who was a Tyrant, and eleven days after voluntarily relinquish'd the Dictatorship, contenting himself with the Consulate with *Servilius Isauricus*.

After this, *Lepidus*, can any say that *Caesar* was a Tyrant, and that *Pompey* was the Defender of Liberty? But let us finish the giving account of his illustrious Life in few words, that we may have the more leisure to lament his Death.

Doubtless, you remember all the Artifice that *Pompey* us'd to shun fighting with *Caesar*, and draw Affairs to delay: They were so visible, and his Ambition so known, that his very Soldiers boldly said, he continued not the War but to continue his Authority. In effect, he knew, that either victorious or conquer'd, he must quit the Sovereign Power, or altogether take off the Mask that kept him undiscover'd to the *Roman* People. But *Caesar*, whose Confidence was in the Equity of his Cause, and in that of the Gods, search'd after his Enemies. He fear'd not to assault and fight him; he had nothing in his Heart that reproach'd him of Guilt; he knew that he reveng'd *Rome*, by revenging himself; and by freeing himself of an Adversary, he freed *Rome* of a Tyrant. His Hope did not deceive him, he gain'd the Battel, and *Pompey* lost it. That Man who had been so much favour'd by Fortune while he was Innocent, was abandon'd by it when he became Criminal. He did not any more know either how to fight or over-

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come; nor did so much as know how to be overcome like a Man of Courage.

As soon as his Party had got the worst in the Battel of *Pharsalia*, instead of animating them by his example, he went into his Tent without knowing almost what he said: And knowing that Affairs went still worse for him, that his Entrenchments were forc'd, and that *Cæsar* approach'd; *What!* (said he in a fright) *even in our Camp!* And after he had spoke in this manner, he fled a second time, and abandon'd all that remain'd of his Party. Yet, methinks, it would have been more Glorious for him to have dy'd by *Cæsar's* Arms, than by the Sword of the Traytor *Septimius*, who formerly commanded under him.

But this great Man having in his Heart Hatred, Remorse, Repentance, Shame of being overcome, and Ambition, we need not wonder, if losing hopes of Reigning, he at last lost his Reason.

But, after we have seen that *Cæsar* was skilful in the Art of Conquering, I pray you, *Lepidus*, let us look if he did also know the use of Victory; if he was Inhuman or Merciful; if he was Just or Rigorous; if he was a Tyrant or a Roman Citizen.

As soon as the Field of Battel was left to him, and the eagerness he had to fight was mitigated, when he saw such multitudes of dead Soldiers round about him, he shed as many Tears as he had caus'd them to shed Blood. *O ye Gods!* (cry'd he weeping) *Ye know it was their desire, and that they compel'd me to be their Conqueror!* For *Cæsar*, after having gain'd so many illustrious Victories, doubtless, would have been blam'd if he had abandon'd his Army. Any other Conqueror but *Cæsar* would have shed Tears of Joy, after having gain'd the Battel; but he, he could not rejoyce in his Victory, because it had cost the Lives of some of his fellow-Citizens.

Believe me, *Lepidus*, Tyrants do not weep for their Enemies; and Clemency and Pity are Sentiments which they have no knowledge of: However, you know, that *Cæsar* almost pardon'd all his. He had likewise
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a particular Care to search for that perfidious Man, who afterwards caus'd him to lose his Life: And when the Traytor *Brutus* presented himself to him, he treated him as if he had been his Son.

Woe is me! methinks I see my dear *Cesar* going from rank to rank, asking from his People News of *Brutus*, looking among the dead Bodies if he was not yet there in condition to be succour'd, and doing all things possible to save him who, by a horrid Ingratitude, thrust a Poniard into his Breast. O ye Gods! is it possible *Cesar* could make so bad a choice! that among all the *Romans*, he lov'd his Murtherer better than any other! and, that the Gods, who testify'd their having such particular Care of his Life, did not advertise him, that he whom he lov'd best of all Men, would of all Men be the most cruel against him! But it is not yet time to speak of *Brutus's* Ingratitude; the Clemency and Goodness of *Cesar* furnishes me with too good a Subject to leave it so soon; for to let the Guilt of his Assassins appear black as it is, his Virtues must appear with all the Splendor they had.

Tyrants have sometimes put a price upon the Heads of their Enemies; they have promis'd Forgiveness of all sorts of Crimes to those who would bring them; and sometimes when they have been satisfied, they have look'd upon that fatal present with Joy: But *Cesar* us'd not his so; he would not see that of *Pompey*; he wept bitterly; he treated him ignominiously who presented it to him, and forc'd him to the necessity of making his recourse to flight, thereby to save his Life.

As for my part, I find that Action much more glorious for *Cesar* than if he had overcome *Pompey*: But tho' he was alone to weep for his Enemy, he was not alone to fight.

Further, he well testified, that he did not so much regard *Pompey* as to his own particular, as that of the Republick; for he not only pardon'd those of his Party who would surrender themselves, but he took a particular Care of all *Pompey's* Friends; thereby made it appear

appear that he hated not his Person, but only that he desir'd to destroy his unjust and pernicious Designs.

Any other but *Cesar*, after having been Victor, would have consider'd his own security, by banishing *some*, by putting *others* to Death, and by putting *himself* in a condition to defie the *rest*. But *he*, he consider'd nothing but the gathering the broken pieces of *Pompey's* Shipwreck.

It might be said, *That it was his Army that was defeated*, and, *that he staid there to rally his Troops*, he testify'd so much Sweetness and Goodness to *those* who came and lik'd *themselves* under *his* Colours. He also writ to *Rome*, *That the sweetest Fruits he receiv'd of the Victory, was, that every day he sav'd the Lives of some of their Citizens.* O *Lepidus*! Tyrants have no such words.

Further, to demonstrate the Equity of *his* Intentions, and to show that *his* Victory was not a chance of Fortune, but an effect of the Will of the Gods, he continued happy in other things that *he* enterprized.

The War of *Egypt*, and *that of Armenia* (from whence he writ to *Rome*, *that he was come, that he had seen*, and, *that he had overcome*) makes what I say very clear.

After that, in one single day *he* made *himself* Master of three Camps, kill'd Fifty thousand Men, and lost but fifty Soldiers.

In your Opinion, *Lepidus*, was it *Cesar's* Arm that fought so? or rather was it not that of the Gods? That illustrious Victory made him no more inexorable than the rest: For, when he was told, that *Cato* was kill'd by his own Hand, O *Cato*! (said he) *how I envy thy Death, because thou hast envy'd me the Glory of saving thy Life.* Perhaps some will say, that if *Cato* had liv'd, *Cesar* would not have done what he said: But 'tis easy to imagin, that he who pardon'd *Brutus* and *Cicero*, that carry'd Arms against him, would have also pardon'd *Cato*.

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But, *Lepidus*, I would have nobody judge of *Cæsar* by what his Friends will say of him; but I would only have them judge of him by the Honours that the *Romans* have done him, during his Life, and after his Death. Surely 'twas not without Reason there was a Temple of Clemency built in acknowledgment of his; because there was never a Conqueror, who did so perfectly know the Practice of that Virtue.

But, pray tell me, *Lepidus*, how is it possible that those same *Romans*, who (since the ending of the Wars) could not reproach *Cæsar* of any act of Sovereignty; how is it, I say, possible, that those very Men (who built this Temple of Clemency, by the Knowledge they had of his Goodness) could call him Tyrant? It may be found in History, that triumphing Arches have been erected for Tyrants; that by their Orders, and by their Violences, their Statues have been plac'd upon the Altars; and that by a voluntary Gratitude, Temples have been built to their Glory; for Temples of Clemency are what will not be found in all Ages, save only that of *Cæsar*: For, in fine, he was no Tyrant, and, doubtless, merited more than was given him.

Do you not remember, *Lepidus*, the Day wherein he caus'd *Pompey's* Statues to be re-adorn'd, and wherein *Cicero* said, that by rebuilding them, he secur'd his own?

That Action was then sound as brave as it was great; all the *Romans* spoke nothing else, and all did agree, that *Cæsar* was the most illustrious of all the Heroes: And surely at that time *Cæsar* seem'd as Just as Generous; for whereas these Statues were erected for *Pompey* in the time that he serv'd the Republick, he would have no Mark of Honour taken from him which he did effectually merit.

Further, Tyrants are never in safety, they fear every thing, and trust themselves to nobody; they judge themselves worthy of a violent Death, and by the Pains they take to shun it, they make it appear that they know they merit it: But for *Cæsar*, because he trusted to his Innocency, he also trusted to all People; he put *Brutus* and

and *Cassius* in Authority, by making them Pretors, and would take no Care of his Safety.

Ah, would to Heaven he had follow'd his Friends Counsel at that time! But he was too Generous to be capable of such Prudence as does so very strongly resemble Fear, that it does very often produce the same Effects.

Moreover, he thought that (having made known to the *Romans* the Sincerity of his Intentions) he should have no need of any other Provision for his Safety. He lost not one single Occasion of testifying to them, that he prefer'd the Quality of a *Roman* Citizen to all other whatever.

You know, when he return'd one Day from *Alba*, some People saluting him, call'd him *King*; but he answer'd them, *his Name was Cæsar, and not King*. Yes, *Cæsar*, you had Reason to prefer that Name to that of *King*: You have render'd it so famous, that you can't quit it without losing by the Change; you must, having liv'd *Cæsar*, die *Cæsar*.

Do you also remember, *Lepidus*, that when the Senate decreed new Honours for him, he said with extream Moderation, *that his Honours had rather need of being retrench'd than augmented*. Nor are you ignorant that when *Anthony*, by an inconsiderate Zeal, caus'd the Royal Diadem to be presented to him, he twice refus'd it, and commanded it to be carry'd to *Jupiter's* Statue: As much as if he should say, that the *Romans* should only be commanded by the Gods. What could he do more at that time (to testify to the *Romans*, that he aspir'd not at Tyranny) than publicly to refuse the Badge of Royalty? would any have had him cause *Anthony* to be put to Death for that Crime? No, that would not have been just; and he who had pardon'd his Enemies a hundred Crimes, ought also to pardon a rash Zeal in one of his Friends.

I well know that *Pompey's* Partisans have said, that *Cæsar* contributed to some excessive Honours that were done to him, thereby to try the Peoples Goodwill: But, know, *Lepidus*, if he had contributed to them, his

refusing of 'em, would have been with Design to justify his Intentions. Ah, *Lepidus*, to speak Truth, the Friends, Flatterers, and Enemies of *Cesar*, are they who oppress'd him with the Crowns of Flowers they threw upon him; the first by Excess of Affection, others by the desire of pleasing and making themselves Great, and several by Design of giving Pretexts to the People to murmur against *Cesar*, and of having some Colour for the Villanies which they under-hand devis'd against him.

But, tell me, *Lepidus*, what could *Cesar* do more, than refuse the Honours that were offer'd to him? Moreover, if *Cesar* had had a Desire to be King, it would not have been impossible to him: That same Arm that made him conquer so many Countries, and gain so many Victories, would have secur'd the Empire to him. He was too well instructed in Worldly Affairs, to believe that by Meekness, and the Suffrage of all the *Romans*, he could arrive at the Throne: Doubtless, he knew that Crowns are taken by Violence, and are never given, and if he had intended to make himself King, he would have us'd Force, and not Meekness. *France* would have furnish'd him with an Army strong enough for that: And, if with five thousand Foot, and three-hundred Horse, he put *Pompey* to the flight, and made himself Master of all *Italy*, it would not have been more difficult for him, after the Battel of *Pharsalia*, to have usurp'd the Sovereign Authority.

The *Gauls* would have follow'd him with Joy, and would have come to *Rome*, to retake the Booty, which the *Roman* Legions had formerly taken from them. In fine, *Lepidus*, he would have acted like a Tyrant, and an Usurper, and not like a Citizen. I do own that *Cesar* desir'd to Reign, but 'twas in the *Romans* Hearts, and not in *Rome*: He did them every day new Favours, he consider'd only their Felicity and their Glory; and, in the very time wherein they were meditating his Death, he employ'd all his Pains to make them live happily.

Lepi.

Lepidus, was there ever a more illustrious Hero than *Cesar*? Recount all his Life, and you shall not find one blemish, but you shall there find all Virtues in the highest degree. The Victories which he gain'd were not such as Fortune gives blindly to those who confide in it absolutely; he gain'd them both by Valour and Reason; and when he gave any thing to Chance, it was because Reason would have it so: The Stedfastness of Mind that he always shew'd in all the Dangers wherein he expos'd himself for the Republick, is a thing beyond all Commendation: He ever beheld good and evil Fortune with the same Countenance. Love, Choler, Hatred, Revenge, and Ambition, did never make him Guilty of any Cowardice: He was always Master of his Passions, and never let himself be overcome, but by Clemency.

Nevertheless, there are Men, there are *Romans*, who have been so wicked as to look upon *Cesar* as a Tyrant. But know, *Lepidus*, the Business was not altogether so, the particular Hatred which *Cassius* bore to *Cesar*, because he prefer'd *Brutus* before him, in designing to make him Consul to his Prejudice, was that which made the Conspiracy. 'Twas not for having violated the *Roman* Laws, 'twas not for having violently entreated the Senators, 'twas not for causing the Citizens to be put to Death; 'twas only for revenging *Cassius*. But if *Cesar* was to die for preferring *Brutus* before *Cassius*, it ought not to have been *Brutus* who was to stab *Cesar* for revenging *Cassius*, whom *Cesar* did not abuse, but by obliging *Brutus*.

No, *Lepidus*, if *Cesar* had been what he was not, I would say the cruel'st Tyrant that ever was, the Sword of *Brutus* ought not to have been tainted with his Blood, but that he should have been the last of all the *Romans* in abandoning him after what he had done for him. Ah, let none tell me, that the more Ingrateful he appear'd to *Cesar*, the more thankful he was to his Country: No, *Lepidus*, Generosity is not compatible with Ingratitude, Vice and Virtue can't be together; and none can be ungrateful and thankful at the same time.

Whoſever receives an Obligation, engage themſelves to the Perſon obliging: Therefore they who have a high Spirit, do never receive Benefits but from their Friends; and in the choice of the two, they love rather to oblige their Adverſaries, than not to be obliging. If *Brutus* could not have liv'd happy while *Cæſar* was alive, he ſhould have always appear'd under his Enemy's Colours; he ſhould have reſus'd all the Honours which *Cæſar* gave him, he ſhould not have ſurrender'd himſelf to him, and rather than to have receiv'd that Life which *Cæſar* gave him; he ſhould with his own Hand have kill'd himſelf, as the generous *Cato* did. But having receiv'd his Life from *Cæſar*, having accepted the firſt Offices of the Republick, after that by a kind Reſentment *Cæſar* had prefer'd him to *Cæſſius*, that he ſhould let himſelf be perſwaded by *Cæſſius* to ſtab *Cæſar*, is that which I can't comprehend, is that which can't be approv'd of by any Man of Reaſon; nay, is that which could not have been glorious to *Brutus*, tho' *Cæſar* had been a Tyrant.

Nevertheless, *Lepidus*, that was the Ingrate, this is that Traytor, who was chief of the Conſpiracy, who gave him his Death's Wound. Why *Brutus*! why Cruel! couldſt thou ſtrike him who ſav'd thy Life? why *Barbarian*! why did not the Sword drop from thy Hands, when the Illuſtrious and Great *Cæſar*, ſeeing you come to him like the reſt, forbore defending himſelf, and ſaid with more Affection than Spleen, *And thou alſo my Son!* Why *Tyger*! theſe Words touch'd not thy Heart, and thou couldſt ſtrike *Cæſar*! Ah, no, *Brutus*! if thou hadſt had any Reaſon, thou wouldeſt have chang'd ſuch a wicked Deſign; thou wouldeſt have fought for *Cæſar*, render'd to him that Life which he gave thee; or if thou couldſt not, thou ſhouldeſt have blotter'd out thy Ingratitude with thy Blood, and kill'd thy ſelf upon the dead Body of *Cæſar*.

But, what do I, *Lepidus*? my Grief transports me; that doleful Image of *Cæſar*'s Death irritates my Diſpleaſure and Anger, every time it comes in my Mind,
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and without having any Design, I change both Discourse and Subject. Let us return then to my first Intention, and say, *that if Caesar's Innocence could be question'd by the Actions he did during his Life, it shall be fully justify'd by what is come to pass at his Death, and after his Death.*

The extraordinary Care that the Gods took to tell him of the Misfortune that was to befall him, lets the Purity of his Soul be sufficiently seen: All those Signs which appear'd in Heaven, those defective Victims, those Dreams which frighted me, the Hands of those Soldiers which appear'd in Fire, he who prognosticated to him, that the Ides of *March* would be fatal to him, and all those other things which were thought to impede the Effects of the Conspiracy, make it abundantly appear, that *Caesar* was not an ordinary Man.

If *Caesar's* Death could have been for the Good of the *Republick*, the Gods would not have given so many Presages of it: They foretell Misfortunes, thereby to make Men shun 'em; but of the Felicity that they send them, they never give so many Signs. Perhaps I may be told, that *Brutus* was sufficiently forewarn'd of his Death; but that horrid *Phantasm* which appear'd twice to him, was rather sent for his Chastisement, than to give him means of escaping the Misfortune that was prepar'd for him.

Further, who ever saw dead Tyrants worship'd? when they are alive they are fear'd, but when they are dead their Bodies are drag'd thro' the publick Places, they are torn in pieces; the Laws which they have made, are chang'd, their Statues are demolish'd, their Memories are in Execration, and they who kill'd 'em live in Safety and with Honour.

But for *Caesar*, all dead as he was, he hath been respected; the Places which were mark'd with his Blood were worship'd by the *Romans*, and seem'd to be sacred; his bloody Gown, all pierc'd with the Wounds he receiv'd, excited Sorrow in the Souls of all the Citizens; his Testament, which enrich'd 'em all, was given ear to, as that of the Father of the Country: The People

made him a Pile more Glorious for his Memory than if they had given him the noblest Funeral that Kings are honour'd with, because this was an Effect of his Affection; and because the same Fire that did consume my dear *Cesar*, desir'd to embrace the Houses of the Murderers. The Senate chang'd none of the Ordinances he made, they gave him new Honours, all his Assassins were forc'd to fly, and by an universal Consent he was rank'd among the Gods.

Who ever saw a Tyrant defy'd after his Death? *Alexander* himself, who was the greatest Prince of all Antiquity, did not pass for *Jupiter's* Son, but during his Life: But *Cesar* hath that Advantage above this illustrious Hero, that what *Alexander's* Friends did while he was alive, the Witnesses of *Cesar's* Merit have done to him after he ceas'd to live. The Gods also, after they had given sinister Presages of his Death, desir'd likewise to testify, that it had infinitely offended them. That terrifying Comet (which appear'd seven whole Days after his Death) was already a Sign of the Vengeance they would take: The Sun also (that was a whole Year without giving his accustom'd heat and brightness) has made it known to all the Earth, that by *Cesar's* Death the Republick had lost its greatest Ornament, and best Lustre.

But to testify his Innocence still more, the Vengeance of Heaven hath pertinaciously pursu'd to Death all those who, only by their Counsels, had contributed any thing to that unjust Conspiracy. They all dy'd violent Deaths, without so much as one escaping; they found no Place where they could live quietly, the Sea was fatal to 'em as well as the Land; they who escap'd the Fury of their Enemies kill'd themselves with their own Hand; *Cassius* pierc'd his own Heart with that same Sword wherewith he struck *Cesar*; and, in that manner, he is punish'd with those same Arms with which he committed the Crime. *Brutus*, you know, ended his days that same way: And, in fine, I know that none of *Cesar's* Murderers remain any more in the World.

Judge

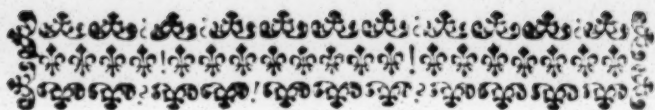
Judge from that, *Lepidus*, if he is not fully justify'd, if his Death ben't as glorious to him as his Life, because it hath shewn to us that all Nature was interest'd in it; and, to speak once for all, if *Cæsar* was not rather the Protector and Father of his Country, than the Romans Tyrant.

CONSEQUENCE.

It belongs not to me to tell you the Consequence of this Discourse, it belongs to you to let me know it. For its Object, it has had the Design of perswading you. it belongs to you then to let me understand whether you be. 'Tis to you she hath spoken, under the Name of Lepidus, it belongs to you to tell me if it hath hit its aim.

As for me, I do assure you, if I have seduc'd your Reason, 'tis because my own is seduc'd, and because I don't endeavour to make you believe more than I believe my self. I have so great a Veneration for Cæsar, that I can have no evil Thoughts of his Intentions, and methinks we owe that Respect to all Great Men, not to condemn them upon slight Conjectures. They are deceitful, Great Men's Designs are secret: Let us then respect them, and not undertake to judge them.





Livia to Mecenas.

P R E L U D E.

It is to the Honour of Learning that this Discourse is consecrated. But tho' this be its principal Object, it may be said that it doth not alienate me from the general Design of my Book, because Poesy being one of the most agreeable Employments of Ladies, and one of their most belov'd Diversions, it vindicates their Pleasure to make their Merit appear. Behold then what I have propos'd to my self by this Discourse, which, if I be'n't deceiv'd, is rather more reasonable than interess'd: At least, I know, if I defend this Cause, 'tis because I think it Good, and also because I don't contravert the Oath of Orators, which obliges 'em not to defend any they find Evil. Judge of it, Reader, and hear Livia speak to Mecenas upon this Subject, the famous Protector of the Muses. But be not astonish'd to hear her speak to the depth of this Matter. Augustus lov'd Verse too, and made them too often not to have inspir'd that same Inclination in her who possess'd his Heart; and she was too careful not to be complacent. So then, if I've chosen, I had Reason, and no body will blame me.

I Know, Illustrious Mecenas, *Augustus* owes the Empire to your Counsels: That the Romans owe to you the Felicity they enjoy under a Reign so differing from Tyranny; as also that I owe to you that
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Quality I have this day. Yes, *Mecenas*, it was you who overcame the powerful Reasons of *Agrippa*, in that day wherein *Augustus*, becoming Enemy of his own Glory, and of the *Romans* Repose, disputed with himself, whether he should preserve the supream Power, or whether he should leave it to the disposition of the People.

That great Emperor would, with his own Hand, have taken off the Crown that was upon his Head, forsaken the Reins of the Empire, descended from the Throne whereon he was seated by so many Fatigues, and by a Retreat more shameful than *Anthony's* Flight from the Battel of *Actium*, totally lost the Fruits of so many Victories he had gain'd: It may be said at that time, love caus'd *Anthony's* Flight; but in this Encounter, can *Augustus* be accus'd of any thing but Cowardice: It may be said, that his Hand was not strong enough to wield the Sceptre which it held, and, that he only abandon'd what he could not keep.

However, *Mecenas*, you had no feeble Crimes to fight with at that time, *Augustus* and *Agrippa*; that is to say, the two first Men of the World were those that did oppose you: Their Opinion seem'd to be the juster, as appearing the more Generous; and it hath been said, that he would have had more Glory by destroying the Empire, than by establishing of it, and more Advantage in obeying than in commanding.

Nevertheless, you were Conqueror in that famous Battel; And yet, by a strange turn of Fortune, the Conquer'd continu'd Crown'd, and you contented your self with obeying him for whom you preserv'd the Authority. The Obligation the Emperor has to you, doubtless, is very great: But, in my Opinion, he is more oblig'd to you for the Care you took to reconcile him to the Muses, than for all the things which you have done for him.

'Tis true, by that means you can give him Immortality, as well as your self: 'Tis for that, that *Augustus's* Age can call it self happy; and I maintain it to be more Glorious for the Emperor to be belov'd of
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Virgil, of *Horace*, of *Titus Livius*, and of the famous *Mecenas*, who is Protector of those Favourites of *Apollo*, than if he had been dreaded by all the World. Fear, by rendering him dreaded by all Nations, would, doubtless, have made him obey'd while he was alive: But the Praises of *Virgil* and *Horace* shall render him respected in all Ages to come.

Certainly, *Mecenas*, if all Kings were truly inspir'd with Desire of Glory, they would carefully consider how to acquire the Affections of those whom the Gods have chosen to distribute it. 'Tis by History and Poesy they must obtain the immortalizing of their Names, and conquer after Death both Time and Fortune.

But betwixt those two famous Ways that conduct to Eternity, Poesy seems to have a particular Privilege to edify Men; 'tis wholly Coelestial and Divine, the Fire it inspires purifies all whose Elogies it makes, and without abandoning Truth, it excuses Faults, and makes good Qualities seen to the best Advantage.

History demonstrates to us Virtue all naked, and Poesy adorns it with its best Ornaments. History is so scrupulous, that it dares not determine any thing; it gives a simple Narrative of things, but doth not judge of 'em: But Poesy judges sovereignly of all; it praises, it blames, it punishes, it recompenses, it gives Crowns and Chastisements, it illustrates or stains the Lives of those whom it speaks of; and, to speak all in few Words, it hath equally the Advantage of History and Eloquence, and disposes absolutely of that immortal Glory, which is the noblest Reward of the Actions of illustrious Heroes.

Further, a Historian has Regard to so many things, that 'tis impossible but the Prince whose Reign he describes, must be as it were enroll'd among the number of his Subjects. He owes his Pen to Criminals of the times he writes in, as well as to the Illustrious; he has not the Liberty of chusing his Subject, he must take it as Fortune and Time give it him; and the Prince and his Subjects are so strangely mingl'd together, that the Prince can scarce be perceiv'd, but in Armies, in pub-

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lick Places, and in a popular Multitude. On the contrary, the Poet separates the Prince from the People; He chuses Object and Subject; he follows his Heroes to the Tomb; he speaks nothing but what pleases him, and yet speaks all when he finds it convenient. In fine, the Historian's Object is simply Truth, and that of the Poet is the Glory and Immortality of his Hero. You see I don't much differ from your Thoughts, and that the Conversation of *Augustus* and *Mecenas* have given me Knowledge enough in every thing that concerns Poesy, to speak rationally of it.

Wherefore, I think I may say, that Kings shou'd employ all their Care to make themselves belov'd of Poets; and that *Augustus* is more oblig'd to you for the Friendship of *Horace* and *Virgil*, than for your having constrain'd him not to divest himself of the Empire that he possesses.

Doubtless, *Alexander* had Reason to envy *Achilles's* Destiny, because he had the Advantage of having *Homer* to proclaim his Glory; but *Augustus* shall have none to complain of his Age, because the Gods have given him for his Friends *Virgil*, *Horace*, and *Mecenas*.

However, I positively maintain, that he hath some Reason to accuse Fate for having compell'd him to banish *Ovid*. Yet you know how to excuse the Emperor, the Concern he shew'd, and how much Pain he had to refuse you his Pardon.

I declare, *Mecenas*, I fear the banishment of such a brave Spirit will one day be a greater Reproach to *Augustus* than all the Proscriptions of the Triumvirate, Those Men who can illustrate or blacken the whole Life of a great Prince, shou'd methinks be much fear'd or much belov'd; and, whether by generosity or interest, they shou'd be in Veneration among all the Kings of the Universe.

Conquerors think well of erecting Trophies, of building triumphant Arches, causing their Statues to be set up in publick Places, engraving magnificent Inscriptions upon their Tombs, for immortalizing their Glory; all these Things fall successively into Ruin, they destroy them-

themselves, they bury themselves under Ground in Oblivion, and their Memory perishes with the Marble erected for perpetuating of it. But when a Poet, who is truly worthy of that Name, undertakes the Protection of a Hero, he is in Condition to defie and envy Time and Fortune. Nothing can ever after obscure his Reputation; his Protector refutes all his Enemies, and from Age to Age he renews his Life, and acquires for him a new Splendor.

The Writings of *Virgil* and *Horace* shall not only be Glorious for *Augustus*, by the Places which speak of him, but by every thing that will be admir'd by those famous Authors.

They who read, with Astonishment and Admiration, *Virgil's* divine *Eneids*, shall find the loss of this Prince worthy to be envy'd by all the Monarchs of the World, in having merited the Praise and Friendship of the most excellent Man that ever the World produc'd.

They who shall read *Horace's* Works, will find 'em very advantageous to *Augustus*, in having merited the Goodwill of a Man who could govern his Style so agreeable to Virtue, by reprimanding of Vice, yet so as to have had a greater share in his *Odes* than in his *Satyres*. Every time I consider the Advantages and Charms of Poetry, I am the more in love with it; and if the Decency of my Sex would permit me, I would say that *Dido's* Chastity pleases me less in History, than her Weakness and Despair in the *Eneids*.

Judge then, *Mecenas*, whether they who can render Vice so agreeable, can't make Virtue appear with all its Lustre; and whether they who can impose Fables, can't perswade to Truth.

You know, *Mecenas*, that some of 'em have dar'd to affirm, that the *Scamander* is but a Rivulet, and that *Troy* is of things which never have been: Yet *Homer* found Credit in all Nations: All the Heroes whom he introduces in his *Iliads*, or into his *Odysses*, have their Friends and Partisans, and the truest Historian doth not so much interest his Readers, as do both those wonderful Works.

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Let Princes learn then from thence, that they who can so well immortalize their Fancies and Imaginations, can with much stronger Reason make 'em live eternally, when they render themselves worthy of it, both by their Merit and good Offices.

Doubtless, it belongs to them to publish the Victories of their Princes; but it also belongs to their Princes to make 'em take part of the Fruits of their Victories. They who say that the Muses desire not Abundance, and that Solitude and Poverty are not unprofitable for the Production of their Works, perhaps will be of another Opinion, when they know that the Liberalities of *Augustus* and *Mecenas* have not hinder'd *Virgil* from producing Master-pieces, *Horace* from acquiring universal Esteem, and *Titus Livius* from having merited a Glory which shall not die.

In short, 'tis easily perceiv'd that those who do brave Things, when they work only for necessity, will do Miracles when they work for Glory: Such a noble Object will exalt their Spirits to the very Heavens, whereas Melancholy disorders the Genius, and makes it grovel too low. All the Pains they take, in complaining of Fortune, in accusing the Injustice of their Age, in blaming the Ignorance of the Times wherein they live, and in publishing the Avarice of their Princes, doubtless, wou'd be employ'd in more famous Subjects.

I know very well, that Solitude, Fountains, Rivers, Groves, and Woods, have been always look'd upon as Places proper for the Composition of fine Works; but, if all those things belong to him who makes 'em, I don't see how it can be any Obstacle to his Glory; and, if I ben't mistaken, he shall better describe the Beauty of his own Possessions, than those of another; the Shades of his own Woods shall defend him better from the scorching heat of the Sun, than those of his Neighbours; the Noise of his Fountains shall yield him more agreeable Fancies, than those of the Publick can give him; a River to which he hath some right, will seem more proper for his making a fine Description, than if he look'd upon it with an indifferent Eye: In due,
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Solitude which is not by constraint, will certainly afford more agreeable *Ideas* than those whereto he is forc'd.

'Tis true, that Shepherds Cottages render Pleasantry most agreeable, but skilful Painters always place 'em at a distance : So then, to do things well, Poets must never see a Roof of Straw, but in their Journeys, or from the Windows of their Palaces. For 'tis not to be imagin'd, that a Man who passes all his Life-time incommodiously, in Shagrine and Solitude, can speak of abundance which he hath not, of Magnificence which he sees not, of the Court which he frequents not, of Kings whom he knows not, but only by their Names, of War which he hath not seen, but in Books, and of a great many other things, which are strange and new to him.

Believe me, *Mecenas*, Poets, in such Encounters, are like Painters, who represent nothing perfectly, but what they see : Great Princes then must always have 'em to be Witnesses of their Actions, if they would have them leave true Pictures of 'em to Posterity. For 'tis not to be thought, that they (to whom just Subject of Complaint is given) can elegantly praise them whom they do accuse in their Heart ; 'tis not to be thought, I say, that they who praise for Gain, do it with that Ardour as those who praise out of Goodwill : No, *Mecenas*, that can't possibly be.

Further, as Dreams are ordinarily form'd by the Thoughts of the Day, so these agreeable Transportations, which Poesy gives to those who are conversant in it when they are happy, loses all its brightness by the Author's Shagrine, when he is not, but always laments his hard Fortune.

He would do well to strive to be divided from himself, for he is seen by all, he carries his discontent even into the Hearts of the Heroes whose Lives he writes, and does not write one Verse which his Heart doth not disavow.

In fine, *Mecenas*, I am perswaded that a rich Poet lodg'd in a stately Palace, will with more Ease make a Picture of Poverty and Solitude, than a poor One, lodg'd in a Cottage, shall make of the Magnificence of the Court, of the Virtues of Kings, of Policy, and all those other things which are not perfectly learn'd, but in the Society of Men and Affluence of Fortune.

There is this difference between the Rich and the Poor, that the One are solitary when they please, that they have Rocks and Caves when they will, and the Other can't so much as have a Palace, but their Solitude is forc'd.

Moreover, who can think that Poesy, which is the noblest Effort of Imagination, may not some way need beautiful Objects, either to excite, to divert, or to recreate it? They who have assign'd Woods and Rocks to the Muses, have, doubtless, been of this Opinion, yet, without making their Opinion destroy mine, they have spoken of Forests and Rivers, because these universal Beauties are in the Power of all the World: But that doth not hinder, but those same Muses who delight in Woods, may walk in a well-order'd Garden. Art does not spoil Nature, it perfects it; and Trees regularly planted, hinder not, if I ben't deceiv'd, the Poets from working under their Umbrages with Pleasure and Renown.

'Tis true, *Mecenas*, that those nine famous Sisters, from whom our Muses draw their Origin, had no Habitation, as 'tis said, but Woods and Mountains, and did not divert themselves, but near Fountains: Yet these Woods, these Mountains, and these Fountains belong to them; *Parnassus* is their Dominion; the Waters of *Parmessa* are also theirs; and neither *Apollo* nor the Muses borrow any thing from any other Divinity.

After all, *Mecenas*, 'tis for the Grandeur of Princes, not only to know how to Conquer their Enemies in War; not only to know how to Reign in Peace; not only to make themselves be fear'd of their Neighbours; not only how to make themselves belov'd of their Subjects, but also to make themselves surpass other Men

in Liberality. They must give like Masters of the Universe; they must, when they make Presents, look rather to themselves than regard others, and proportion their Gifts to their own Grandeur only. They who receive go halves in Profit, but seldom have any share in the Glory; that belongs only to the Giver: And to speak rationally, the most glorious Conquests that Kings can make, are those which they make by Liberality. In War, Success is always dubious; there is no Battle so advantageous in its beginning, whose End may not be fatal; but here we are always assur'd of Victory: A liberal Prince doth equally make to himself Slaves, Subjects, and Friends of them to whom he gives; and this is the only way whereby he can merit the Rank of the Gods.

But among all Men, Princes should chuse for the principal Objects of their Liberality those famous Dispensers of Glory, yet with this difference, that what is pure Liberality on other Occasions, is Gratitude in this; for, what is not due to them who give Immortality! These have been formerly stupid, ignorant, and covetous Princes, who have let the Muses languish in Poverty, without giving a just Subject of Astonishment.

But if *Augustus* (having such Insights as he hath in all brave Sciences) loving fine Works at the rate as he doth, making Poesy his diversion, being a lover of Glory, as he hath always made it appear, and make things himself which may place him in the Rank of the most illustrious Authors: I say, if *Augustus*, having all these Advantages, do give but meanly to the Professors of good Learning, he shall be dishonour'd by it, and 'twou'd be, in a manner, less disgrace to him to be stupid, ignorant, and avaricious, than to be knowing, and not be liberal.

But, thanks to the Gods, his Inclinations, and your Counsels, have very well prevented that blemish from polluting one of the chief Passages of his Life: To know whether *Augustus* hath known the Price of all brave Sciences, we need only consider the Rewards he gave to those who practis'd 'em.

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But among all those who are careful of this wonderful Art, which the Gods have taught to Men, it must be avouch'd, that those whose Spirits are sublime enough for undertaking a Heroick Poem, deserve the first Rank near Kings; and, doubtless, 'tis a Principle of them, that they should have a particular Esteem; for of all the various Species of Poesies which we admire, this Work is the greatest, the most illustrious, the most difficult, and the most glorious, both for him that makes it, and for the Hero whom he chuses.

To speak freely, an Epick Poem contains wholly in itself all Other's Beauty, and something more. They who make Elogies, do rather eternize their Mistrusts; their Passions, and their Languishings, than the Merit of their Princes: We see but short Draughts in *Odes*, wherein the most part of things are not distinguish'd: One single Action is sometimes too ample a Subject for that Work; and, in fine, its Limits are too much contracted to boast of its having conquer'd Time and Fortune.

Eclogues can do no more than make Posterity imagine, that the Reign was fortunate, during which, the Muses did then employ themselves to make Shepherds speak, and not in complaining of the Violence of their Kings.

The *Satyrs*, these bold Painters, wherein all the World find their Pictures, can't be glorious for Princes, but when their Images are not found in them: To speak more clearly, their Silence is the greatest Glory they can give.

Epigrams, for the most part, are but sparkles of Diamonds, whose brightness, tho' splendid, can't furnish the Life of a great Prince: They are a simple Pastime of Imagination, which, at most, can preserve no more than the Glory of him who hath fortunately acquitted himself of that sort of Work.

A *Tragedy*, which is certainly one of the noblest Employments of the Muses, altho' it brag of teaching by its diverting, and tho' it pass, among the Learned, for the Master-piece of this Art, yet shou'd not be so confi-

derable to a Prince, as an Heroick Poem. He that makes *Tragedies* works more for himself than for his King; he draws Pictures, but his Master can pretend to have no other Glory in his Work, but that of having known all the Beauty of preserving these rare Paintings with Care, and of buying of 'em at a great Price. 'Tis not so with an Epick Poem: That is what truly edifies Princes, for whom they are compos'd; all their Virtues appear splendidly there; their Conquests are painted forth in their finest Lustre; their Faults, if they have any, are skilfully conceal'd; Fortune, Victory, and Fame, are always of their Party; they have no Enemies in it whom they extol not; they are happy in War and Love; their Splendor, contrary to Custom, returns from them to the Origin of their Race; and whereas Children did use to derive their Glory from that of their Predecessors, on the contrary here the Predecessors extract their greatest Advantages from the Virtues of their Children.

The Goodness of *Augustus* caus'd *Virgil* to eternize the Piety of *Aeneas*: The Conquests which he made, shall make those of his Forefathers live eternally; 'tis for love to him that this great Poet hath portray'd that illustrious *Trojan*, even upon the Throne: And, to speak truly, 'tis he who hath sav'd him from the Conflagrations of *Troy*, with his Father and his Domestick Gods, because without him, he, doubtless, would have continu'd bury'd under those mighty Ruins; at least Posterity would no more have heard his Valour spoken of, than if he had never been.

It belongs then to Princes to make a diligent Scrutiny thro' all their Provinces, after such as are capable of so noble an Occupation, to the end that having found them, they may by their Rewards oblige them to undertake so great a Work.

They who make *Hector*, *Achilles*, and *Agamemnon* speak in *Tragedy* with the same Spirit that *Homer* has given them, doubtless, are capable of accomplishing so long an Enterprize with Glory, if they be oblig'd to it by Allurements.

But

But they are not to engage themselves in so long a Course, without being assur'd to find a prize at the end of the Work.

They who run at the Olympick Games, find Crowns at the end of the List; wherefore then shou'd any desire a Man to bestow his Pains, his Labours, his Fastings, and all his Life for a Poem, without pretending to any other Advantage by it, but only the Glory of having made it?

No, *Mecenas*, 'twou'd not be just, and I say again, that it belongs to a Prince to make Choice of him whom he wou'd have to praise his Victories; that it belongs to this to make that happy, if he desire that he shou'd render him Immortal: In fine, it belongs to him to do what *Augustus* and *Mecenas* have done for the incomparable *Virgil*.

You see (as I think I have already said to you) that I differ not from your Sentiments, and that the Conversation I have had with *Augustus* and you, have made me knowing enough in Poesy, to dare speak to you.

But, nevertheless, if you are surpriz'd at it, you will easily find the Reason of it, if you consider that the Emperor's Glory was the motive. It was for that, that I have examin'd all these things, and it is for that, that I conjure you to continue to entertain him with so brave an Inclination.

Pursue then, *Mecenas*, such a noble Design; enrich all the Muses with *Augustus*'s Treasures; in Imitation of the gods, give them Gold for Incense; and know, that if you cause Kingdoms to be given them, they shall give you more.

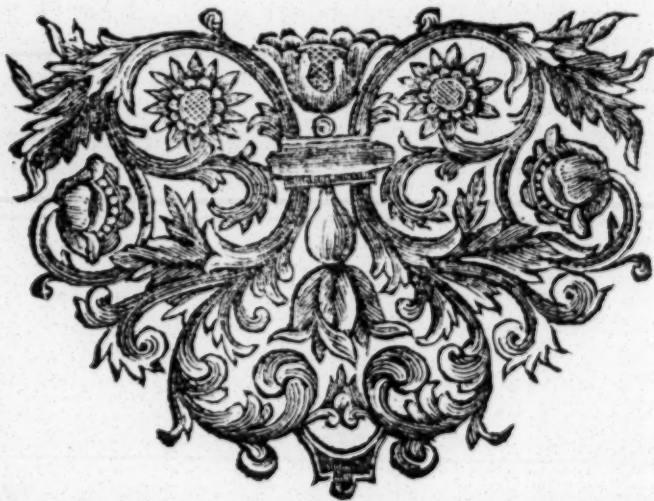
Yes, *Mecenas*, you shall reign over the most Illustrious of all Ages; and if Conjecture deceives me not, your Name shall be so venerable to Posterity, chiefly among the Learned, that all those who render themselves their Protectors, shall esteem it an Honour to bear it.

They shall be call'd the *Mecenaes* of their times; and from Age to Age, that Glory renewing itself every day, your Name shall be in the Memory and Mouths of all Men so long as the Sun shall give Light to the World.

CON-

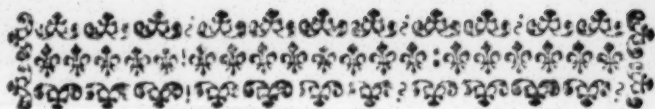
CONSEQUENCE.

I know not what Consequence this Discourse will have among the Grandees of this Age: But I very well know, that it shall have a most advantageous One, if their Magnificence do but come near to that of Augustus and Mecenas; neither the one nor the other of these great Men needed to have their Liberality excited, nor have they been spoken of, but to excite others. The literal Sense is but the Pretence of the Allegory.

*Clælia*







Clælia to Porfenna.

PRELUDE.

When the Romans had made Peace with Porfenna, they sent their Daughters to him in Hostage, for Assurance of their Treaty. But when they were come to that Prince's Camp, one among them nam'd Clælia, judging their Chastity was not secure among so many Warriours, exhorted her Companions to deliver themselves from so just an Apprehension, and that they should rather expose their Lives than their Honour. She gain'd them all to be of her Opinion, and by an extraordinary Courage they undertook to cross the Tyber by swimming: Their Resolution was as fortunate as great, they all pass'd without Misfortune, under the Conduct of that courageous Maid, and return'd to Rome. Their Parents admir'd such brave Temerity, but the Roman Severity, that would not endure the publick Faith to be violated, made them be sent back to the King, that thereby he might punish their Perfidy, if he had a Mind to it. When they were before him, he ask'd them who was the first that propos'd so dangerous an Enterprize: But they all imagining that he only ask'd in order to punish her, would give no Answer. Then this generous Maid spoke to him to this Effect.

THE Action I have done, having too noble a cause not to be Glorious, the Silence of my Companions is injurious to me, tho' their Intention be inno-

innocent. I wou'd have hop'd, *Porfenna*, that they shou'd have acknowledg'd me for their Deliverer, and publish'd aloud before you, that 'twas under my Conduct, and by my Counsels, that they left off your Camp, but since they put me to the necessity of praising my self, because they fear you will treat me ill, I will freely tell you, that it was I who withdrew them from your Hands.

Do you not think that what hinder'd them to name me, is a Remorse of what they have done? No, they don't doubt the Justice of my Enterprize, but they doubt whether you will be generous enough to reverence Virtue in your very Enemies.

For my part, who am incapable of fearing any thing, except the loss of my Honour, I tell you again, that it was by my Counsels, by my Care, and under my Conduct, that these generous *Romans* resolv'd to go out of your Power, and give up themselves to the impetuousness of the Water, to follow me, and courageously expose their Lives to deliver themselves from the Fear of suffering some Treatment unworthy of their Virtue.

Why, illustrious *Romans*! (said I to them, to encourage them to cast themselves into the River, as I did propose to them) can you put your Lives in the Balance with your Honour? And, in Fear of losing one or other, can you have any difficulty in chusing? No, no, pursu'd I, you are *Romans*, and my Companions, and consequently too Generous not to love better to put yourselves in hazard of dying with Glory, than living with Infamy.

Who ever heard it said, that Virgins were in good Repute in a Camp, where Shame and Modesty are not to be found? We are in an Army (continu'd I, which I hope your Majesty will pardon me for speaking) whose General is Protector of the *Tarquins*; 'tis for them that King *Porfenna* hath undertaken the War; by what means then do you think to find a Place of Safety with a Prince, where *Lucretia's* Ravisher hath found a Refuge and Defender? No, my Companions, flatter not yourselves, if the Blood of that chaste Unfortunate had not

Power

Power to hinder a Prince from opposing the Revenge that the *Romans* were taking, our Tears will never prevail with him to revenge us of them who wou'd abuse us.

It may be you will say to me, that we were given to him in Hostage, and that the publick Faith is engag'd to him by our Persons; but know, my Companions, that whatsoever is done for Honour, cannot but be Glorious.

We will not break the Peace, we will not cheat *Porfenna*, we will only shun Shame and Infamy, or die with the same Glory wherein we have liv'd.

Let us go then, generous *Romans*, while we have Liberty.

Hear the Noise the Soldiers make in their Camp, and be afraid of their Insolence.

They are altogether Soldiers, Strangers, our Enemies, and the Defenders of the *Tarquins*.

Consider, in fine, my Companions, that in the Place where you are, you may lose your Honour, but in that wherein I will conduct you, you can only lose your Life.

Behold, *Porfenna*, a part of the Reasons I us'd to perswade these generous Virgins to follow me; and I shall say for their Glory, and for that of my Country, that 'twas easie for me to perswade them to my Inclinations. I was not contradicted in my Opinion, they look'd Death in the Face with Constancy, and quitted the Banks of the River with Joy, tho' according to all likelihood their Death was inevitable.

But, because our Intentions were most Innocent, the Gods took Care of convoying us, they assisted our feebleness, they sustain'd us upon the Waters, and happily brought us to the other side. Yet we did not find there all the Repose that we expected; for that austere Virtue, which the *Romans* all profess, deny'd the Joy of our Relations at our Return: They admir'd our Resolution, they prais'd our Design, but to satisfy the publick Faith that they had engag'd to you, they wou'd have us brought back to your Camp; and for that

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Purpose have given us a Convoy to conduct us hither.

See, *Porfenna*, by this Adventure, what the Roman Virgins are, who lov'd rather to hazard their Lives than break their Word. Yes, *Porfenna*, these two Actions are equally Praise-worthy: And to be just at such a time, we render to our Parents the same Honours which they gave us. They have prais'd our Flight, tho' they have not forbore to send us back into your Hands: We also admire their Virtue, tho' it deprives us of that Liberty which we had acquir'd to ourselves. The Design of preserving our Honour, caus'd our Flight; and that of not losing their Reputation hath caus'd our Return.

Perhaps you will say to me, that it will be hard to understand how one and the same Action can be both worthy of Praise and Blame; and, in fine, that our Return is an infallible Sign that our Flight was criminal. No, *Porfenna*, the Business shou'd not be so consider'd: It must be better examin'd, to judge rightly of it. And I am very certain, that if it be regarded with an un-interested Eye, it will be found that our Flight was glorious to us, and that our Return is so to our Parents. I declare, that in some sort we seem to have broken the publick Faith, but before we be convinc'd of that Fault, I must be permitted to defend our Cause.

Doubtless, it can't be deny'd that Honour shou'd be the Rule of all the Actions of Men; 'tis for that, that Life is expos'd in War; 'tis for that, that sometimes all the Sentiments of Nature are renounc'd; 'tis for that, that Men do voluntarily devour themselves for the Safety of their Country; 'tis for that, that the publick Faith is exactly kept; and, in fine, 'tis for that, that all things ought to be done.

Wherefore, let none wonder, if for preserving our Honour we have expos'd our Lives, and broken the publick Faith; for seeing 'tis not kept, but only for Honour, it was permitted us to violate it, because we cou'd not keep it, but by exposing ourselves to Infamy.

Fur-

Further, since our Sex is depriv'd of all publick Charge, as to our Particular, we had promis'd nothing, and we thought, for the Interest of *Rome*, we ought to have gone out of your Camp, because, if Misfortune had happen'd to us, it might have suffer'd an Outrage in our Persons.

Its Glory then finding itself engag'd with Ours, we believ'd that it was just to expose our Lives for preserving both the one and the other, and doubtless, we shall do the same thing, if the same Occasion offers.

Lucretia's Misfortune hath but too much taught us to prevent such Disasters; and I can assure you, that, if we had Death in our Choice, we wou'd die Innocent.

Further, there is nothing from which an Exception can't be made: Lying (which is, doubtless, a baseness) is sometimes glorious, and I am assur'd that no-body blames that which the generous *Mutius* told, when seeing his Hand burning, with a prodigious Constancy, he assur'd you that there were three-hundred in our Camp, who design'd to kill you, tho' 'twas only himself.

That admirable Courage that made *Horatius Cocles* undertake to stand himself alone unmoveable against all your Army, and oblig'd him at last to cast himself, all arm'd as he was, into the *Tyber*, shall not be put in the number of ridiculous Temerities. The firm Resolution of *Brutus* himself to see his Children die, because they were Traytors to their Country, shall rather pass for the Zeal of a good Citizen, than for the Inclination of an unnatural Father.

Wherefore, why should any that say 'twas for the Interest of Honour and the Publick, justifying *Mutius's* Lye, *Cocle's* Temerity, and the Insensibility of *Brutus*, not also justify the Flight of *Clælia* and her Companions, since they had no other Object but the Preservation of their Honour, and that of their Country? If *Mutius* did courageously burn his Hand; if *Cocles* be entirely devoted to the Publick Safety; if *Brutus* gave the Blood of his Children for these two things only; we have also expos'd our Lives for the same Cause, and may consequently pretend to the same Glory.

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Why,

Why, *Porfenna*, *Lucretia* hath merited an immortal Reputation for having kill'd herself after her Crime, and we are laugh'd at, as infamous, for having expos'd our Lives to the end that we might die Innocent: No, no, 'tis impossible that it shou'd be so; Posterity will be more just; and I do really believe, that if you examin your Thoughts exactly, you'll find that they don't condemn us. We have never seen the Gods, who are so jealous of their Authority, cause Thunder to fall upon the Victims which escape from the Altars.

And wherefore then, *Porfenna*, wou'd you unworthily treat Virgins, who having seen themselves abandon'd of their Guards, or to speak better, their Enemies, went in quest of Safety, at the Expence of their Lives? Perhaps it will be told me, that it appears by my Reasons, we had no Wrong done us: But, if it be so, it appears likewise that our Parents had no Reason to send us back. Yet this Consequence is not well grounded; and, if I ben't mistaken, I shall destroy it in a few Words.

I have already told you, that Honour caus'd our Flight, and that this same Honour caus'd our Return: To speak rationally, 'twas our Fathers who engag'd their Words to you; 'twas they who gave us in Pledge; 'twas they who treated with you; 'twas they who consented to the Articles of Peace; and 'tis also they who should exactly perform all that they promis'd to you, thereby to oblige you to do the same thing.

The publick Faith engages them to it; the publick Interest desires it; their Country's Honour requires it; their own in particular obliges them to it; and, in fine, nothing can exempt them from it: For they very well know that these same Virgins, who have despis'd the impetuosity of the *Tyber*, only thro' Fear of receiving an abuse; will again condemn their Lives, rather than do any thing unworthy of *Roman* Virtue, and in that manner keep their Word, without hazarding their Honour, or that of their Country.

See, *Porfenna*, what our Parents Opinions are, and also what Ours are: It belongs now to you to consider

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whether you will treat us like Fugitives, like Enemies, or like *Romans* : Yet I hope you will take the juster and most advantageous Party.

But know, that if by violating the Laws of Men, you should treat us unworthily, and break the Peace that you have made, your Designs shall advance no further than they have done.

That which *Mutius* and *Cocles* undertook against you, a thousand *Romans* shall yet attempt. They are all born for great Actions ; all of them have an obstinate Virtue that blushes at nothing ; Despair does only corroborate their Courage ; Fear of Death is unknown to them ; they endeavour to live with Glory, and not to live long ; particular Interest can do nothing in their Spirits ; they do every thing for Honour, and never do any thing that can blast it.

See, *Porfenna*, what the *Romans* are ; see what Sentiments they have given us ; and see, in fine, that which hath both caus'd our Flight and our Return. 'Tis true, that at our first Flight I had great Repugnancy to return under the Power of a Prince, whom till then I had not consider'd, but as the Protector of the *Tarquins*, and as the Enemy of *Rome*. But coming to weigh the matter more sedately, that last Quality began to give me a better Opinion of you.

Yes, *Porfenna*, I found that you must, doubtless, have a great and bold Spirit, in having attempted to make War with *Rome*, and consequently I believ'd, that if you had not been worthy of the Rank you hold, the *Romans* would not have made Peace with you, nor would they have receiv'd you into their Alliance : So that after I had perswaded my Companions to go out of your Camp, I likewise perswaded them to return to it.

Let us go (said I to them) let us go and satisfy the publick Faith, which our Parents have engag'd ; let us go and confirm the Peace they have made ; and let us no more look upon *Porfenna* as the Protector of the *Tarquins*, but as their greatest Enemy, because he hath abandon'd them.

Let us believe, my Companions, that if this Prince had no Virtue, the *Romans* would not have put us in his Power.

Moreover, if it should come to pass, that he has not so much as he ought, to treat us as he should, we shall always have enough to have our Recourse to Death, rather than preserve a Life that is unworthy of what we are.

Let us go then, my Companions, let us go and ask from that Prince the Recompence of our Flight: He hath been here long enough, within the Territories of *Rome*, to have learn'd, that Virtue should be lov'd and rewarded in his very Enemies; he hath freely pardon'd *Mutius*, who attempted his Life; 'twill be easier for him to forget our Flight, and grant us the Favour of sending us back to our Parents.

It belongs to you now, *Porfenna*, to tell me if I have had Reason to perswade these generous Virgins to trust themselves to your Goodness. For my part, if I were not concern'd in the thing, I would counsel you to use it thus: For 'tis not only glorious to you, to have been an Enemy of the *Romans*, and to be at present their Ally, but it shall also be more to you, if you undertake to dispute Virtue with them.

That is the thing wherein it will be brave to outdo them: For that sort of War hath this particular Privilege, that the Conquer'd, as well as the Victorious, shall always acquire abundance of Glory. The sole Desire of surmounting at such Occasions, is more advantageous than the gaining of a Battel.

Undertake then, *Porfenna*, this famous Combat, trust yourself absolutely to the *Romans* Faith, and send us back to our Parents.

Methinks they have kept their Word to you so generously, as not to permit you to question it, and therefore should incite you to do a brave Action, in restoring us to Liberty. To give Liberty to *Roman* Virgins, and to Virgins who despise Death to shun Infamy, is to give them more than Kingdoms, more than Empires, and more than Life.

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That Place of History shall be so advantageous to you, that your Reign shall have nothing more brave; you shall gain the Hearts of all the *Romans*; and by this means you shall have fewer Hostages in your Camp, but you shall have more Intelligence in *Rome*. We do not pray to the Gods here, but only for our Country; but in *Rome* we shall daily offer them Vows for your Glory. You shall be our Protector, and without our having been Slaves, we shall not forbear to consider you with the same Sentiments, as if you had broken our Chains, and as if you had reliev'd us from Servitude. Refuse not, *Porfenna*, the glorious Title of our Deliverer, because we earnestly desire to give it you.

Perhaps you will say to me, that we abus'd you by our Flight, because we would not have fled, but for Fear of you, and because we look'd upon you as a Prince, Cruel, Barbarous, and Tyrannick: But remember, *Porfenna*, that the Virtue of Women should be scrupulous and fearful, they should look upon all People as if they were their Enemies; and because, by Custom, Arms are forbidden to them, Fear must serve instead of Prudence: It was more worthy for them to flee, or to have dy'd a little too soon, than to have linger'd, or to have liv'd a little too long.

Further, we had evil Thoughts of you, because we did not know you, but by the Name of the Protector of Tyranny; and I declare to you presently, that I don't yet know who you are: Speak then, *Porfenna*, that I may thereby know you; remember that you are within the Sight of *Rome*; that you have all the *Romans* for your Spectators; that you are to speak to Virgins, who can always live or die with Glory; that Fame attends our Arrest, to publish it over all the Earth; that the Gods who see you, do already hold Crowns to put upon your Head, if you can forgo your Resentments, and overcome the Virtue of our Fathers, and Ours, by trusting to them, and by granting us our Liberty.

CONSEQUENCE.

The sublime Virtue of that generous Virgin, made him an illustrious Slave, tho' he was crown'd. Porfenna was ravish'd with her, he created innumerable Commendations for Clælia; he gave her her Liberty, and that of her Companions; and to signalize the Grandeur of her Action, he made a Present of a Cataphrasy Horse, which was the Recompence of a valiant Man who had done brave Actions in the Wars; as much as to say, her Action equal'd that of the most brave. In fine, he sent them all back to their Parents, and permitted Clælia to chuse among the other Hostages, whom she pleas'd to deliver.

This illustrious Person made Choice of all the young Children, as being most expos'd, and in that manner return'd to Rome, with the Magnificence of a Triumph. She was there receiv'd with a Joy equal to her own; and the Roman Austerity yielded at that time to the Resentments of Nature and Reason; They erected for her, in a publick Marketplace, a Statue on Horseback, to eternize her Virtue, her Boldness, and the Generosity of Porfenna.









Octavia to Augustus.

P R E L U D E.

Affairs being in continual Agitation between Augustus and Mark-Anthony, and both making Preparations to renew a War, the first would have oblig'd his Sister Octavia to depart from the House of a Husband, by whom she had been unworthily us'd. But this virtuous Wife, who could not approve of that Counsel, did with all her Strength oppose it ; and spoke in these Terms to her illustrious and dear Brother.

I Pray you, my Lord, command me not to quit *Anthony's* House ; and force me not to the necessity of disobeying you : The Virtue that I profess, will not permit me to commit such a Fault ; and the Excess of the Friendship you have for me, doubtless, is that which leads you on to give me this Counsel. 'Tis true that *Anthony* robs me of his Heart and his Affection, to give both to *Cleopatra* ; but, my Lord, will it be convenient, since the Love of that Queen hath caus'd *Anthony* to commit a Fault, that *Octavia's* Jealousie should animate you to commit another ? No, it will not be just.

Consider then, if you please, the publick Interest, and not mine ; and think also, that it will be equally disgraceful to *Cesar*, and to *Anthony*, to begin a War, and destroy the Empire, for the Love of one Woman, and the Jealousie of another.

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Nevertheless, if you can't be justly blam'd for it, I dare say, that you shall be more justly accus'd than *Anthony*, because he is no more in condition either to hear, or understand Reason, and yours can't be disturb'd, but only in consideration of me.

The love of *Cleopatra* hath in such a manner obscur'd his Judgment, that he is blind to his own Interests: He has not consider'd that he has done me an Injury, when he refus'd the Presents that I made him, and that instead of letting me see him, he is return'd into *Alexandria*. I say, he hath not design'd to offend *Octavia*, but to please *Cleopatra*. He has been afraid the sight of me would give him other Inclinations; and, doubtless, he knows he has sufficiently lov'd me already, not to be able to endure my Presence without Confusion and Repentance.

In fine, my Lord, his Imbecility and Blindness must be pity'd, and he not imitated in his Fault. The Passion I am desir'd to follow, is yet more dangerous than that which possesses *Anthony*: And if it should pass from my Heart into yours, doubtless, you will act with more Violence, and more Injustice than it does; because it will certainly communicate to you a part of that Fury that always accompanies it.

The Injury I have receiv'd requires not the Blood of the *Romans* to blot it out; that will not be the way of restoring *Anthony's* Affection to me, to declare War against him for my sake. On the contrary, it will be an authorizing his Fault and Inconstancy, because 'tis certain, I should merit the Treatment I receive, if, for banishing of me from his Heart, I should banish myself from his House, and should join with his Enemy's Party. I know I am a *Roman*, and that I have the Honour of being your Sister, but I also know I am *Anthony's* Wife, that his Interests ought to be mine; and tho' he hath not for me all the Affection that he is oblig'd to have, my own Virtue does not permit me to despense with that which I owe to him: If I use it any other way, it will be the acknowledging of *Cleopatra* for *Anthony's* lawful Wife, and a voluntary yielding a Quality to her
which

which she can't take from me. Let me then conceal my Grief and Tears in the House of my Husband: My Lord, let me then hide my Affliction and Resentment: And if it be true, that my Interests are dear to you, as you have always testify'd to me, assist me in excusing *Anthony* to the Senate.

Say, that this Love is too violent to last long; and that as the Great *Julius Caesar* had Strength enough to dissipate the Charms of that fair *Egyptian*, which had surpriz'd him, *Anthony*, having the same Irresolution, will at last have Courage enough to break that Enchantment as well as he.

But, in fine, my Lord, let not Love be the beginning of War; remember that glorious Day wherein my Tears made the Arms fall from the Hands of the two greatest Emperors that ever was. You were then environ'd with your Legions; your Army was all in readiness to fight; the three-hundred Ships which *Anthony* commanded were in the Sight of your Troops; there were then to be seen in both Parties that Favour which the Sight of Enemies gives in such Encounters; desire of Victory was in the Hearts of all the Soldiers; they had already consider'd the richness of the Booty; Eagles were seen against Eagles; Romans against Romans; Citizens against Citizens; Friends against Friends; Relations against Relations; and, to say all, the Battel of *Pharsalia* made nothing more terrible to the Sight than what my Eyes saw at that time.

However, tho' *Anthony* appear'd the Aggressor, because he came to attack you, my Tears, my Reasons, and my Prayers conquer'd your Resentment. You embrac'd *Anthony*, instead of fighting him; you receiv'd him as the Husband of your Sister, and not as your Enemy: And those two Puissant Armies, which you had rais'd to destroy yourselves, serv'd only to give reciprocal Marks of a perfect Intelligence. For you have not forgot that *Anthony* gave you a hundred Gallies, and twenty Brigantines; nor that you gave him two Legions: And, besides that, you granted to me, for him, a thousand of your best Soldiers.

Do you think, my Lord, that that first Victory does not make me hope for a second? You love me as much now, as you lov'd me then: The Sight of your Enemies does not sour your Resentment; you have no Legions about you, who press you to give 'em a new subject for their Courage: You are alone, you are unarm'd, I am unfortunate and afflicted, and my Tears, my Reasons, and my Prayers should also be more powerful with you than they were that Day, because there is nothing in agitation, but my Interest.

Further, 'tis easier to keep ones self from taking up Arms, than to quit them; and it would have been then more difficult for you to have made Peace with *Anthony*, than it can be to you now to begin a War: 'Tis *Anthony's* Passion, and not his Person, that must be fought against; and for that Purpose I ought to endure his Inconstancy without complaining; I ought to have Compassion of his Weakness; I ought to have Respect for him, tho' he despises me; I ought to dwell in his House, as long as he does me the Favour to suffer me there: To say all, I ought to oppose you every time you would oblige me to do things which may be dishonourable to me.

If *Anthony* should desire to carry me on to a Design of hurting you, I should oppose him, as I do oppose you; and with the same Arms wherewith I fight you now, I would fight his Injustice and Obstinacy.

Yes, my Lord, I shall always be *Cesar's* Sister, and *Anthony's* Wife; and let Fortune do what it will, I shall never do any thing unworthy of those two glorious Conditions.

Pardon me then, if I tell you boldly, that I will not go out of my Husband's House, unless he command me; and if it should also come to pass, that *Cleopatra's* Love do even carry him to such an Irregularity, as to order me to quit it, I shall abandon it with as little Grief as possible, for fear the Compassion that will be had for me, does not augment the Hatred which will be had to him.

Behold,

Behold, my Lord, what *Octavia's* Thoughts are, and what they shall always be: Nay, moreover, *Anthony* is not an ordinary Man; the great Qualities which are in him, merit the Excuse of his Cowardice; and the brave Actions he hath done in the Wars should, doubtless, obtain, from the Equity of all Men, some Indulgence for those Love makes him do.

The Affection he always had for the Great *Julius Caesar*, should oblige you not to condemn him slightly, because being his Son by Adoption, and his lawful Successor, methinks you should be Heir to his Inclinations and to his Friends, as well as to his Riches.

When *Anthony* fought for *Julius Caesar*, he fought for you; you ought to reward him for all that he did for him. In fine, of all *Caesar's* Debts, the most just and most glorious to pay, are, doubtless, the good Offices which his Friends have render'd him.

Remember what *Anthony* did for that excellent Man; 'twas he who did generously oppose *Pompey's* Faction, when it wou'd have had *Caesar* lay down his Arms, and his Enemy not lay down his: He spoke zealously at that time, and fear'd not the exposing of himself, to receive an Outrage as in Fact he was unworthily us'd on that Account, and was constrain'd to disguise himself like a Slave, to seek for Refuge in the Camp of him whom he had protect'd.

But what he did at that time, he did also at a hundred others as important; he hath pay'd with his Blood, and with his Person, the Friendship that *Caesar* bore to him. He was seen several times to rally his Troops, bring them back to the Battel, and render them Victorious, when they were almost beat. He was seen at the Battel of *Pharsalia* to command the right wing of *Caesar's* Army, fight for Glory, and expose his Life to secure in his Hands that Sovereign Power, which at last hath come to yours.

Further, if he fought for *Caesar*, during his Life, he hath also caus'd *Caesar* to conquer after his Death: his Eloquence did that which the Valour of any other Man had not Power to do; for you are not ignorant, that with-

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out that fervent Zeal that made him speak, the Roman People dar'd not to testify how near the Blood of *Caesar* touch'd them. They wou'd have been contented with shedding of Tears, and wou'd not have set fire to the Houses of his Murderers.

You see then, my Lord, in what manner he erected the first Step by which you obtain'd the Power you have: But if, after what he hath done for *Caesar*, it be permitted to put in Account what he hath done for the common Cause, both against *Cassius* and *Brutus*, you will find he was always their Conqueror; and that in some Encounters, wherein you were not in Condition to fight, he was as advantageous to you, as he was to your Friends; because without his Valour they wou'd have, doubtless, gain'd a Victory, which perhaps wou'd have put them in Condition of not being any more conquer'd.

I well know, my Lord, that since that, you have not been friendly together; and that that noble Jealousy that inseparably follows those who are lovers of Glory, and who aspire at great things, hath alter'd your Friendship: But, if I ben't mistaken, this kind of Hatred shou'd not so much as reach the Person; an Enemy must be excell'd in Grandeur of Courage and Generosity; he must be oppos'd, if he attempts to destroy us; but, for particular Causes, the publick Repose must never be troubl'd; nor for every slight Reason shou'd a War be begun, whose Success is always dubious.

Hatred is a Passion for Particulars; and if it be permitted to Persons who have the supreme Power to have it, it shou'd be a Hatred of Vice, Slavery, and Infamy: Otherways, if they fight not against that Passion, and if they let it bear sway with them, they will, doubtless, be capable of all sorts of Injustice; for revenging their own Injuries, they will make no difficulty to violate the Laws of Men, to forget natural Equity, to enfringe the justest Laws, to destroy their Country, and to despise the Power of the Gods.

Behold,

Behold, my Lord, the disorders that Hatred may cause sometimes in the most steady Mind: But, to hinder you from falling into the like Misfortune, consider a little what Excess of Love makes *Anthony* do. Do you think, my Lord, that Hatred can give you juster Sentiments? and that Jealousy, if I were capable of it, permits me to act with less Violence? No, my Lord, these three Passions being put in opposition to one another, as they will be in this Encounter, will be able to destroy the Universe. Don't engage yourself then in such a perverse Design, but however, if you will revenge yourself of *Anthony*, abandon him to his own Judgment, and to the Charms of *Cleopatra*. Let him preserve that fair Conquest in Repose; and don't fear that he will attempt to oppose yours, if you let him enjoy that peaceably. But, my Lord, consider if you irritate him, he may perhaps give you much Trouble: *Anthony's* first Valour is not dead, 'tis but benumb'd, perhaps it may at last rouse itself with Fury, and without quitting the Passion that reigns in his Soul, he may oppose your Designs with all the Fervour that Man can have, who fights to defend and revenge himself, for his own Glory, and to preserve his Mistress. Make not then a jealous Enemy of an unfortunate Friend: I conjure you, never let me see you undertake a War, wherein 'twill be permitted me to have the Power of wishing you to gain the Victory. Consider, I pray you, in what Condition my Soul will find itself, if I shou'd again see you ready to come to shedding of Blood; but with this cruel difference from the first, that that was but for love to you, and this will be for love of me. No, no, revenge not the Injury that is done to me, and seek not a Remedy worse than the Disease. The sole Thought of seeing my Brother and my Husband ready to give Death to each other for my sake, transports me with Horror; I almost know no more what I say; and in so great Trouble I am ready to give my Blood and my Life to preserve that of yours, and that of *Anthony's*: But since you will neither accept of my Blood nor Life, see my Tears with Compassion; at least hear my Prayers

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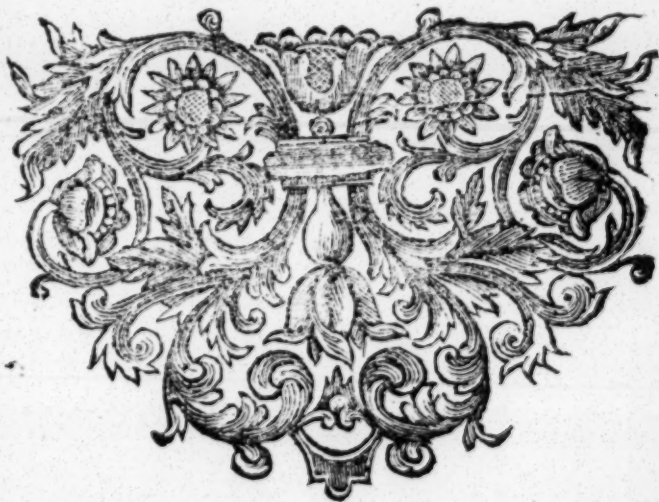
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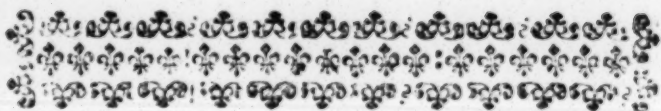
and my Sighs; and since, by your Command, I am *Anthony's* Wife, don't command me to quit his House, as that of my Enemy. Consider, I am the Mother of *Anthony's* Children, and that in that Quality I shou'd neither forsake them, nor make them go out of their Father's House. That will be as good as to say, that they are not legitimate Successors, if I shou'd make them depart; and 'twill be also my giving of Arms to destroy myself, to all *Anthony's* Flatterers, and *Cleopatra's* Slaves. But I am well assur'd not to use it so; my Patience shall last longer than *Anthony's* Love; let the Contempt he hath of me grow to what height it will, my Virtue shall still go further. Yes, my Lord, tho' his Affection shou'd never return to me; and tho' he shou'd live and die in *Cleopatra's* Arms, I shall shed Tears for his Death; his Memory shall be dear to me; the Children of *Fulvia*, and also those of *Cleopatra* shall become mine; I will take care of their Education and Fortune; and so long as *Octavia* shall live, she shall never forbear to give new Proofs of her Constancy. Since I am of a Sex to whom Valour is forbidden, at least Patience may be permitted me, and that Virtue may serve me for Courage. There is sometimes as much Generosity in knowing how to endure Misfortunes as in knowing how to fight Enemies: Don't you then oppose the Victory that I will have of myself; but, to make it more glorious, let me overcome you as well as myself. Don't expose yourself to be conquer'd by *Anthony's* Power, but let yourself be overcome by *Octavia*. But because I don't see in your Eyes, that you are yet in condition of yielding your self to my Prayers and Tears, suffer me, my Lord, to wait for your Resolution in my Husband's House, because 'tis the only Place wherein I can dwell with Honour, so long as *Anthony* permits me. However, I do assure you, that whereas I do make no Vows against *Anthony*, while I am in your Palace, I shall make none against *Cesar*, when I am in the House of *Anthony*.

CON-

CONSEQUENCE.

This fair and virtuous Person obtain'd from the Friendship of Augustus all that she ask'd; and he permitted her to live in her Husband's House as long as she could conveniently.: Yet she was not there long, for Anthony was so unjust to her, and so complacent to Cleopatra, that he sent her a Command to go out of it: She did it with the same Modesty that she had always testify'd; and for all the Disgraces that burry'd after this Unfortunate, both during her Life, and after his Death, she was ever what till then she was, I would say, a very famous and rare Example of conjugal Affection.





Agrippina to the Roman People.

PRELUDE.

After the Death of Germanicus, Agrippina his Wife carry'd his Ashes to Rome, to put them in the Tomb of Augustus. All the People went with her even to Brundisium, and testify'd by their sadnefs that they complain'd of the Malice of Tiberius. That generous Wife, whose imperious and bold Spirit could never disguise its Thoughts, did much less conceal them at that time : On the contrary, letting herself be transported with Grief, as with her natural Humour, she thus spoke to the Roman People, her Auditors.

Germanicus, the Grandson of *Augustus*, and the Nephew of *Anthony* ; *Germanicus*, the Terror of *Germany*, and the Love of all the *Romans* ; *Germanicus*, in whom all Virtues shin'd with equal Splendor ; *Germanicus*, whose whole Actions have been Glorious ; *Germanicus*, Husband to the unfortunate *Agrippina*, Grand-daughter to *Augustus* ; in fine, *Germanicus*, who was the bravest, the most valiant, the most modest, the most equitable, and the most accomplish'd that ever shall be, is now no more than a few Ashes, and this Urn contains (O miserable Fate !) him whose Valour might have conquer'd all the Earth, if he had been suffer'd to have liv'd a little longer. Yes, *Romans*, see your *Germanicus* in a state of needing you





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Agrippina to the Roman People. 185

to make him live eternally. See him there as incapable to serve you, as to revenge himself of his and your Enemies: See him now in a Condition not to excite any more Envy against his Virtue; he hath conquer'd this Monster by Death; for the least Circumstances of his Life are so glorious, that Calumny itself can find nothing in them to upbraid. Lament then, *Romans*, our common Misfortune, because if I have lost a Husband, you have lost your Protector. Look, I pray you, round about this Urn, upon *Germanicus's* six Children all in Tears: Take pity of their Youth and Misfortune, and fear, with me, that by their Father's abandoning of them, he hath not taken from them all their Virtue. If his Life had been so long, as reasonably it might have been, his Example, if they had had perverse Inclinations, wou'd have always led them to good: But now, in the Condition that things are, who is he that can instruct them? who he that will correct them? who is he that will lead them into the War? who is he that will make them hate Vice and love Virtue? I doubt not but *Tiberius* will have the same Sentiments for them which he had for their Father, for his Inclinations are not easily chang'd: But since the Emperor did not hinder him from having Enemies, Envyers, Persecutors, and from dying by Poyson, it may also be, that the Care he will take for their Education will not be profitable: and I wish to Heaven that all I understand of *Caligula* don't come to pass: Let us, *Romans*, let us leave what is to come under the Providence of the Gods, and let us only speak of the Misfortunes which are befallen us. They are great enough to merit all our Tears; divide them not, I conjure you; let them all be shed for my dear *Germanicus*, and remember that he was of the Blood of the *Julius Caesar's*, of the *Anthony's*, of the *Marcellus's*, and of the *Augustus's*. It belongs to you, *Romans*, to weep for his Death, and to celebrate his Memory; and for the better testifying the Esteem you had for him, hate them who hated him; detest his Detractors, his Enemies, and his Murderers: Fear not to speak of the Wickedness of *Piso*, nor of the Ambition

186 *Agrippina to the Roman People.*

of *Plancina*; publish without Fear, that those dead Bodies which were found without their Tombs; that those Imprecations which were made against *Germanicus*; that his Name that was engraven upon sheets of Lead, and all those Signs of Enchantment which have been known, are manifest Proofs of the Designs which were had against his Life. Publish, I say, that Poyson hath finish'd what Charms could not do; and fear not you will be punish'd for this Crime; the Death of *Germanicus* hath so overjoy'd them who caus'd it, that for a long time they shall not be in a Condition to take notice of your Sadness or Discourse. This Victory that they have gain'd of the valiantest Man that ever was, doubtless, gives them Vanity enough to slight your Resentment, and not to trouble themselves for what you will think of that Accident. I do also believe that they are so much blinded by their Ambition, as to be very glad that Posterity shou'd know that they have put *Germanicus* to Death. They aspire more to the Reputation of great Politicians, than of virtuous Men, and provided it be said, that they knew how to lose him who could oppose their unjust Authority, 'tis no matter to them if they pass for cruel, for unnatural, for impious, for perverse, and bloody Men. Yes, treacherous *Piso*, yes, cowardly Enemies of *Germanicus*, 'twill be said, that you knew how to Reign, 'twill be known that you put him to Death, 'twill be known that you have violated in his Person all Laws, 'twill be known that you have not respected in him the noblest Blood among the *Romans*, 'twill be known that you have cut the Thread of the most illustrious Life that shall ever be, 'twill be known that the number of his Virtues hath shorten'd that of his Days, 'twill be known that you did not extinguish that bright Light, but because it made the blackness of their Lives the clearer, and, in fine, 'twill be known that the Excess of your Crimes, and that of his Virtues, are the true Causes of his Death. I shall make no scruple, O Generous *Romans*, to recount exactly to you, what all the Enemies of *Germanicus* were: 'Tis not that Fear doth hinder me from naming of them,

for

Agrippina to the Roman People. 187

for *Agrippina* is not incapable of it; but it is because I know they are all known to you. You know the cause of their Hatred, nor do I speak to you this Day, but of the pitiful Effects of that dangerous Passion. But, ye Gods! how is it possible that *Germanicus* could be hated? What had he done in all his Life, that could have acquir'd Enemies to him? Let us view it, I conjure you, let us not be his rigid Judges, and let us see if he could have merited the Punishment he suffer'd.

First, as to Ambition; never was any Man so far from it; and all the World hath seen, that the more Opportunity he had to pretend to the Empire, the greater Affection he testify'd to *Tiberius*; and did decline the more from what would have conducted him to the Throne. Ah! would to the Gods he had rather follow'd my Counsels than his own Inclinations! It was he who caused presently an Oath of Infidelity to the *Belgians*, a neighbouring Nation of *Germany*: It was he who appeas'd the Revolt of the Legions; and who, rather than listen to the Offers which they made him, of following him everywhere, would pierce his Heart with a Dagger. Behold, *Romans*, what *Germanicus* did for *Tiberius* at that time; he would die for him: And perhaps by another way, and by other Sentiments, hath he had the same Destiny. But though it be so, let us not continue such a doleful Discourse; let us remember that *Germanicus* commanded me (a dying) to lose some of that noble Resentment that Innocence gives me, and the illustrious Blood from which I am descended. Let us say then simply, that without lying it may be affirm'd, that *Germanicus* preserv'd the Empire for *Tiberius*, because it was he who taught Obedience and Military Discipline among the greatest part of the Legions, without whom the Emperors could not have enjoy'd the Sovereign Power. The Disorder was so great, the Complaints which were made against *Tiberius* so injurious, the Demands of the Soldiers so insolent, their Proceedings accompany'd with so much violence, that *Germanicus* was constrain'd to cause me to go out of the Camp, fearing I might receive an abuse in it: However, I did what I
could

188 *Agrippina to the Roman People.*

could that I might not be separated from him at that time : For, as I have already told you, Fear had no place in the Heart of *Agrippina* ; and no Human Power could oblige her either to be silent, or to speak till she pleased, and Reason requir'd it. But, generous *Romans*, *Germanicus* did not only appease the sedition of the Soldiers, but he caused the same Soldiers, who would no more know a Commander, who only follow'd their own Fancies, who would hear nothing but their own Fury, who did not arm themselves but to oppose the Emperor's will, to return to their Colours, render themselves capable of Reason, hear the Commands of *Germanicus*, and take up their Arms to follow him with Alacrity, in all the Dangers wherein he expos'd himself at time, and from which he retir'd with Glory. It was with these same Soldiers that he revenged the Defeat of *Varus* ; that he retook the Eagle of the nineteenth Legion ; that he pass'd through the *Bructores* ; that he wholly ranfack'd all that is betwixt the Rivers *Amisa* and *Luppia*, and unsatisfy'd with testifying his Valour in the Wars, he let his Piety be seen as well as his Courage : For coming to the same place where *Varus* had been defeated, and where there is yet to be seen an infinite number of bare Bones scatter'd upon the Plain, or gather'd together in great heaps, according as the Soldiers fled or fought ; where, I say, there is yet to be seen shiver'd Launces, and quantities of other broken Arms, Horses Heads ty'd to Trees, Altars whereon the *Barbarians* had immolated the Tribunes and Centurians ; where they who had escap'd from the Defeat, shew'd the Places where the Commanders had receiv'd their Deaths ; where the Eagles had been taken ; where *Varus* had receiv'd his first Wounds ; and where, quickly after, he dy'd by his own Hand. I say, *Germanicus* being come to that horrid place, and seeing such fatal Reliques of a *Roman Army*, sigh'd vehemently, pour'd out Tears, and abandon'd his invincible Soul to Sorrow and Compassion. He exhorted the Soldiers to render the last Duties to those unfortunate Men, of whom some had been their Relations and Friends. He inspir'd their Hearts with Sadness,

thereby

Agrippina to the Roman People. 189

thereby to carry them on afterwards with the more Zeal to Revenge, and with his own Hand laid the first Turf upon the Tomb that was built for those unfortunate Worthies. However, *Tiberius* did not approve of that laudable Action; he did not comprehend, that a Man could be both Valiant and Pious, give Burial to his Friends, and conquer his Enemies: And, in fine, he believ'd that Piety was a Virtue unworthy of a great Spirit. He wish'd that *Germanicus* had trod upon those dead Mountains, without remembering they had been *Romans* like himself; that they had fought, as he was going to fight; that the same Enemies waited for him; that to render him Victorious over them, who had conquer'd these, he must make the Gods propitious to him, and infuse desire of Vengeance into the Souls of his Soldiers, thereby to encrease that of Fighting, and of gaining the Victory. But the Maxims of *Tiberius*, and those of *Germanicus* were very different, and led them very different ways. *Romans*, *Tiberius* reigns and *Germanicus* is dead; render to him at least the same Honours which he gave to *Varus's* Soldiers; and because he had Courage enough to revenge their Death, be you at last so generous as to mourn for his. Nevertheless, let us not leave him any longer in the shade of this terrifying Field all cover'd with dead Bodies; let us behold him in his Conquests; let us look how the valiant *Arminius* dares not wait for him; and let us see with what Skill, what Conduct, and with what Courage he pursued and excelled so brave an Enemy. *Germanicus* at that time joyn'd Prudence with Valour, and surprizing the *Cataneans* when they least thought of him, he ransack'd all their Country, took the Town of *Martium*, Capital of the Province, set it on Fire, and took many Prisoners in it. After he had carry'd Terror everywhere, he retook the way to the *Rhine*, without the Enemies daring to follow him. From thence he reliev'd *Segesta*, which those of his Countrey besieg'd in favour of *Arminius*, who afterward, by a Stratagem in War, seem'd rather to flee than to retire; but 'twas only till *Germanicus* was arriv'd at an Ambuscade that
was

190 *Agrippina to the Roman People.*

was laid for him: And I wish to Heaven that he had as happily avoided all the Ambushes which were laid against his Life. He pay'd for his Valour at that time; and seeing the *Germans*, who follow'd his Party, going to throw themselves in a Morass most advantageous for the Enemy, he caus'd all the Legions to advance in Battalia, which struck Terror among all *Arminius's* Troops, and Assurance among ours. *Germanicus's* good Fortune went even to *Cecina's* Lieutenant, for he overcame all Difficulties he encounter'd; fought with Glory the Troops of *Inguimere* and those of *Aminius*. And, in fine, the *Roman* Arms were but too fortunate at that time; because if *Germanicus* had acquir'd less Glory, he would have been less suspected. I know, to my Grief, I contributed somewhat to his Death: His Valour was thought to be as contagious as Vice is in this Age, and he had communicated a part of it to me. It has been thought, I say, that since he had made me courageous, he would make Hero's of all the Soldiers who fought for him. But those who believe that, remember no more that *Agrippina* is of the Blood of *Augustus*, and that *Germanicus* had more trouble to bridle than excite her Courage. Moreover, at that time, I did nothing that could give any Shadow. It is true, that when the noise ran that the *Roman* Army was beaten, and that the Enemy were coming to pillage the *Gauls*, I prevented any one that was afraid of that false News, breaking the Bridge that crossed the *Rhine*: And by that means I did in some measure serve the *Roman* Legions. It is also true, that when they were returning, I kept myself at the end of the Bridge to thank the Soldiers, to praise some, assist others, comfort the wounded, and in the end to do every thing that Compassion and Generosity counsel'd me to do in favour of them who had fought for the Advantage of their Country, for the Safety of *Tiberius*, and for the Glory of *Germanicus*. And, if I be not deceiv'd, I ought rather to have been thanked for that Action, than to have been look'd upon as an Enemy. Further, the Friendship that the Legions had, both for *Agrippina* and *Germanicus*, hath only serv'd

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for the Advantage of his Enemies : For tho' he knew, as well as I, that they had but very unjust Inclinations for him, he made use of that Friendship of the Legions to engage them to his Designs ; and his Designs had no other Object but the Glory of them who lov'd him not. It is true, he was obstinate for the *German War*, but it was only because he believ'd it convenient to do it for the Publick good ; as in effect the Event at last made it appear : For after the valiant *Arminius*, and the generous *Inguimore* had done their last Endeavours to raise an Army capable of conquering that of *Germanicus*, and by all Stratagems of War, which great Captains use, they had consider'd how to take all Advantages which the Situation of the Place could give them, *Germanicus* ceas'd not to gain so many Victories as he made Fights, or as he gave Battels. Never did Enemies defend themselves more obstinately : They did not seem to flee, but that they might return with greater Courage to that Fight : The defeating their Troops only augmented their Courage ; and the nearer they seem'd to be conquer'd, the more they endeavour'd to put themselves in condition of being Victorious. It might have been said, that the Valour of the Soldiers who were kill'd pass'd into the Hearts of their Companions to revenge their Death : And, therefore, *Germanicus* merits not a little Glory for having conquer'd such Enemies. Among the things which were found in the Booty that was taken from them, after one of the Battels which was lost, there were a great many Chains, which they carry'd with them to fetter the *Roman* Soldiers whom they should take Prisoners ; for they doubted not but they should gain the Victory. However, after *Germanicus*, by his Valour and Conduct, had reveng'd the Death of *Varus*, the loss of his Legions had again found the lost Colours, and carry'd Horror amongst all the *Barbarians* : What did he for his particular Interest ? What did he for his own Glory, shall I tell it generous *Romans* ? Yes, let's tell it for his Honour, and for the Shame of his Enemies. He erected a magnificent Trophy, with an Inscription that simply said, *That Tiberius Cæsar's Army had consecrated*

192 *Agrippina to the Roman People.*

Secrated these Monuments to Mars, to Jupiter, and to Augustus, for the Victory they had obtain'd against those Nations which inhabited betwixt the Rhine and Albis. All this, Romans, without speaking of himself more than of the meanest Soldier of the Army that he commanded. I shall not tell you exactly all the Actions which *Germanicus* hath done, Fame hath told you already, and the Hatred that hath been against him, should also perswade you that he merited your Friendship. Further, when *Tiberius* judg'd that it was convenient for the Designs he had, that *Germanicus* should return to Rome to receive the Honour of the Triumph, that unfortunate Hero well knew they desir'd they should triumph before the Victory. Nevertheless, he did obey them; he left that imperfect War which he was going to finish so profitably, and so gloriously for you; and without desiring to use all his Prudence, he listned only to his Generosity. You saw him, invincible Romans, in the triumphing Chariot; but in the very instant wherein you were shedding Tears of Joy, perhaps there were some of the Magicians with which Rome is plentifully furnish'd, who then foretold, that you should very soon shed Tears of Sorrow upon the Ashes of *Germanicus*. You also know, that he was not recall'd to his Country to permit him to live in it; on the contrary, he was sent to a place at a great distance, and it was found convenient, or to speak better, necessary, whether for the Publick good or for particular Reasons, to banish him from Rome upon some honourable Pretext. Let it be what it wou'd, he did what he was desir'd; he was as fortunate in pacifying the Interests of the Princes ally'd to the Roman People, as he had been in fighting his Enemies; and if the treacherous *Piso* and the ambitious *Plautina* had not attempted his Death, perhaps they might have had trouble enough to have brought it to pass. *Germanicus* was so universally belov'd, that it would have been a hard matter for them who put him to Death, to have increas'd the number of their Accomplices. He knew what was thought of him, and the Esteem he had acquir'd could not make him suspected;

for

Agrippina to the Roman People. 193.

For every time that he went into the War, he was accustomed to go alone in the Night, disguis'd like a simple Soldier, from Tent to Tent, to hear what was said of him. Yet 'twas not that he delighted to hear the Praises which were given to his Valour: On the contrary, he said he desir'd to know his Faults, that he might amend them. Behold, *Romans*, what *Germanicus* was; his Soul was wholly Noble and Generous, and under whatsoever form Death presented itself, he look'd upon it with a firmness becoming a *Roman*. He hath seen Tempests despoil his Army, and drive his Ships against the Rocks, without any other Concern than that of seeing the *Roman* Legions perish. He has been seen, after Shipwreck, to repay, to all the Soldiers who escap'd, what the Storm had made them lose; he was seen, while he liv'd, to serve his greatest Enemies; and that which is more strange, he is dead, without having said any thing against the chief of the Conspiracy that was acted against his Life. He is contented with having pray'd his Friends to cause the accomplices to be punish'd. Methinks, *Romans*, 'tis the least thing that can be granted to the Ashes of *Anthony's* Nephew, *Augustus's* Grandson, and *Agrippina's* Husband. Yes, *Romans*, if *Tiberius* was chief of that Conspiracy, (which none among you dare say) that it was by his Order that *Germanicus* is put to Death, being a great Politician as he is, he ought always to put the accomplices of his Crime to Death. *Piso* and *Plancina* should be sacrific'd to *Germanicus*, tho' it were but to hinder them from cackling; and to dry up your Tears, their Blood ought to be shed. All those who concern themselves with doing of horrid Villanies, have always us'd to let the Executioners of their wicked Designs perish, to the end, that they ben't suspected. *Piso* hath already had the boldness to say to *Marsus Vibius*, by an insolent Raillery that seems to be like a Person whom I name not, because I have more Respect than he, that he would come to *Rome* to justify the Death of *Germanicus*, when the Pretor, inform'd of the Poysons, had summon'd all the Criminals and Accusers. Yes, *Romans*, I tell you again, that whatso-

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194 *Agrippina to the Roman People.*

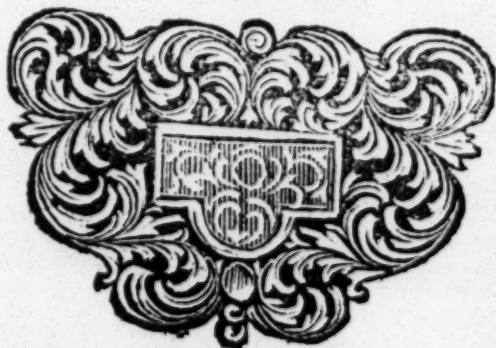
ever way *Germanicus* was put to Death, *Piso* should die; and I have so much Hope from the Prudence of *Tiberius*, that I doubt not but *Piso* shall die, and that in some manner the Death of *Germanicus* will be reveng'd. But to obtain this Satisfaction, employ your Tears and Prayers; let the Name of *Germanicus* be heard over all; don't enclose your Sorrow in the Tomb of *Augustus*, with those pitiful Reliques which we are carrying to it. Follow me, *Romans*, let us go to the Senate, and demand Justice for *Germanicus*; let us represent, that it will be disgraceful to us, not to revenge the Death of a Man for whom triumphant Arch'es were erected, who was seen to enter *Rome* in a triumphant Chariot, and who past among all Nations, and among the *Barbarians* themselves, for the most accomplish'd among Mortals. Let us not use Charms or Enchantments, for destroying our Enemies, as they have done to destroy *Germanicus*; let us not revenge his Death by the same Arms which caus'd it; let us trust to the Justice of the Gods, to the Prudence of *Tiberius*, and to the Senate's Authority: The Justice that we desire can't be refus'd us. You Soldiers, who have follow'd him, ask the Blood of *Piso*, to revenge the Death of your Captain; recount to the Senate the Perils wherein you did accompany him; shew the Wounds you receiv'd in the Fights where he was; tell truly the things which you were Witnesses of; and, in fine, desire that the Death of the Father of his Legions, and your General, may be reveng'd. You generous Citizens who hear me, desire boldly that the Death of *Germanicus* may be reveng'd: Remember what he was, remember his Virtue, his Modesty, his Goodness, his Liberality, and his Moderation; say that he was the Model by which you hop'd to regulate the Lives of your Children, and to hinder them from following the pernicious Examples which they see every Day. Say that you have lost your Supporter, and your Upholder, and desire, at least, that they may revenge on the Person of the treacherous *Piso* him who is taken from you. In fine, whoever you be that hears my Voice, employ yours in asking this reasonable Revenge. Eccho over all the Names of *Julius*
Cassius

Agrippina to the Roman People. 195

Cæsar, of Anthony, of Marcellus, and of Augustus, thereby to obtain what you desire. Speak of Tombs, of Urns, and Althes, to excite Compassion in the most cruel Heart. Joyn also some Menaces with Prayers, if they be unprofitable, and forget nothing of all that can cause Piso's Death, comfort Agrippina, and revenge Germanicus.

CONSEQUENCE.

This Speech fail'd not of an advantageous Effect, all the Senate, and all the Roman People were sensibly touch'd with it: They all shed Tears, breath'd Complaints, and abandon'd themselves to Sorrow, and it was said that all the Glory of Rome enter'd the Tomb with the Ashes of Germanicus. Every one call'd Agrippina, The Honour of her Country; the Blood of Augustus, the only and last Example of the ancient Roman Virtue; and every one pray'd the Gods that they would preserve her Race, and make her live after the entire Ruin of those wicked Men. In fine, the publick Zeal was so great for Germanicus and Agrippina, that Tiberius was constrain'd to abandon Piso to the Rigour of Justice: But he prevented his Judgment by the Wound of a Sword, which he gave himself in the Throat, whereof he instantly dy'd.





Sappho to Erynna.

PRELUDE.

Hear Sappho speak, of whom all Ages have said so much, whom Plato hims^{lf} admir'd, whose Image was engraven, like that of a great Princess, of whom we have yet remaining a Species of Poësie, whose Verses are call'd Sapphic, because 'twas she invented their Measure, and whom two great Antiquaries, a Grecian and a Roman, call'd the Tenth Muse. I find her take occasion to exhort her Friend to make Verses, as She did, thereby to make it appear that Ladies are capable of it, and, that they wrong themselves by neglecting such an agreeable Diversion. This Prelude is peculiar to the Glory of the Fair Sex, as indeed are all the rest.

I Must Erynna, I must this Day overcome in your Mind that distrust of your self, and that false shame that hinders you from employing your Mind with things it is capable of. But before I speak to you particularly of your Merit, I must let you see that of our Sex in general, that by the Knowledge thereof I may the more easily bring you to what I would. They who say that Beauty is the Portion of Women, and that fine Arts, good Learning, and all the sublime and eminent Sciences belong only to Men, without our having Power to pretend to any part of them, are as far from Justice as Virtue.



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Virtue. If it were so, all Women would be born with Beauty, and all Men with a strong Disposition to become Learned; otherwise Nature would be unjust in the dispensation of her Favours: Nevertheless, we see every day that Ugliness is seen in our Sex, and Stupidity in the other. And if it were true that Beauty was the only advantage which we receive from Heaven, all Women would not only be Fair, but I also believe they would be so till Death: That time would renew in them what it destroys every moment; and, that not being sent into the World, but to let their Beauty be seen, they would be Fair as long as they should live in it. In short, it would be a strange Destiny to survive an Age for one thing only that could make us commendable; and of the many years which conduct us to the Tomb, not to bloom above five or six. The things which Nature seems to have made for the Ornament of the Universe, do rarely lose that Beauty which it hath once given them. Gold, Pearls, and Diamonds preserve their brightness as long as they have being; and the *Phoenix* herself, as is said of her, dies with her Beauty, that it may rise with her. Let us then infer, that because we see no Roses nor Lillies upon the fairest Complexions which the Rigour of some Winters will not blast, that we see no Eyes, which, after they have been brighter than the Sun, do not grow dimn or glimmering; and which, after they have made a hundred famous Conquests, do find themselves to be in condition of scarce seeing more the Conquests of others. Let us, I say, speak Truth, that since we see every instant of our Life rob us in sight of ourselves, and in sight of our cares, of the finest things which we have; that Time makes our Youth impotent; that those Threads of Gold, wherewith so many Hearts have been caught, shall be one day no more than Threads of Silver; and, in fine, that this Air of Beauty, that so agreeably mixes with all the Beauties of a comely Face, wherever a Ray of Divinity seems to appear, is not strong enough to conquer Diseases, Time and Old-age; let us conclude, I say, that we must of necessity have other advantages than that. To speak of it then with the Eye of Reason, Beauty is

in our Sex what Valour's in that of Men ; but as that Quality does not hinder their love of the Study of good Learning, so this advantage does not hinder us from Learning neither. If there be any difference betwixt Men and Women, it should only be in Affairs of War : It belongs to the Beauty of my Sex to conquer Hearts, and to the Valour and Strength of Men to conquer Kingdoms : Natures Intention does appear so clear in this, that it cannot be deny'd : I consent then, that we let Towns be taken, Battels given, and Armies conducted by them who are born to it ; but for things which only require Fancy, Vivacity of Spirit, Memory and Judgment, I cannot endure that we should be depriv'd of 'em. You know that Men, for the most part, are wholly our Slaves or our Enemies, if the Chains which we cause them to wear seem to be too weighty for them, or if they break them, they are the more irritated against us. However, let us not dispute either the beauty of Imagination, the vivacity of Spirit, or the force of Memory : As for Judgment, some have the confidence to assert, they have no more of it than we : Nevertheless, I think that the Moderation and Modesty of our Sex makes it sufficiently seen, that we do not want it. And further, if it be true, that we possess these first advantages in the highest degree, it is almost impossible for us not to possess the other : But if our Imagination demonstrate things to us as they are, if our Spirit understand them perfectly, and if our Memory serve us as it ought, by consequence our Judgment cannot err. The Imagination when it is lively, is a faithful Mirror ; the Spirit, when it is enlightned, penetrates deeply into things ; and the Memory, when it is fortunate and cultivated, instructs so strongly by example, that it is impossible for the Judgment not to form itself right. Believe me, *Erynna*, it is impossible to make Shipwreck when the Sea is calm, the worst Pilot can enter the Harbour, and there are no Rocks but may be shun'd when they are seen, and when no swelling Waves appear. For my part, I do declare to you, I do not comprehend how they, who leave Imagination, Spirit and Memory for our Portion, can boast
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of having more Judgment than we; for it is not to be thought, that their Imagination not showing them things as they are, that their Spirit not knowing them perfectly, and that their Memory not being faithful to them; I say, it is not to be thought, that upon such false Similitudes, their Judgment can act fairly. No, *Erynna*, that is not possible; but yet we may grant more than they will. Let us say, that among them and among us, there are Persons who have both Fancy, Spirit, Memory and Judgment. I could, if I would, make appear, by a strong and puissant Inducement, that our Sex can boast of being more richly furnished with Spiritual Treasures, than that of Men: For consider, *Erynna*, that almost-universal Order which is to be seen among all Animals, who live in Woods and Caves: You see they who are born with Strength and Courage, and ordinarily, the weak have a stronger instinct, and come nearer to Reason than those to whom Nature hath given other Advantages. Judge you then, according to this order, since Nature has given more Strength and more Courage to Men than to Women, it should have also given more Spirit and more Judgment to us. But again, *Erynna*, let us grant to them, that they have as much as we, provided that they also consent to our having as much as they. Perhaps you will tell me, that when, by consent of all Men, I have obtain'd that Declaration, I shall not for all that be able to perswade, that the knowledge of good Learning is decent for a Woman, because by an establish'd Custom among Men, for fear of being excel'd by us, Study is as much forbidden us as War: Making of Verses is the same thing as to give Battels, if we will believe them: And, to say all, we have nothing permitted us, but what should be rather forbidden us. See, *Erynna*, we have a good Fancy, a clear-sighted Spirit, a fortunate Memory, a solid Judgment, and must we employ all these in frizzling our Hair, and seek after Ornaments which can add something to our Beauty? No, *Erynna*, that would be an unprofitable abuse of the Favours which we receive from Heaven. They who are born with Eyes to make Conquests, need not joyn Art

to Graces of Nature: And that would be a giving of an unworthy Employment to the Spirit, to give it no other Work all our Life, but such Occupation. It might likewise be said, that if things were order'd as they should, the Study of Learning would be rather permitted to Women than to Men; for, because they have the guiding of the Universe, some being Kings, others Governours of Provinces, some Sacrificers, others Magistrates, and all in general Masters of their Families, and consequently taken up either with publick Affairs, or with their own in particular, they, doubtless, must have but little time to bestow upon this kind of Study, but must borrow from their Subjects, their Friends, or from themselves; but for us, our Leisure and Retirement give us all the Ease that we could wish. We take nothing from the Publick, nor from ourselves; on the contrary, we enrich ourselves without impoverishing others; we illustrate our Country by making ourselves famous; and without wronging any body, we acquire abundance of Glory. It is but very just, methinks, since we quit Dominion to Men, that at least they allow us the liberty of knowing all the things which our Spirit is capable of: The desire of Righteousness should not be forbidden us; and consequently it can be no Crime to practise it. The Gods have made no unprofitable thing in all Nature: Every thing follows the order that was given it; the Sun enlightens and warms the Universe; the Earth gives us Flowers and Fruits every Year; the Sea gives us of all its Riches; the Rivers water our Meadows; the Woods lend us their Shades; and in fine, all things are useful for publick Society: Wherefore then, if it be so, should it be desir'd that we shou'd be the only Rebels and ungrateful Creatures to the Gods? why, I say, should it be desir'd, that our Spirits should be either unworthily employ'd, or eternally unprofitable? What Improvement can there be had by despising what is honest? And how can it agree with Reason, that what is of itself laudable, shou'd become wicked and damnable when it is in our possession? They who have Slaves, cause them to be instructed for their own Advantage: And they whom

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Nature or Custom have given us for Masters, would have us extinguish in our Souls all these Lights which Heaven hath put there, that we might live in the thickest darknets of Ignorance. It this be for obtaining our admiration the more easily, they shall not come to their purpose, because we do not admire what we know not; but if it be to render us more subject to them, that is not a generous Sentiment. If it be true that they have any Empire over us, it is the making of their Government the less glorious, to reign over stupid ignorant Creatures. Perhaps you will tell me, that all Men are not so rigid to us, and that some consent to Women's employing their Faculties in the knowledge of good Learning, provided they meddle not with desire of making Works themselves; but let those who are of that Opinion remember, that if *Mercurius* and *Apollo* are of their Sex, *Minerva* and the *Muses* are of ours. Nevertheless, I profess, that having received so much from Heaven as we have, we should not slightly engage our selves in such things: As for example, it is no shame to make Verse, but to make them ill; and if mine had not had the good fortune of pleasing, I should never have shewn them twice. However, this shame is not peculiar to us, and whoever doth a thing ill which he voluntarily undertakes, doubtless merits to be blamed, of whatsoever Sex he is. A perverse Orator, a poor Philosopher, and a sorry Poet acquire no more Glory than a Woman, who with no good Grace acquits her self of all those things; and of whatsoever Sex any one is, they merit Reproof when they do ill, and great Esteem when they do well: But to give something to the Custom and Depravedness of the Age, leave, *Erynna*, all those thorny Sciences to them who love not to seek for Glory, but in difficult Paths.

I will not lead you to places where you shall see nothing agreeable; I wou'd not have ye spend your Life in importunate Enquiries after Secrets not to be found; I wou'd not have ye unprofitably employ all your Faculties to know whither the Winds retire after they have made Shipwreck; and, in fine, I wou'd not have ye consume

sume the rest of your days in giving Judgment indifferently on all things; I love your Repose, Glory, and Beauty alike; I don't wish you such Studies as make the Complexion yellow, the Eyes hollow, the Countenance ghastly, Wrinkles on the Forehead, and the Humor melancholy: I wou'd not have ye shun Society, but only follow me to the Borders of *Parnassus*; 'tis thither, *Erynna*, I wou'd conduct you; 'tis there you shall surpass me as soon as you arrive; 'tis there you shall acquire Beauty which neither Time, Seasons, Old-age, nor even Death itself, can rob ye of; and, in fine, 'tis there you shall know perfectly, that our Sex is capable of every thing it wou'd undertake.

It may be you will tell me, that by my desiring to engage you in Poesy, I don't keep my Word to you, because in the Descriptions which are given of them who make Verses, it seems that Beauty can't correspond with the Grimaces which it causes in them; but know, *Erynna*, that this is but an Invention of Men, who wou'd make us believe, that as we see them who give Oracles troubl'd by the Presence of the God that makes 'em speak, the same way Poesy, being divine, troubles them who practise it. But tho' that were so, your Eyes shall not be less bright; for as soon as the Oracle is given, the Priest is restor'd to his former Tranquility; so shall you no sooner quit the Pen than resume all your native Sweetness. Moreover, I don't think you clog your Faculties with such doleful Idea's as may produce Melancholy. You shall be absolute Mistress of the Subjects you wou'd treat of; and of the many Beauties in Nature, you may chuse what pleases most your Inclination, as, the description of a Wood, Fountain, &c. the Complaints of a Lover, or his Mistress; the Elogy of some Virtue will give you ample Subject to make the Talents apparent Heaven hath endow'd you with: You were born with such glorious Advantages, that you'd be ingrateful to the Giver, if you made not good use of 'em. Perhaps you'll ask me, if it be not sufficient for a fine Woman to have all the famous Pens of her Time write Verses in her praise, without meddling with her own

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Picture herself : I say, you may ask me, whether her Glory is not better establish'd this way than the other : But I have this Answer, That whatever Elogies can be given you, 'twill be more glorious for you to have made Verses for all the Illustrious of your time, it well done, than to have 'em made for you. Believe me, *Erynna*, 'tis much better to give Immortality, than receive it ; the Poet's Fancy will be more admir'd than her Beauty ; and if from your own hand you leave Tokens of what you were, you'll still live honourably in the Memory of Posterity : Those of your time who have prais'd you, shall then pass for true ; but those who have not, for false and envious. Nevertheless, I don't pretend you shou'd draw your own Picture, and relate all your rare Qualities ; no, I will not impose such Hardships on ye, Poessie has divers Privileges, you need not speak your self to make Posterity know ye ; do but speak elegantly, you'll be sufficiently known. Yes, *Erynna*, when you make no other use of your Pen than blaming the Vices of the Age, your Praise shall not be forgot.

Consider also again, I conjure you, how feeble and uncertain Reputation is when founded on Beauty alone ; for, in this very Age, we find the Glory of most People establish'd purely thro' the Writings they have left behind 'em. Let not, *Erynna*, Time, Old-age, or Death, rob you of any thing ; triumph over these Enemies in every thing that's good ; put your self in a posture to sustain the Glory of our Sex by your Example ; make our common Enemies own, that 'tis as easie for us to conquer by the force of our Faculties, as the Beauty of our Eyes : Let your Discretion appear, by despising the Aspersions the Vulgar will cast on your Resolution, the brave Effects of your Memory, and the noble Testimonies of your Judgment, that so you alone may have the Reputation of having re-establish'd the Glory of the Female Sex. Don't condemn what I say ; but if, for private reasons, you don't think it proper to embrace my Advice, but will have all your Glory consist in your Beauty, you shall lament while alive the loss of that ;
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you shall be regarded as if you had never been, and shall then find I had sufficient Reason to say what I have formerly done in some of my Verses :

Your Looks, and all that charming Grace
Of Rose and Lilly in your Face ;
Your Heav'nly Orbs, so clear and bright,
Tho' Emblems of Eternal Light,
Must all decay, your Beauty wither ;
Death makes you both forgot together :
But LEARNING will your Fame extend
O'er Death and Hell in your last End.

CONSEQUENCE.

It can't be said this Exhortation had no Effect, if Things be taken as they ought ; for 'tis apparent, that she to whom it was given let her self be carried where 'twas desir'd, because a Greek Epigram hath told us, That as far as Sappho excel'd Erynnæ in Lyric Poesie, so much Erynnæ excel'd Sappho in Hexameter Verse. But if any differ from the literal sence to come nearer my Intentions, I shall be very happy, especially if I can but persuade our Ladies to what this fair Lesbian persuaded her Friend ; and more so, cou'd I persuade the World this beautiful Sex is worthy our Adoration ; that thereby Temples and Altars might be one day consecrated to them, as I now consecrate THIS TRIUMPHANT ARCH, which I have erected to their Glory.

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